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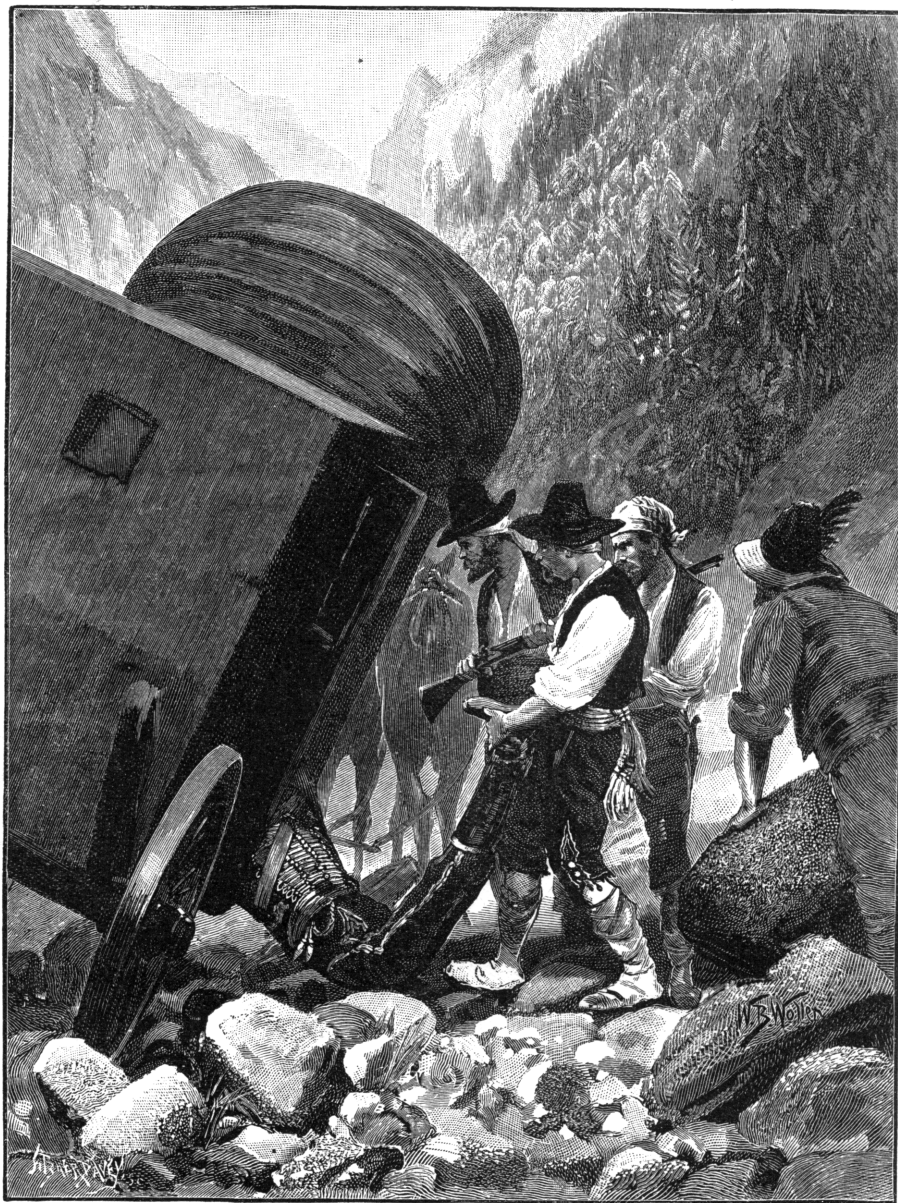
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"I WAS DRAGGED BY THE HEELS ON TO THE ROAD."

(See page 365.)

# *The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

## I.—HOW THE BRIGADIER HELD THE KING.



BELIEVE that the last story which I told you, my friends, was about how I received at the bidding of the Emperor the cross for valour which I had, if I may be allowed to say so, so long deserved.\* Here upon the lapel of my coat you may see the ribbon, but the medal itself I keep in a leathern pouch at home, and I never venture to take it out unless one of the modern peace generals, or some foreigner of distinction who finds himself in our little town, takes advantage of the opportunity to pay his respects to the well-known Brigadier Gerard. Then I place it upon my breast, and I give my moustache the old Marengo twist which brings a grey point into either eye. Yet with it all I fear that neither they, nor you either, my friends, will ever realize the man that I was. You know me only as a civilian—with an air and a manner, it is true—but still merely as a civilian. Had you seen me as I stood in the doorway of the inn at Alamo, on the 1st of July, in the year 1810, you would then have known what the hussar may attain to.

For a month I had lingered in that accursed village, and all on account of a lance thrust in my ankle, which made it impossible for me to put my foot to the ground. There were three of us at first: old Bouvet, of the Hussars of Bercheny, Jacques Regnier, of the Cuirassiers, and a funny little voltigeur captain whose name I forget; but they all got well and hurried on to the front, while I sat gnawing my fingers and tearing my hair, and even, I must confess, weeping from time to time as I thought of my Hussars of Conflans, and the deplorable condition in which they must find themselves when deprived of their colonel. I was not a chief of brigade yet, you understand, although I already carried myself like one, but I was the youngest colonel in the whole service, and my regiment was wife and children to me. It went to my heart that they should be so bereaved. It is true that Villaret, the senior major, was an excellent soldier; but still, even among the best there are degrees of merit.

Ah, that happy July day of which I speak, when first I limped to the door and stood in the golden Spanish sunshine! It was but the evening before that I had heard from the regiment. They were at Pastores, on the other side of the mountains, face to face with the English—not forty miles from me by road. But how was I to get to them? The same thrust which had pierced my ankle had slain my charger. I took advice both from Gomez, the landlord, and from an old priest who had slept that night in the inn, but neither of them could do more than assure me that there was not so much as a colt left upon the whole country side. The landlord would not hear of my crossing the mountains without an escort, for he assured me that El Cuchillo, the Spanish guerilla chief, was out that way with his band, and that it meant a death by torture to fall into his hands. The old priest observed, however, that he did not think a French hussar would be deterred by that, and if I had had any doubts, they would of course have been decided by his remark.

But a horse! How was I to get one? I was standing in the doorway, plotting and planning, when I heard the clink of shoes, and, looking up, I saw a great bearded man, with a blue cloak frogged across in military fashion, coming towards me. He was riding a big black horse with one white stocking on his near fore-leg.

"Halloa, comrade!" said I, as he came up to me.

"Halloa!" said he.

"I am Colonel Gerard, of the Hussars," said I. "I have lain here wounded for a month, and I am now ready to rejoin my regiment at Pastores."

"I am Monsieur Vidal, of the commissariat," he answered, "and I am myself upon my way to Pastores. I should be glad to have your company, colonel, for I hear that the mountains are far from safe."

"Alas," said I, "I have no horse. But if you will sell me yours, I will promise that an escort of hussars shall be sent back for you."

He would not hear of it, and it was in vain

\* December, 1894.

that the landlord told him dreadful stories of the doings of El Cuchillo, and that I pointed out the duty which he owed to the army and to the country. He would not even argue, but called loudly for a cup of wine. I craftily asked him to dismount and to drink with me, but he must have seen something in my face, for he shook his head; and then, as I approached him with some thought of seizing him by the leg, he jerked his heels into his horse's flanks, and was off in a cloud of dust.

My faith! it was enough to make a man mad to see this fellow riding away so gaily to join his beef-barrels, and his brandy-casks, and then to think of my five hundred beautiful hussars without their leader. I was gazing after him with bitter thoughts in my mind, when who should touch me on the elbow but the little priest whom I have mentioned.

"It is I who can help you," he said.

"I am myself travelling south."

I put my arms about him and, as my ankle gave way at the same moment, we nearly rolled upon the ground together.

"Get me to Pastores," I cried, "and you shall have a rosary of golden beads."

I had taken one from the Convent of Spiritu Santo. It shows how necessary it is to take what you can when you are upon a campaign, and how the most unlikely things may become useful.

"I will take you," he said, in very excellent French, "not because I hope for any reward, but because it is my way always to do what I can to serve my fellow-man, and that is why I am so beloved wherever I go."

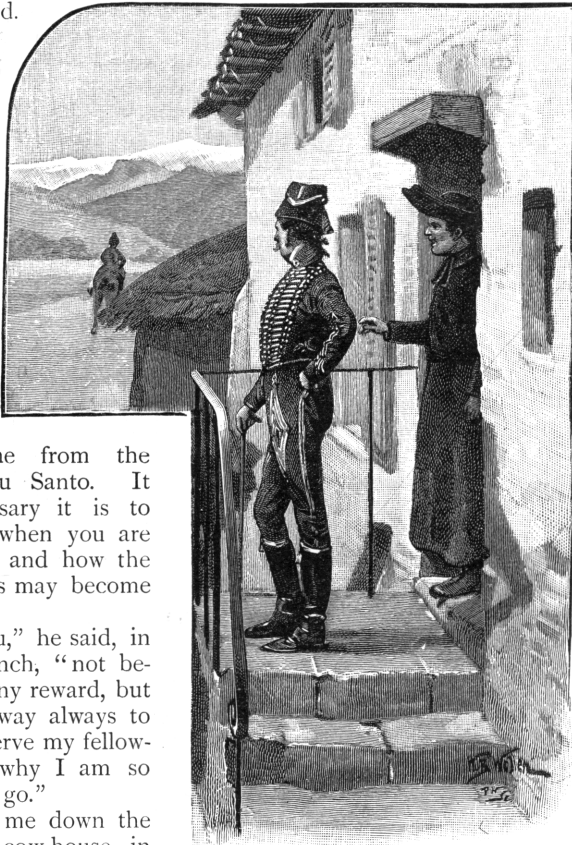
With that he led me down the village to an old cow-house, in which we found a tumble-down sort of diligence, such as they used to run early in this century, between some of our remote villages. There were three old mules, too, none of which were strong enough to carry a man, but together

they might draw the coach. The sight of their gaunt ribs and spavined legs gave me more delight than the whole two hundred and twenty hunters of the Emperor which I have seen in their stalls at Fontainebleau. In ten minutes the owner was harnessing them into the coach, with no very good will, however, for he was in mortal dread of this terrible Cuchillo. It was only by promising him riches in this world, while the priest threatened him with perdition in the next, that we at last got him safely upon the box with the reins between his fingers. Then he was in such a hurry to get off, out of fear lest we should find ourselves in the dark in the passes, that he hardly gave me time to renew my vows to the innkeeper's daughter. I cannot at this moment recall her name, but we wept together as we parted, and I can remember that

she was a very beautiful woman. You will understand, my friends, that when a man like me, who has fought the men and kissed the women in fourteen separate kingdoms, gives a word of praise to the one or the other, it has a little meaning of its own.

The little priest had seemed a trifle grave when we kissed good-bye, but he soon proved himself the best of companions in the diligence. All the way he amused me with tales of his little parish up in the mountains, and I in my turn told him stories about the camp; but, my faith, I had to pick my steps, for

when I said a word too much he would fidget in his seat and his face would show the pain that I had given him. And of course it is not the act of a gentleman to talk in



"IT IS I WHO CAN HELP YOU," HE SAID.

anything but a proper manner to a religious man, though, with all the care in the world, one's words may get out of hand sometimes.

He had come from the north of Spain, as he told me, and was going to see his mother in a village of Estremadura, and as he spoke about her little peasant home, and her joy in seeing him, it brought my own mother so vividly to my thoughts that the tears started to my eyes. In his simplicity he showed me the little gifts which he was taking to her, and so kindly was his manner that I could readily believe him when he said that he was loved wherever he went. He examined my own uniform with as much curiosity as a child, admiring the plume of my busby, and passing his fingers through the sable with which my dolman was trimmed. He drew my sword, too, and then when I told him how many men I had cut down with it, and set my finger on the notch made by the shoulder-bone of the Russian Emperor's aide-de-camp, he shuddered and placed the weapon under the leathern cushion, declaring that it made him sick to look at it.

Well, we had been rolling and creaking on our way whilst this talk had been going forward, and as we reached the base of the mountains we could hear the rumbling of cannon far away upon the right. This came from Massena, who was, as I knew, besieging Ciudad Rodrigo. There was nothing I should have wished better than to have gone straight to him, for if, as some said, he had Jewish blood in his veins, he was the best Jew that I have heard of since Joshua's time. If you are in sight of his beaky nose and bold, black eyes, you are not likely to miss much of what is going on. Still, a siege is always a poor sort of a pick-and-shovel business, and there were better prospects with my hussars in front of the English. Every mile that passed, my heart grew lighter and lighter, until I found myself shouting and singing like a young ensign fresh from Saint Cyr, just to think of seeing all my fine horses and my gallant fellows once more.

As we penetrated the mountains the road grew rougher and the pass more savage. At first we had met a few muleteers, but now the whole country seemed deserted, which is not to be wondered at when you think that the French, the English, and the guerillas had each in turn had command over it. So bleak and wild was it, one great brown wrinkled cliff succeeding another, and the pass growing narrower and narrower, that I ceased to look out, but sat in silence, thinking of this and that, of women whom I had loved

and of horses which I had handled. I was suddenly brought back from my dreams, however, by observing the difficulties of my companion, who was trying with a sort of brad-awl, which he had drawn out, to bore a hole through the leathern strap which held up his water-flask. As he worked with twitching fingers the strap escaped his grasp, and the wooden bottle fell at my feet. I stooped to pick it up, and as I did so the priest silently leaped upon my shoulders and drove his brad-awl into my eye!

My friends, I am, as you know, a man steeled to face every danger. When one has served from the affair of Zurich to that last fatal day of Waterloo, and has had the special medal, which I keep at home in a leathern pouch, one can afford to confess when one is frightened. It may console some of you, when your own nerves play you tricks, to remember that you have heard even me, Brigadier Gerard, say that I have been scared. And besides my terror at this horrible attack, and the maddening pain of my wound, there was a sudden feeling of loathing such as you might feel were some filthy tarantula to strike its fangs into you.

I clutched the creature in both hands, and, hurling him on to the floor of the coach, I stamped on him with my heavy boots. He had drawn a pistol from the front of his soutane, but I kicked it out of his hand, and again I fell with my knees upon his chest. Then, for the first time, he screamed horribly, while I, half blinded, felt about for the sword which he had so cunningly concealed. My hand had just lighted upon it, and I was dashing the blood from my face to see where he lay that I might transfix him, when the whole coach turned partly over upon its side, and my weapon was jerked out of my grasp by the shock. Before I could recover myself the door was burst open, and I was dragged by the heels on to the road. But even as I was torn out on to the flint stones, and realized that thirty ruffians were standing around me, I was filled with joy, for my pelisse had been pulled over my head in the struggle and was covering one of my eyes, and it was with my wounded eye that I was seeing this gang of brigands. You see for yourself by this pucker and scar how the thin blade passed between socket and ball, but it was only at that moment, when I was dragged from the coach, that I understood that my sight was not gone for ever. The creature's intention, doubtless, was to drive it through into my brain, and indeed he loosened some portion of the inner bone of

my head, so that I afterwards had more trouble from that wound than from any one of the seventeen which I have received.

They dragged me out, these sons of dogs, with curses and execrations, beating me with their fists and kicking me as I lay upon the ground. I had frequently observed that the mountaineers wore cloth swathed round their feet, but never did I imagine that I should have so much cause to be thankful for it. Presently, seeing the blood upon my head, and that I lay quiet, they thought that I was unconscious, whereas I was storing every ugly face among them into my memory, so that I might see them all safely hanged if ever my chance came round. Brawny rascals they were, with yellow handkerchiefs round their heads, and great red sashes stuffed with weapons. They had rolled two rocks across the path, where it took a sharp turn, and it was these which had torn off one of the wheels of the coach and upset us. As to this reptile, who had acted the priest so cleverly and had told me so much of his parish and his mother, he, of course, had known where the ambuscade was laid, and had attempted to put me beyond all resistance at the moment when we reached it.

I cannot tell you how frantic their rage was when they drew him out of the coach and saw the state to which I had reduced him. If he had not got all his deserts, he had, at least, something as a souvenir of his meeting with Etienne Gerard, for his legs dangled aimlessly about, and though the upper part of his body was convulsed with rage and pain, he sat straight down upon his feet when they tried to set him upright. But all the time his two little black eyes, which had seemed so kindly and so innocent in the coach, were glaring at me like a wounded cat, and he spat, and spat, and spat in my direction. My faith! when the wretches jerked me on to my feet again, and when I was dragged off up one of the mountain paths, I understood that a time was coming when I was to need all my courage and resource. My enemy was carried upon the shoulders of two men behind me, and I could hear his hissing and his reviling, first in one ear and then in the other, as I was hurried up the winding track.

I suppose that it must have been for an hour that we ascended, and what with my wounded ankle and the pain from my eye, and the fear lest this wound should have spoiled my appearance, I have made no journey to which I look back with less pleasure. I have never been a good climber at any time, but it is astonishing what you

can do, even with a stiff ankle, when you have a copper-coloured brigand at each elbow and a nine-inch blade within touch of your whiskers.

We came at last to a place where the path wound over a ridge, and descended upon the other side through thick pine trees into a valley which opened to the south. In time of peace I have little doubt that the villains were all smugglers, and that these were the secret paths by which they crossed the Portuguese frontier. There were many mule tracks, and once I was surprised to see the marks of a large horse where a stream had softened the track. These were explained when, on reaching a place where there was a clearing in the fir wood, I saw the animal itself haltered to a fallen tree. My eyes had hardly rested upon it, when I recognised the great black limbs and the white near fore-leg. It was the very horse which I had begged for in the morning.

What, then, had become of Commissariat Vidal? Was it possible that there was another Frenchman in as perilous a plight as myself? The thought had hardly entered my head when our party stopped and one of them uttered a peculiar cry. It was answered from among the brambles which lined the base of a cliff at one side of a clearing, and an instant later ten or a dozen more brigands came out from amongst them, and the two parties greeted each other. The new-comers surrounded my friend of the brad-awl with cries of grief and sympathy, and then turning upon me they brandished their knives and howled at me like the gang of assassins that they were. So frantic were their gestures that I was convinced that my end had come, and was just bracing myself to meet it in a manner which should be worthy of my past reputation, when one of them gave an order and I was dragged roughly across the little glade to the brambles from which this new band had emerged.

A narrow pathway led through them to a deep grotto in the side of the cliff. The sun was already setting outside, and in the cave itself it would have been quite dark but for a pair of torches which blazed from a socket on either side. Between them there was sitting at a rude table a very singular-looking person, whom I saw instantly, from the respect with which the others addressed him, could be none other than the brigand chief who had received, on account of his dreadful character, the sinister name of El Cuchillo.

The man whom I had injured had been carried in and placed upon the top of a

barrel, his helpless legs dangling about in front of him, and his cat's eyes still darting glances of hatred at me. I understood from the snatches of talk which I could follow between the chief and him, that he was the lieutenant of the band, and that part of his duties was to lie in wait with his smooth tongue and his peaceful garb for travellers like myself. When I thought of how many gallant officers may have been lured to their death by this monster of hypocrisy, it gave me a glow of pleasure to think that I had brought his villainies to an end—though I feared that it would be at the price of a life which neither the Emperor nor the army could well spare.

As the injured man, still supported upon the barrel by two comrades, was explaining in Spanish all that had befallen him, I was held by several of the villains in front of the table at which the chief was seated, and had an excellent opportunity of observing him. I have seldom seen any man who was less like my idea of a brigand, and especially of a brigand with such a reputation that in a land of cruelty he had earned so dark a nickname. His face was bluff and broad and bland, with ruddy cheeks and comfortable little tufts of side-whiskers, which gave him the appearance of a well-to-do grocer of the Rue St. Antoine. He had not any of those flaring sashes or gleaming weapons which distinguished his followers, but on the contrary he wore a good broad-cloth coat like a respectable father of a family, and save for his brown leggings there was nothing to indicate a life among the mountains. His surroundings, too, corresponded with himself, and beside his snuff-box upon the table there stood a great brown book, which looked like a commercial ledger. Many other books were ranged along a plank between two powder casks, and there was a great litter of

papers, some of which had verses scribbled upon them. All this I took in while he, leaning indolently back in his chair, was listening to the report of his lieutenant. Having heard everything, he ordered the cripple to be carried out again, and I was left with my three guards, waiting to hear my fate. He took up his pen, and, tapping his forehead with the handle of it, he pursed up his lips and looked out of the corner of his eyes at the roof of the grotto.

"I suppose," said he, at last, speaking very excellent French, "that you are not able to suggest a rhyme for the word Covilha."

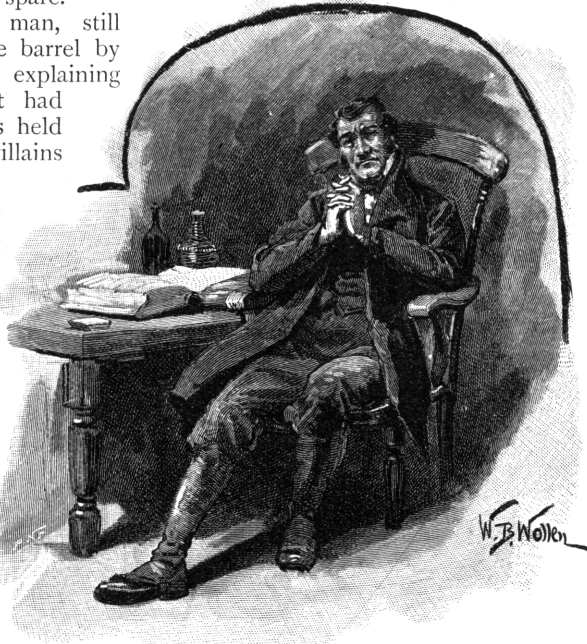
I answered him that my acquaintance with the Spanish language was so limited that I was unable to oblige him.

"It is a rich language," said he, "but less prolific in rhymes than either the German or the English. That is why our best work has been done in blank verse, a form of composition which, though hardly known in your literature, is capable of reaching great heights. But I fear that such subjects are

somewhat outside the range of a hussar."

I was about to answer that if they were good enough for a guerilla, they could not be too much for the light cavalry, but he was already stooping over his half-finished verse. Presently he threw down the pen with an exclamation of satisfaction, and declaimed a few lines which drew a cry of approval from the three ruffians who held me. His broad face blushed like a young girl who receives her first compliment.

"The critics are in my favour, it appears," said he; "we amuse ourselves in our long evenings by singing our own ballads, you understand. I have some little facility in that direction, and I do not at all despair of



"THE CHIEF."



seeing some of my poor efforts in print before long, and with 'Madrid' upon the title-page, too. But we must get back to business. May I ask what your name is?"

"Etienne Gerard."

"Rank?"

"Colonel."

"Corps?"

"The Third Hussars of Conflans."

"You are young for a colonel."

"My career has been an eventful one."

"Tut, that makes it the sadder," said he, with his bland smile.

I made no answer to that, but I tried to show him by my bearing that I was ready for the worst which could befall me.

"By the way, I rather fancy that we have had some of your corps here," said he, turning over the pages of his big brown register. "We endeavour to keep a record of our operations. Here is a heading under June 24th. Have you not a young officer named Soubiron, a tall, slight youth with light hair?"

"Certainly."

"I see that we buried him upon that date."

"Poor lad!" I cried. "And how did he die?"

"We buried him."

"But before you buried him?"

"You misunderstand me, Colonel. He was not dead before we buried him."

"You buried him alive!"

For a moment I was too stunned to act. Then I hurled myself upon the man, as he sat with that placid smile of his upon his lips, and I would have torn his throat out had the three wretches not dragged me away from him. Again and again I made for him, panting and cursing, shaking off this man and that, straining and wrenching, but never quite free. At last, with my jacket torn nearly off my back and blood dripping from my

wrists, I was hauled backwards in the bight of a rope and cords passed round my ankles and my arms.

"You sleek hound," I cried. "If ever I have you at my sword's point, I will teach you to maltreat one of my lads. You will find, you blood-thirsty beast, that my Emperor has long arms, and though you lie here like a rat in its hole, the time will come when he will tear you out of it, and you and your vermin will perish together."

My faith, I have a rough side to my tongue, and there was not a hard word that I had learned in fourteen campaigns which I did not let fly at him, but he sat with the handle of his pen tapping against his forehead and his eyes squinting up at the roof as if he had conceived the idea of some new stanza. It was this occupation of his which showed me how I might get my point into him.

"You spawn!" said I; "you think that you are safe here, but your life may be as short as that of your absurd verses, and God knows it could not be shorter than that."

Ah, you should have seen him bound from his chair when I said the words. This vile monster, who dispensed death and torture as a grocer serves out his figs, had one raw nerve then which I could prod at



"I HURLED MYSELF UPON THE MAN."

pleasure. His face grew livid, and those little bourgeois side-whiskers quivered and thrilled with passion.

"Very good, Colonel. You have said enough," he cried, in a choking voice. "You say that you have had a very distinguished career. I promise you also a very distinguished ending. Colonel Etienne Gerard of the Third Hussars shall have a death of his own."

"And I only beg," said I, "that you will not commemorate it in verse." I had one or two little ironies to utter, but he cut me short by a furious gesture which caused my three guards to drag me from the cave.

Our interview, which I have told you as nearly as I can remember it, must have lasted some time, for it was quite dark when we came out, and the moon was shining very clearly in the heavens. The brigands had lighted a great fire of the dried branches of the fir trees; not, of course, for warmth, since the night was already very sultry, but to cook their evening meal. A huge copper pot hung over the blaze, and the rascals were lying all round in the yellow glare, so that the scene looked like one of those pictures which Junot stole out of Madrid. There are some soldiers who profess to care nothing for art and the like, but I have always been drawn towards it myself, in which respect I show my good taste and my breeding. I remember, for example, that when Lefebvre was selling the plunder after the fall of Danzig, I bought a very fine picture, called "*Nymphs Surprised in a Wood*," and I carried it with me through two campaigns, until my charger had the misfortune to put his hoof through it.

I only tell you this, however, to show you that I was never a mere rough soldier like Rapp or Ney. As I lay in that brigand's camp, I had little time or inclination to think about such matters. They had thrown me down under a tree, the three villains squatting round and smoking their cigarettes within hands' touch of me. What to do I could not imagine. In my whole career I do not suppose that I have ten times been in as hopeless a situation. "But courage," thought I. "Courage, my brave boy! You were not made a Colonel of Hussars at twenty-eight because you could dance a cotillon. You are a picked man, Etienne; a man who has come through more than two hundred affairs, and this little one is surely not going to be the last." I began eagerly to glance about for some chance of escape, and as I did so I saw something which filled me with great astonishment.

I have already told you that a large fire was burning in the centre of the glade. What with its glare, and what with the moonlight, everything was as clear as possible. On the other side of the glade there was a single tall fir tree which attracted my attention because its trunk and lower branches were discoloured, as if a large fire had recently been lit underneath it. A clump of bushes grew in front of it which concealed the base. Well, as I looked towards it, I was surprised to see projecting above the bush, and fastened apparently to the tree, a pair of fine riding boots with the toes upwards. At first I thought that they were tied there, but as I looked harder I saw that they were secured by a great nail which was hammered through the foot of each. And then, suddenly, with a thrill of horror, I understood that these were not empty boots; and moving my head a little to the right, I was able to see who it was that had been fastened there, and why a fire had been lit beneath the tree. It is not pleasant to speak or to think of horrors, my friends, and I do not wish to give any of you bad dreams to-night—but I cannot take you among the Spanish guerillas without showing you what kind of men they were, and the sort of warfare that they waged. I will only say that I understood why Monsieur Vidal's horse was waiting masterless in the grove, and that I hoped he had met this terrible fate with sprightliness and courage, as a good Frenchman ought.

It was not a very cheering sight for me, as you can imagine. When I had been with their chief in the grotto I had been so carried away by my rage at the cruel death of young Soubiron, who was one of the brightest lads who ever threw his thigh over a charger, that I had never given a thought to my own position. Perhaps it would have been more politic had I spoken the ruffian fair, but it was too late now. The cork was drawn, and I must drain the wine. Besides, if the harmless commissariat man were put to such a death, what hope was there for me, who had snapped the spine of their lieutenant. No, I was doomed in any case, so it was as well perhaps that I should have put the best face on the matter. This beast could bear witness that Etienne Gerard had died as he had lived, and that one prisoner at least had not quailed before him. I lay there thinking of the various girls who would mourn for me, and of my dear old mother, and of the deplorable loss which I should be both to my regiment and to the Emperor, and I am not ashamed to confess



to you that I shed tears as I thought of the general consternation which my premature end would give rise to.

But all the time I was taking the very keenest notice of everything which might possibly help me. I am not a man who would lie like a sick horse waiting for the farrier sergeant and the pole-axe. First I would give a little tug at my ankle cords, and then another at those which were round my wrists, and all the time that I was trying to loosen them I was peering round to see if I could find something which was in my favour. There was one thing which was very evident. A hussar is but half formed without a horse, and there was my other half quietly grazing within thirty yards of me. Then I observed yet another thing. The path by which we had come over the mountains was so steep that a horse could only be led across it slowly and with difficulty, but in the other direction the ground appeared to be more open, and to lead straight down into a gently-sloping valley. Had I but my feet in yonder stirrups and my sabre in my hand, a single bold dash might take me out of the power of these vermin of the rocks.

I was still thinking it over and straining with my wrists and my ankles, when their chief came out from his grotto, and after some talk with his lieutenant, who lay groaning near the fire, they both nodded their heads and looked across at me. He then said some few words to the band, who clapped their hands and laughed uproariously. Things looked ominous, and I was delighted to feel that my hands were so far free that I could easily slip them through the cords if I wished. But with my ankles, I feared that I could do nothing, for when I strained it brought such pain into my lance wound, that I had to gnaw my moustache to keep from crying out. I could only lie still, half free and half bound, and see what turn things were likely to take.

For a little I could not make out what they were after. One of the rascals climbed up a well-grown fir tree upon one side of the glade, and tied a rope round the top of the

trunk. He then fastened another rope in the same fashion to a similar tree upon the other side. The two loose ends were now dangling down, and I waited with some curiosity, and just a little trepidation also, to see what they would do next. The whole band pulled upon one of the ropes until they had bent the strong young tree down into a semi-circle, and they then fastened it to a stump, so as to hold it so. When they had bent the other tree down in a similar fashion, the two summits were within a few feet of each other, though, as you understand, they would each spring back into their original position the instant that they were released. I already saw the diabolical plan which these miscreants had formed.

"I presume that you are a strong man, Colonel," said the chief, coming towards me with his hateful smile.

"If you will have the kindness to loosen



"I PRESUME YOU ARE A STRONG MAN."

these cords," I answered, "I will show you how strong I am."

"We were all interested to see whether you

were as strong as these two young saplings," said he. "It is our intention, you see, to tie one end of each rope round your ankles and then to let the trees go. If you are stronger than the trees, then, of course, no harm would be done; if, on the other hand, the trees are stronger than you, why, in that case, Colonel, we may have a souvenir of you upon each side of our little glade."

He laughed as he spoke, and at the sight of it the whole forty of them laughed also. Even now if I am in my darker humour, or if I have a touch of my old Lithuanian ague, I see in my sleep that ring of dark savage faces, with their cruel eyes, and the firelight flashing upon their strong white teeth.

It is astonishing—and I have heard many make the same remark—how acute one's senses become at such a crisis as this. I am convinced that at no moment is one living so vividly, so acutely, as at the instant when a violent and foreseen death overtakes one. I could smell the resinous fagots, I could see every twig upon the ground, I could hear every rustle of the branches, as I have never smelled or seen or heard save at such times of danger. And so it was that long before anyone else, before even the time when the chief had addressed me, I had heard a low, monotonous sound, far away indeed, and yet coming nearer at every instant. At first it was but a murmur, a rumble, but by the time he had finished speaking, while the assassins were untying my ankles in order to lead me to the scene of my murder, I heard, as plainly as ever I heard anything in my life, the clinking of horseshoes and the jingling of bridle chains, with the clank of sabres against stirrup-irons. Is it likely that I, who had lived with the light cavalry since the first hair shaded my lip, would mistake the sound of troopers on the march?

"Help, comrades, help!" I shrieked, and though they struck me across the mouth and tried to drag me up to the trees. I kept on yelling, "Help me, my brave boys! Help me, my children! They are murdering your colonel!"

For the moment my wounds and my troubles had brought on a delirium, and I looked for nothing less than my five hundred hussars, kettle-drums and all, to appear at the opening of the glade.

But that which really appeared was very different to anything which I had conceived. Into the clear space there came galloping a fine young man upon a most beautiful roan horse. He was fresh-faced and pleasant-looking, with the most debonaire bearing in

the world and the most gallant way of carrying himself—a way which reminded me somewhat of my own. He wore a singular coat which had once been red all over, but which was now stained to the colour of a withered oak leaf wherever the weather could reach it. His shoulder-straps, however, were of golden lace, and he had a bright metal helmet upon his head, with a coquettish white plume upon one side of its crest. He trotted his horse up the glade, while behind him rode four cavaliers in the same dress—all clean-shaven, with round, comely faces, looking to me more like monks than dragoons. At a short, gruff order they halted with a rattle of arms, while their leader cantered forward, the fire beating upon his eager face and the beautiful head of his charger. I knew, of course, by the strange coats that they were English. It was the first sight that I had ever had of them, but from their stout bearing and their masterful way I could see at a glance that what I had always been told was true, and that they were excellent people to fight against.

"Well, well, well!" cried the young officer, in sufficiently bad French, "what game are you up to here? Who was that who was yelling for help, and what are you trying to do to him?"

It was at that moment that I learned to bless those months which Obriant, the descendant of the Irish kings, had spent in teaching me the tongue of the English. My ankles had just been freed, so that I had only to slip my hands out of the cords, and with a single rush I had flown across, picked up my sabre where it lay by the fire, and hurled myself on to the saddle of poor Vidal's horse. Yes, for all my wounded ankle, I never put foot to stirrup, but was in the seat in a single bound. I tore the halter from the tree, and before these villains could so much as snap a pistol at me I was beside the English officer.

"I surrender to you, sir," I cried; though I daresay my English was not very much better than his French. "If you will look at that tree to the left you will see what these villains do to the honourable gentlemen who fall into their hands."

The fire had flared up at that moment, and there was poor Vidal exposed before them, as horrible an object as one could see in a nightmare. "My God!" cried the officer, and "My God!" cried each of the four troopers, which is the same as with us when we cry "Mon Dieu!" Out rasped the five swords, and the four men closed up. One, who wore



"WHAT GAME ARE YOU UP TO HERE?"

a sergeant's chevrons, laughed and clapped me on the shoulder.

"Fight for your skin, froggy," said he.

Ah, it was so fine to have a horse between my thighs and a weapon in my grip. I waved it above my head and shouted in my exultation. The chief had come forward with that odious smiling face of his.

"Your excellency will observe that this Frenchman is our prisoner," said he.

"You are a rascally robber," said the Englishman, shaking his sword at him. "It is a disgrace to us to have such allies. By my faith, if Lord Wellington were of my mind we would swing you up on the nearest tree."

"But my prisoner?" said the brigand, in his suave voice.

"He shall come with us to the British camp."

"Just a word in your ear before you take him."

He approached the young officer, and then, turning as quick as a flash, he fired his pistol in my face. The bullet scored its way through my hair and burst a hole on each side of my

busby. Seeing that he had missed me, he raised the pistol and was about to hurl it at me when the English sergeant, with a single back-handed cut, nearly severed his head from his body. His blood had not reached the ground, nor the last curse died on his lips, before the whole horde was upon us, but with a dozen bounds and as many slashes we were all safely out of the glade, and galloping down the winding track which led to the valley.

It was not until we had left the ravine far behind us and were right out in the open fields that we ventured to halt, and to see what injuries we had sustained. For me, wounded and weary as I was, my heart was beating proudly, and my chest was nearly bursting my tunic to think that I, Etienne Gerard, had left this gang of murderers so much by which to remember me. My faith, they would think twice before they ventured

again to lay hands upon one of the Third Hussars. So carried away was I that I made a small oration to these brave Englishmen, and told them who it was that they had helped to rescue. I would have spoken of glory also, and of the sympathies of brave men, but the officer cut me short.

"That's all right," said he. "Any injuries, Sergeant?"

"Trooper Jones's horse hit with a pistol bullet on the fetlock."

"Trooper Jones to go with us. Sergeant Halliday, with troopers Harvey and Smith, to keep to the right until they touch the vedettes of the German Hussars."

So these three jingled away together, while the officer and I, followed at some distance by the trooper whose horse had been wounded, rode straight down in the direction of the English camp. Very soon we had opened our hearts, for we each liked the look of the other from the beginning. He was of the nobility, this brave lad, and he had been sent out scouting by Lord Wellington to see if there were any signs of our advancing through the mountains. It is one advantage

of a wandering life like mine, that you learn to pick up those bits of knowledge which distinguish the man of the world. I have, for example, hardly ever met a Frenchman who could repeat an English title correctly. If I had not travelled I should not be able to say with confidence that this young man's real name was Milor the Hon. Sir Russell, Bart., this last being an honourable distinction, so that it was as the Bart that I usually addressed him, just as in Spanish one might say "the Don."

As we rode beneath the moonlight in the lovely Spanish night, we spoke our minds to each other, as if we were brothers. We were both of an age, you see, both of the light cavalry also (the Sixteenth Light Dragoons was his regiment), and both with the same hopes and ambitions. Never have I learned to know a man so quickly as I did the Bart. He gave me the name of a girl whom he had loved at a garden called Vauxhall, and, for my own part, I spoke to him of little Coralie, of the Opera. He took a lock of hair from his bosom, and I a garter. Then we nearly quarrelled over hussar and dragoon, for he was absurdly proud of his regiment, and you should have seen him curl his lip and clap his hand to his hilt when I said that I hoped it might never be its misfortune to come in the way of the Third. Finally, he began to speak about what the English call sport, and he told such stories of the money which he had lost over which of two cocks could kill the other, or which of two men could strike the other the most in a fight for a prize, that I was filled with astonishment. He was ready to bet upon anything in the most wonderful manner, and when I chanced to see a shooting star he was anxious to bet that he would see more than me, twenty-five francs a star, and it was only when I explained that my purse was in the hands of the brigands that he would give over the idea.

Well, we chatted away in this very amiable fashion until the day began to break, when suddenly we heard a great volley of musketry from somewhere in the front of us. It was very rocky and broken ground, and I thought, although I could see nothing, that a general engagement had broken out. The Bart laughed at my idea, however, and explained that the sound came from the English camp, where every man emptied his piece each morning so as to make sure of having a dry priming.

"In another mile we shall be up with the outposts," said he.

I glanced round at this, and I perceived

that we had trotted along at so good a pace during the time that we were keeping up our pleasant chat that the dragoon with the lame horse was altogether out of sight. I looked on every side, but in the whole of that vast rocky valley there was no one save only the Bart and I—both of us armed, you understand, and both of us well mounted. I began to ask myself whether after all it was quite necessary that I should ride that mile which would bring me to the British outposts.

Now, I wish to be very clear with you on this point, my friends, for I would not have you think that I was acting dishonourably or ungratefully to the man who had helped me away from the brigands. You must remember that of all duties the strongest is that which a commanding officer owes to his men. You must also bear in mind that war is a game which is played under fixed rules, and when these rules are broken one must at once claim the forfeit. If, for example, I had given a parole, then I should have been an infamous wretch had I dreamed of escaping. But no parole had been asked of me. Out of over-confidence, and the chance of the lame horse dropping behind, the Bart had permitted me to get up on equal terms with him. Had it been I who had taken him, I should have used him as courteously as he had me, but, at the same time, I should have respected his enterprise so far as to have deprived him of his sword, and seen that I had at least one guard beside myself. I reined up my horse and explained this to him, asking him at the same time whether he saw any breach of honour in my leaving him.

He thought about it, and several times repeated that which the English say when they mean "*Mon Dieu!*"

"You would give me the slip, would you?" said he.

"If you can give no reason against it."

"The only reason that I can think of," said the Bart, "is that I should instantly cut your head off if you were to attempt it."

"Two can play at that game, my dear Bart," said I.

"Then we'll see who can play at it best," he cried, pulling out his sword.

I had drawn mine also, but I was quite determined not to hurt this admirable young man who had been my benefactor.

"Consider," said I, "you say that I am your prisoner. I might with equal reason say that you are mine. We are alone here, and though I have no doubt that you are an excellent swordsman, you can hardly hope to

hold your own against the best blade in the six light cavalry brigades."

His answer was a cut at my head. I parried and shore off half of his white plume. He thrust at my breast. I turned his point and cut away the other half of his cockade.

"Curse your monkey tricks!" he cried, as I wheeled my horse away from him.

"Why should you strike at me?" said I. "You see that I will not strike back."

"That's all very well," said he; "but you've got to come along with me to the camp."

"I shall never see the camp," said I.

"I'll lay you nine to four you do," he cried, as he made at me, sword in hand.

throw dice as to which is the prisoner of the other."

He smiled at this. It appealed to his love of sport.

"Where are your dice?" he cried.

"I have none."

"Nor I. But I have cards."

"Cards let it be," said I.

"And the game?"

"I leave it to you."

"Écarté, then—the best of three."

I could not help smiling as I agreed, for I do not suppose that there were three men in France who were my masters at the game. I told the Bart as much as we dismounted. He smiled also as he listened.

"I was counted the best player at Watier's," said he.

"With even luck you deserve to get off if you beat me."

So we tethered our two horses and sat down one on either side of a great flat rock. The Bart took a pack of cards out of his tunic, and I had only to see him shuffle to convince me that I had no novice to deal with. We cut, and the deal fell to him.

My faith, it was a stake worth playing for. He wished to add a hundred gold pieces a game, but what was money when the fate of Colonel Etienne Gerard hung upon the cards? I felt as though all those who had reason to be interested in the game: my mother, my hussars, the Sixth Corps d'Armée, Ney, Massena, even the Emperor himself, were forming a ring round us in that desolate valley. Heavens, what a blow to one and all of them should the cards go against me! But I was confident, for my écarté play was as famous as my swordsmanship, and save old Bouvet of the Hussars of Bercheny, who won seventy-six out of one hundred and fifty games off me, I have always had

the best of a series.

The first game I won right off, though I must confess that the cards were with me, and that my adversary could have done no more. In the second, I never played better and saved a trick by a finesse, but the Bart voled me once, marked the king, and ran out in the second hand. My faith, we were so



"HIS ANSWER WAS A CUT AT MY HEAD."

But those words of his put something new into my head. Could we not decide the matter in some better way than by fighting? The Bart was placing me in such a position that I should have to hurt him, or he would certainly hurt me. I avoided his rush, though his sword-point was within an inch of my neck.

"I have a proposal," I cried. "We shall

excited that he laid his helmet down beside him and I my busby.

"I'll lay my roan mare against your black horse," said he.

"Done!" said I.

"Sword against sword."

"Done!" said I.

"Saddle, bridle, and stirrups!" he cried.

"Done!" I shouted.

I had caught this spirit of sport from him. I would have laid my hussars against his dragoons had they been ours to pledge.

And then began the game of games. Oh, he played, this Englishman—he played in a way that was worthy of such a stake. But I, my friends, I was superb! Of the five which I had to make to win, I gained three on the first hand. The Bart bit his moustache and drummed his hands, while I already felt myself at the head of my dear little rascals. On the second, I turned the king, but lost two tricks—and my score was four to his two. When I saw my next hand I could not but give a cry of delight. "If I cannot gain my freedom on this," thought I, "I deserve to remain for ever in chains."

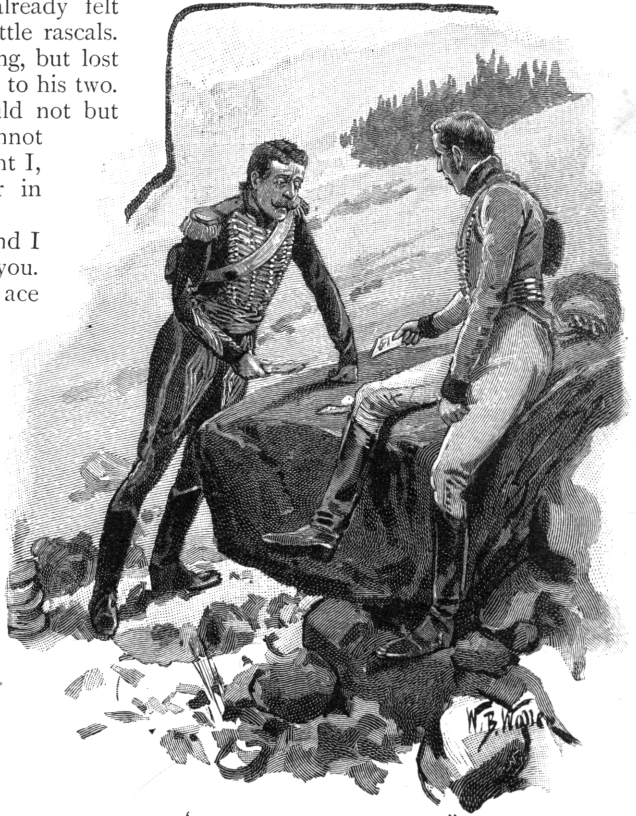
Give me the cards, landlord, and I will lay them out on the table for you.

Here was my hand: knave and ace of clubs, queen and knave of diamonds, and king of hearts. Clubs were trumps, mark you, and I had but one point between me and freedom. As you may think, I declined his proposal. He knew that it was the crisis, and he undid his tunic. I threw my dolman on the ground. He led the ten of spades. I took it with my ace of trumps. One point in my favour. The correct play was to clear the trumps, and I led the knave. Down came the queen upon it, and the game was equal. He led the eight of spades, and I could only discard my queen of diamonds. Then came the seven of spades, and the hair stood straight up on my head. We each threw down a king at the final. He had won two points, and my beautiful hand had been mastered by his inferior one. I could have rolled on the ground as I thought of it. They used to play very good *écarté* at Watier's in the year '10. I say it—I, Brigadier Gerard.

The last game was now four all. This next hand must settle it one way or the other.

He undid his sash, and I put away my sword-belt. He was cool, this Englishman, and I tried to be so also, but the perspiration would trickle into my eyes. The deal lay with him, and I may confess to you, my friends, that my hands shook so that I could hardly pick my cards from the rock. But when I raised them, what was the first thing that my eyes rested upon. It was the king, the king, the glorious king of trumps! My mouth was open to declare it when the words were frozen upon my lips by the appearance of my comrade.

He held his cards in his hand, but his jaw had fallen, and his eyes were staring over my shoulder with the most dreadful expression of consternation and surprise.



"WE EACH THREW DOWN A KING."

I whisked round, and I was myself amazed at what I saw.

Three men were standing quite close to us—fifteen mètres at the furthest. The middle one was of a good height, and yet not too tall—about the same height, in fact, that I am myself. He was clad in a dark uniform with a small cocked hat, and some sort of



white plume upon the side. But I had little thought of his dress. It was his face, his gaunt cheeks, his beak-like nose, his masterful blue eyes, his thin, firm slit of a mouth which made one feel that this was a wonderful man, a man of a million. His brows were tied into a knot, and he cast such a glance at my poor Bart from under them that one by one the cards came fluttering down from his nerveless fingers. Of the two other men, one, who had a face as brown and hard as though it had been carved out of old oak, wore a bright red coat, while the other, a fine portly man with bushy side-whiskers, was in a blue jacket with gold facings. Some little distance behind, three orderlies were holding as many horses, and an escort of lancers was waiting in the rear.

"Heh, Crauford, what the deuce is this?" asked the thin man.

"D'you hear, sir?" cried the man with the red coat. "Lord Wellington wants to know what this means."

My poor Bart broke into an account of all that had occurred, but that rock-face never softened for an instant.

"Pretty fine, 'pon my word, General Crauford," he broke in. "The discipline of this force must be maintained, sir. Report yourself at headquarters as a prisoner."

It was dreadful to me to see the Bart mount his horse and ride off with hanging head. I could not endure it. I threw

myself before this English General. I pleaded with him for my friend. I told him how I, Colonel Gerard, would witness what a dashing young officer he was. Ah, my eloquence might have melted the hardest heart; I brought tears to my own eyes, but none to his. My voice broke, and I could say no more.

"What weight do you put on your mules, sir, in the French service?" he asked. Yes, that was all this phlegmatic Englishman had to answer to these burning words of mine. That was his reply to what would have made a Frenchman weep upon my shoulder.

"What weight on a mule?" asked the man with the red coat.

"Two hundred and ten pounds," said I.

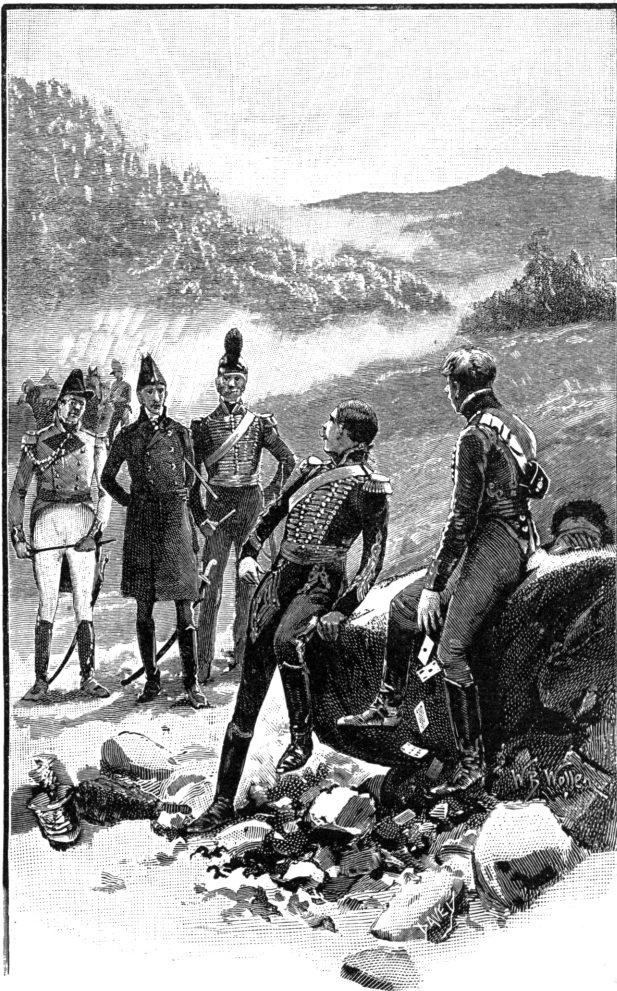
"Then you load them deucedly badly," said Lord Wellington. "Remove the prisoner to the rear."

His Lancers closed in upon me, and I—I was driven mad, as I thought that the game had been in my hands, and that I ought at that moment to be a free man. I held the cards up in front of the General.

"See, my lord!" I cried; "I played for my freedom and I won, for, as you perceive, I hold the king."

For the first time a slight smile softened his gaunt face.

"On the contrary," said he, as he mounted his horse, "it was I who won, for, as you perceive, my king holds you."



"THE CARDS FLUTTERED FROM HIS NERVELESS FINGERS."

# From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

LORD RAN-  
DOLPH'S  
DIARY.

TALKING with a friend shortly after his return from South Africa, Lord Randolph Churchill incidentally made reference to "my diary," the remark leaving the impression that he kept such a work with unflinching regularity and unremitted fulness. It will be a pity if the present generation should be deprived of opportunity of studying the book. It would doubtless require severe editing, for the diarist had not a habit of mincing matters of opinion, whether in speech or writing. However handled, there must remain a valuable and picturesque record of the inner scenes of English political life, between the years 1880 and 1892. After that date the fell disease which gripped the strong life of the still young statesman had obtained a mastery that to some extent clouded his judgment and painfully obscured his lucidity.

SECRET  
NEGOTIA-  
TIONS.

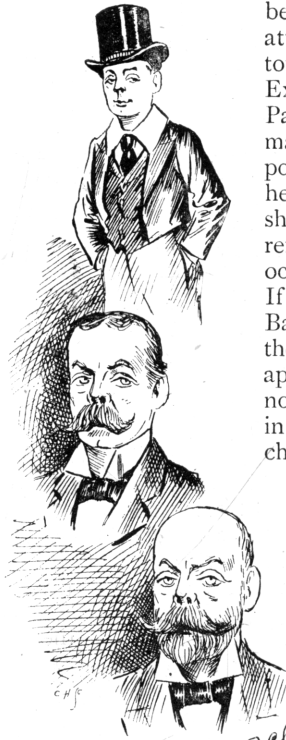
The diary, should it ever see the light, will, doubtless, contain a full account of the negotiations which, in the midsummer of 1890, led him within a step of returning to his seat in the Conservative Cabinet. Lord Salisbury's Government was at the time not doing very well. The necessity for its being strengthened from outside was urgent. Once more pleading glances were turned in the direction of Lord Hartington, with entreaty to "come over and help us." It was understood that, amongst Lord Hartington's most influential colleagues, such a step was hotly opposed. The General Election could not be long delayed. At that epoch, as had been shown in the Central Birmingham episode of the previous year, Mr. Chamberlain was not yet disposed to merge himself and his forces in the Conservative ranks. If Lord Hartington joined the Ministry, his party must perforce either separate from him or finally throw in their lot with their ancient adversaries, standing at the General Election under the Conservative flag. If room were made for Lord Randolph Churchill on the Treasury Bench, the consequent accession

of strength would be such that there would be no necessity for Lord Hartington's crossing the floor.

Mr. W. H. Smith, then Leader of the House, was cordially in favour of the little scheme. Lord Randolph, to all outward appearance, stood aloof from the negotiations, but that he approved them and looked confidently forward to a happy issue appears from a remark made early in July, 1890. At that time an election was pending at Barrow, under circumstances which excited unusual interest in the political camps. Every effort was made on both sides to secure the seat. Lord Randolph Churchill at this time still preserved, from his corner seat behind the Treasury Bench, an attitude of benevolent neutrality towards his former colleagues. Except in the matter of the Parnell Commission, he had not made any ordered attack on their policy. But he had never, since he quitted the Treasury Bench, shown himself friendly to its remaining occupants, whilst upon occasion he was coldly critical. If he could be induced to go to Barrow and speak on behalf of the Ministerial candidate, his appearance on the scene would not only have immediate effect in improving Mr. Wainwright's chances, but would greatly strengthen the Ministry by showing that the chasm between himself and his old colleagues was bridged.

"If," said Lord Randolph, "you see by the papers to-morrow that I have gone down to Barrow to speak for Wainwright, you may bet your boots that before three weeks are over I will be sitting on the Treasury Bench."

He went to Barrow, and it was noticed that on his return to town his attendance on the House of Commons, hitherto fitful, for awhile became regular. But he did not within three weeks, or at any later time, reach the Treasury Bench. It was believed by those cognizant of what had been going forward that it was Lord Salisbury who had proved implacable. It is small wonder that,



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.



save under the direst necessity, he should have shirked renewing relations with the brilliant but erratic and too peremptory statesman who for some months had disputed with him supremacy in his own Cabinet.

CANDIDATE  
FOR  
BIRMING-  
HAM. Another turning-point of Lord Randolph's career at this interesting time will doubtless be also illumined in the pages of the diary. In 1889, Lord Randolph, apparently in perfect health, certainly in high spirits, had grown weary of playing a comparatively obscure part in politics. He saw in an invitation to contest Birmingham an opportunity of emerging once more into the front rank. In 1885 he had fought Birmingham and almost won the seat, though he tilted against Mr. Bright. Now Mr. Bright was dead, and the Conservative party in Birmingham promptly turned to Lord Randolph. With the assistance of the Dissident Liberals under the leadership of Mr. Chamberlain, the seat might be counted on as won.

It had long been a desire near to Lord Randolph's heart to represent a centre of teeming political activity like Birmingham. He believed that in this constituency he would find warm sympathy with the democratic Toryism of which he was the apostle. On the 2nd of April, 1889, a deputation waited upon him in Connaught Place, conveying to him a pressing invitation to contest the borough. To their surprise he hesitated, promising to give an answer at the House of Commons at five o'clock in the afternoon. It was soon made known that Mr. Chamberlain, instead of showing himself ready to assist in furthering Lord Randolph's views, had put his foot down, and threatened open breach of alliance with the Conservative Party if the candidature were insisted upon. There was no occasion for the spiteful suggestion current at the time that he was adverse to the prospect of two kings smelling at the Birmingham rose, preferring to Lord Randolph Churchill the less brilliant coterie who shared with him the representation of the borough. His objection was based on the sufficient, reasonable argument that the seat belonged to his wing of the Opposition Party, and that, upon a vacancy, it should revert, not to Conservatives, but to Dissident Liberals.

Lord Salisbury and his colleagues found themselves in a painfully perplexed position. If they sided with Lord Randolph Churchill they would mortally offend Mr. Chamberlain. If they yielded to Mr. Chamberlain it would be at the double risk of affronting the Conservative

Party in Birmingham, and of sacrificing Lord Randolph Churchill. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was deputed to see Lord Randolph, and succeeded in obtaining from him a promise that if, after conference with Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, it appeared for the good of the party that he should be thrown over, the victim would concur in the arrangement.

The interview took place, and Mr. Chamberlain got his way. Lord Randolph, loyal to his word, yielded to the decision, but at what mental cost few people know. He passed me as he came out of the room of the Conservative Whip where withdrawal from the candidature had been finally wrung from him. He was so altered in personal appearance that for a moment I did not know him. Instead of his usual alert, swinging pace, with head erect, and swiftly glancing eyes, he walked with slow, weary tread, his head hanging down and a look on his face as if tears had been coursing down it. No one who knew him only in public life would have imagined him capable of such emotion. It was a blow from which he never recovered, though there was a recurrence to the old ambition to represent something other than the villadom of Paddington when, a little more than a year before his death, he announced his intention of standing for bustling Bradford.

FOR-  
GETTING  
GOSCHEN. In his place in the House of Commons, and in addressing his constituents, Lord Randolph offered explanations of the reasons that induced him on the eve of Christmas, 1886, to resign his place in the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury. It was because his colleagues, the Secretary of State for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty, instead of, as he hoped, reducing their Estimates, made increased demand on the revenues of the coming year. In private conversation, Lord Randolph filled up some details that made the proceedings more intelligible.

Already in this month of December he had worked out the broad scheme of his Budget, which he was bent upon making a popular one. The demands of the spending departments hampered, if they did not upset, his calculations. He strove with might and main to induce Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. Stanhope to recast their Estimates. One morning he spent two hours with Mr. Smith, who must have had an uncommonly hard time of it. It was all in vain. The Ministers insisted upon satisfaction of their full demands. Then Lord Randolph deter-

mined to play his last card. If he yielded now, in addition to spoiling his Budget, his position in the Cabinet would be determined. Almost at the outset of its deliberations he would have been beaten. He believed that he was indispensable to the Government, and that his threat of resignation would be sufficient to subdue his colleagues to his imperious will.

He sent in his resignation on the 22nd of December. Lord Salisbury, in accordance with his habit when in a dilemma, turned to Lord Hartington and invited him to

Mr. Goschen?' she said, in a voice and manner that indicated she knew more than the simple inquiry conveyed. It all flashed on me in a moment. I saw the game was lost. I *had* forgotten Goschen."

LORD  
RANDOLPH'S  
BUDGET.

It is to be hoped the diary, when we see it, will supply particulars of the Budget scheme on which the young Chancellor of the Exchequer rested high hope of increased and permanent fame. It is certain to have been original, was doubtless daring, and could scarcely have failed to be democratic in its tendencies. Authorities at the Treasury, accustomed to deal with financial giants like Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Goschen, were astonished at the ease and thoroughness with which Lord Randolph mastered the intricate questions of national finance, and the originality of the ideas he brought to bear upon the situation of the hour. Talking over the subject, one of the most highly-placed authorities at the Treasury remarked, "I do not know how far Lord Randolph had gone in obtaining the sanction of his colleagues in the Cabinet for the scheme he early in December, 1886, had adumbrated. But I may tell you that had a Budget planned on the contemplated lines been introduced by a Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, it would have created a sensation equal to what

followed on Peel's proposal for the abolition of the Corn Laws, or Dizzy's Establishment of Household Suffrage."

One wonders whether Lord Randolph had designed to anticipate Sir William Harcourt

in dealing with the Death Duties. Some day we shall know.

A MAR-  
VELLOUS  
MEMORY.

In his early Parliamentary days Lord Randolph Churchill had an almost phenomenal memory. He could repeat a whole page of verse or prose after having once read it over. This being asserted at a country house where he was staying, and polite incredulity being expressed, he offered a wager that he would, after once reading it over, recite a page from any book to be selected



save the country by joining the Ministry. Lord Hartington declined, and it seemed that there would be nothing for the belated Ministry but to make peace with Lord Randolph on his own terms and invite him back to the fold.

"A little less than a week after I had written to Lord Salisbury," Lord Randolph told me when chatting about the event, "I was walking up St. James's Street when I met ——" (mentioning the name of a lady well known in London society). "She was driving, but stopped the carriage to speak to me. She asked how things were going on, and I said I thought they were doing nicely. Hartington had refused to join them, and whom else can they have? 'Have you thought of



by his doubting friend. The wager was accepted, and a volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" was taken down from the library shelf. The volume was opened at random. Lord Randolph read a page, and handing the book over to the umpire, recited every word without error or hesitation.

A RACE  
AGAINST  
TIME.

Another wager was won under quite different circumstances. During an early Session of the Parliament of 1880-85, Lord Randolph was dining in company where question arose of the time it took to pass over Westminster Bridge. He undertook to cross it from the Surrey side to the steps of the Clock Tower what time Big Ben was chiming the quarters and striking the hour of midnight. The bet was accepted, and one summer night, on the stroke of twelve, a solitary pedestrian might have been observed speeding like the wind across Westminster Bridge. It was the future Leader of the House of Commons, and he won his bet.



A RACE AGAINST TIME.

"LE VRAI  
AMPHIT-  
RYON."

Lord Randolph was a great acquisition to the dinner-table, and for some years his company was more eagerly competed for than any other star of the season. He was a little uncertain, displaying a great ability of saying nothing if the company were not entirely to his liking. Worse still, if it was particularly boring, or for other reason distasteful to him, he had a way of dropping an occasional remark that was not conducive to serenity. He was a great believer in the social board as an adjunct to the political campaign, and entertained hospitably and habitually. When the Fourth Party was beginning to

become a power in the House of Commons, the rank and file, with one, two, or, at most, three guests from outside, frequently dined with the Leader in Connaught Place. He often gave little Sunday night dinners at the 'Turf Club. I remember one cheery evening when, of a party of five, Father Healy was at his best. At the close of the Session of 1880, the Fourth Party, aspiring to be, at least, in this respect, on a footing of equality with Her Majesty's Ministers, celebrated the eve of the Prorogation by going down to Greenwich to a whitebait dinner.

One of Lord Randolph's dinners, which excited much attention at the time, was given at the Junior Carlton Club in the course of the Session preceding his departure for South Africa. The invitations were "to meet the Prince of Wales," and the fact that among the guests was Mr. Richard Power, then the Whip of the united Parnellite Party, was made much of in political gossip. "Here," it was said, "was Lord Randolph Churchill bringing the Prince of Wales and official Home Rulers together." Lord Randolph was absolutely innocent of any such design. He wanted to get together a varied circle of cheerful people who were likely to interest the Prince of Wales, and there were few more attractive than "Dick" Power, one of the most popular men in the House of Commons. Of others present on this occasion, I remember Sir William Harcourt, Lord Morris, the present Solicitor-General, then plain Mr. Frank Lockwood; Mr. Louis Jennings, and Mr. George Lewis, not at that time knighted. Of a company that did not exceed a dozen, three have since died—Louis Jennings, Dick Power, and now the host.

A  
FAREWELL  
DINNER.

The last time I saw Lord Randolph was when he bade me good-bye on the eve of his journey round the world, which ended in the haven of a grave at Woodstock. In his mother's house in Grosvenor Square he gave a farewell dinner to something like a score of old friends, a catalogue of whose names testifies to the wideness of his personal sympathies. On his right hand sat Mr. Arthur Balfour, in old Fourth Party days a mere private under his command, now heritor of the position he had thrown up. On his left sat Mr. Henry Chaplin, with whom at one portion of his stormy career early friendship had suffered some vicissitudes. Next to the Cromwellian ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland sat his successor, Mr. John Morley, a juxtaposition which made Lord

Randolph's eyes twinkle with something of their ancient merriment. Looking round the table, I recall among the guests Mr. David Plunket, Mr. Rochfort Maguire, the earliest emissary of civilization at the Court of Lo Bengula; Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Edward Dicey, Sir George Lewis, Sir Henry Calcraft, Sir Edward Lawson, Sir M. Hicks-Beach, Sir Algernon Borthwick, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist; and Sir Francis Knollys, secretary to the Prince of Wales.

Lord Randolph told me he had asked three others whose presence, had it been brought about, would have further diversified this notable gathering. They were Sir William Harcourt, detained at home by a dinner engagement; Mr. Asquith, on duty at White Lodge in anticipation of the birth of an heir to the Duke of York; and Mr. Henry Irving, engaged on theatrical duties. Lord Randolph, though somewhat excited, was, more than usual of late, his old self. He spoke with eager interest of his coming journey. The two prospects that most attracted him were the shooting of big game in India and the opportunity of visiting Burmah—"Burmah, which I annexed," he proudly said. He had accepted a commission from a Paris journal to write some half-dozen letters, descriptive of his tour, and intended to fill them chiefly with record of his shooting expedition. But he did not reach India; and Burmah never saw the statesman who, in his brief tenure of the India Office, had added the glow of its rubies to the splendour of the English crown.



"SWALLOWS."

It is possible that when these lines appear in print Mr. Gladstone, invigorated by his sojourn on the Riviera, may have returned, casually at least, to the familiar scene at Westminster. Up to the present time of writing he has not visited the House of Commons since on the night of March in last year he quietly walked out after having flung down the gauntlet at the feet of the astonished peers. It seemed on the morrow of that day that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for the House of Commons to carry on its business with this commanding figure withdrawn. It was like taking away the centre pillar from the roof-tree.

But it is the old story that no man, however supremely great, is indispensable. An anonymous philosopher has written: "The man who is curious to see how the world could get along without him can find out by sticking a needle into a millpond, withdrawing it, and looking at the hole." In the dignity of the House of Commons, its measure of eloquence, its range of individual influence, a great chasm yawns where Mr. Gladstone used to sit. Nevertheless, the House, being above all things (in spite of some episodes to the contrary) a business assembly, having made up its mind that Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal from active participation in its life was inevitable and is irretrievable, promptly set itself to do without him.

During the present Session even "MR GLADSTONE." has been forthcoming of the final

and complete recognition of the fact that one who for half a century was a chief ornament of the House of Commons no longer forms part of it. A familiar and well devised regulation of debate in the House is that no member may allude to another by surname. If a Minister, he mentions him by the style of his office. If a private member, he drags in the full name of his constituency. Mr. Gladstone is in



QUIETLY WALKED OUT.

Parliamentary parlance "the right honourable gentleman the member for Midlothian," and should be so styled in chance reference to him in debate. But so remote has he grown to be in the minds of men busy night and day at Westminster that several times they, making chance allusion to him, have spoken of "Mr. Gladstone." On the earliest occasions of this lapse it was unobserved. As it threatened to become habitual, recurrence was met by cries of "Order! order!" and the offending member harked back to the more rotund style of allusion.

NOBLE LORDS  
AND HON.  
MEMBERS.

This is one of the forms of procedure in which the House of Lords directly differs from the Commons. New members of the popular Chamber visiting the Lords have felt a momentary shock at hearing peers referred to by name in the course of debate. When it comes to actually naming a bishop, the sensation is not altogether free from taint of sacrilege. It is noted that peers recently imported from the Commons avoid as far as possible what they have been trained to regard as an unparliamentary practice. They talk of "the noble lord on the Woolsack," "the noble lord who has just spoken," "the noble marquis below the gangway," or, "the noble lord on the cross benches." The awkwardness soon wears off, and they come to speak of Lord Spencer, Lord Wemyss, Lord Cowper, and the rest with dangerous glibness.

The necessity for this direct reference is insuperable in the Lords, for the sufficient reason that there is no other means of identifying members. In the Commons it is not only convenient, but, though it seems a small matter, I believe there is no custom that does more to preserve the dignity of the House and the courtesy of debate than that which forbids the mention of members by name. There is a subtle, indescribable difference between alluding to an adversary as "the hon. member for North Louth" and the feelings that might submerge the excited mind if he were called "Mr. Healy,"

much less if it were permissible to allude to him as "Tim." There is the same difference between the actuality "Mr. T. Harrington" and the abstraction "the hon. member for the Harbour Division of Dublin." I select these names simply because juxtaposition of the two gentlemen in a recent debate on the action of the Parnellite members *vis-à-vis* Home Rule, brought sharply out possibilities under other circumstances—say similar close neighbourhood in debate at the Board of Guardians or in Committee Room No. 15. It is, in given circumstances and with heated temperament, so easy to fly at Tim Healy or to land a counter-stroke on the jaw of Tim Harrington—of course, I mean in the way of verbal argument—that the temptation might prove irresistible. When, in the whitest heat of controversy, one has to pause and mouth the stiffly courteous reference to "the hon. and learned member for North Louth," "the hon. and learned member for the Harbour Division of Dublin," not only is time given for reflection, but there is imported into the conversation a certain ceremoniousness quite incompatible with roughness of demeanour or coarseness of speech.

When procedure in the House of Representatives at Washington was being formed, this spell in use in the House of Commons was noted and attempt made to adapt it. It was ordered that no member should be alluded to by name, the form of reference

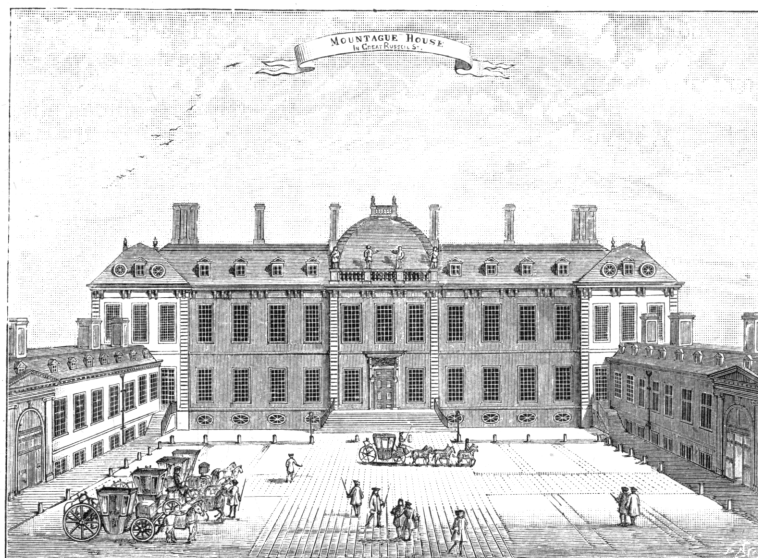
being "the hon. gentleman from Kentucky," "the hon. gentleman from Wisconsin," "the hon. gentleman from Illinois," and so forth. This avoidance of the worst has had modifying effect. But, as occasional reports from Washington testify, it has not wholly effected the desired purpose. When the wind of controversy rises, the appellation "honourable" is dropped, and there are hardly any limits to the irritating contumely and scorn that may lurk under a chance reference to "the gentleman from Kentucky," "the gentleman from Wisconsin," or "the gentleman from Illinois."



"TIM."

# In Our National Library.

BY M. SAN-LÉON.



From an]

MONTAGU HOUSE—THE OLD BRITISH MUSEUM.

[Old Print.]

Take a strict view of everything  
And then say this in brief:  
This either is a World it self,  
Or of the world is Chief.

—PHILEMON HOLLAND.

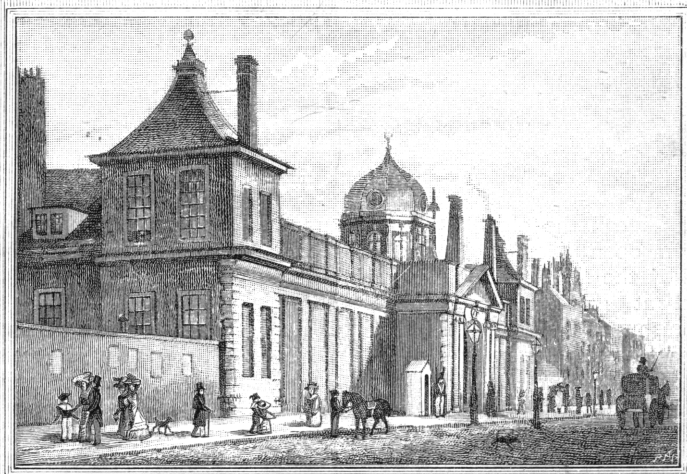


**W**HEN, in 1754, a safe and suitable home was wanted for treasures then become national possessions—the libraries of Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Hans Sloane, together with the

museum of the latter and the Harleian manuscripts—Montagu House was bought for £10,000. This once famous palace, of which Evelyn wrote that there was nothing more glorious in England, stood, at that time, upon the very outskirts of London; indeed, its remoteness was the only objection urged against converting it into the proposed British Museum. Fields

and farmlands stretched away from it to Hampstead Heath; while immediately behind its seven acres of beautiful grounds and gardens lay the favourite duelling rendezvous which acquired such sinister renown, that one may read of “the ground behind Montagu House” in every quarrel of the day. The palace, as it was then considered, had been built by Ralph, first Duke of Montagu. Sent in 1669

as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Louis XIV., he returned to England with a taste formed upon the models of Paris and Versailles. So fixed was this influence that when he rebuilt Montagu House, after a fire which had destroyed the first of that name, he employed the celebrated French architect, Pierre Puget, and three artists of the same nationality. Of these, Monnoyer painted the garlands of flowers, Rousseau the landscapes,



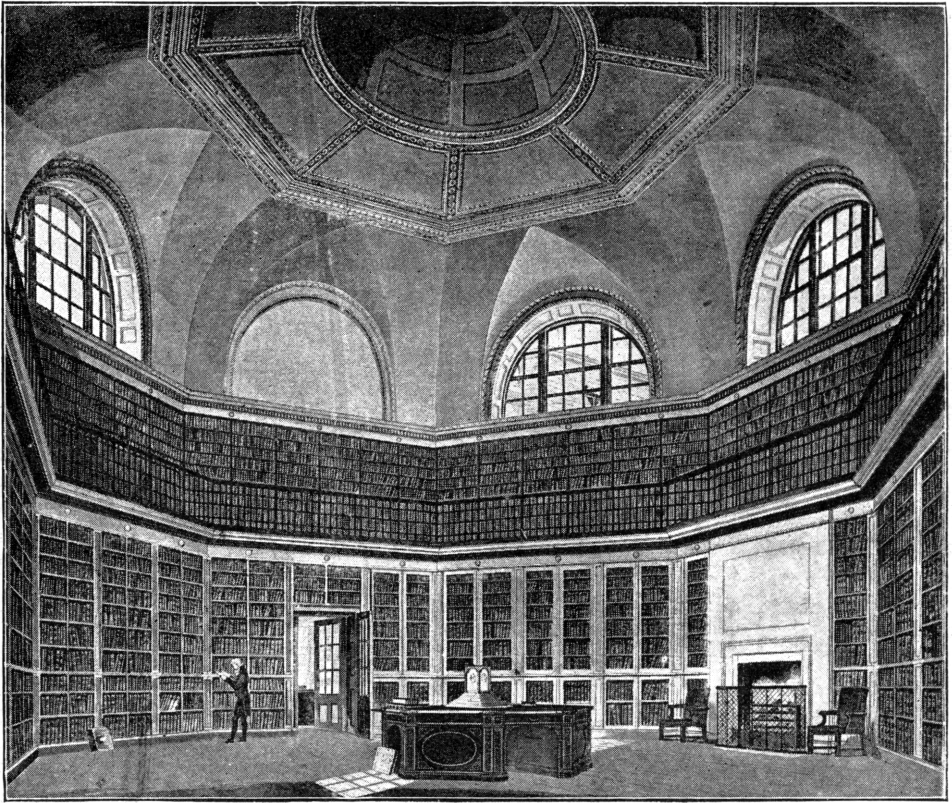
THE ENTRANCE TO THE OLD BRITISH MUSEUM.—GREAT RUSSELL STREET.



while La Fosse adorned the grand staircase and ceilings with classical subjects at a cost of £2,000 for his work and an allowance of £500 more for his diet.

Nevertheless, as Montagu House had been designed for private uses, it could not be made to serve those of a public institution without a further outlay, which brought its total cost to the nation up to the then respectable sum of £23,000. But money is occasionally the equivalent of time; and it was not until January 15th, 1759, that what

Cranmer, and Isaac Casaubon. It was also accompanied by the privilege which the Royal Library had acquired in the reign of Anne, of being supplied with a copy of every publication entered at Stationers' Hall. And while the Museum, with its reading-room in a basement corner—where twenty chairs and one "proper wainscoat table covered with green bays" furnished more than sufficient accommodation for all demands—still preserved the designs of Puget and La Fosse behind the same haughty outer



THE KING'S LIBRARY IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

we now call the old British Museum was thrown open "for study and inspection." And by the time that public curiosity could stand at gaze, like Joshua's moon, in Bloomsbury, King George II. had richly increased the literary stores that were to reward it.

In 1757 the Royal Library of England was added to those already gathered together in the new national collection. This gift included, among others, some printed and priceless volumes collected by Henry VII., by Henry Prince of Wales, by Archbishop

walls, which effectually excluded it from every distant view, and the massive gateway, with its glazed cupola, its clock, and flanking turrets, yet served to awe the inquisitive urchins of Great Russell Street, another truly kingly addition was made to its library.

A second royal collection, for which the superb hall known as the King's Library was expressly built, was "presented" to the nation by George IV. in 1823. At almost unmeasured cost it was gathered by George III. into that beautiful library in Buckingham Palace, where Doctor Johnson



THE KING'S LIBRARY, LOOKING TOWARDS THE  
MANUSCRIPT ROOM.

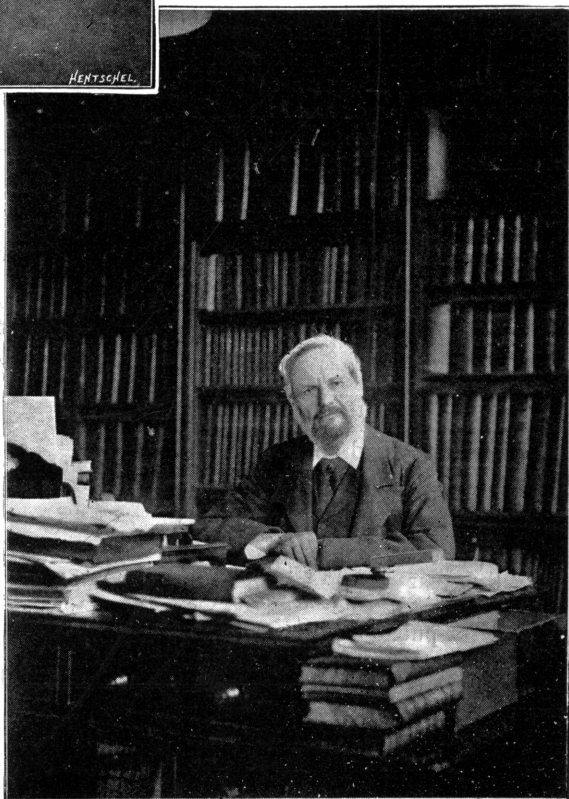
so often found a scholar's exquisite delight. Begun at a happy period for collectors, when the Jesuit houses were being dispersed and their magnificent libraries sold throughout the States of Europe, augmented from the secularized convents of Germany, and fed, as enthusiastic description has it, for more than half a century at an expenditure of little less than £200,000—it may well deserve to be called the most complete library of its extent ever collected by a single individual. And not even a London fog can impair its beauty in the noble vista of the King's Library. When the two long lines of windows are darkened, it is lighted by electric lamps that hang from the fine ceiling like a row of giant pearls. The books which are its own, and are sheltered on glass-fronted shelves that line every foot of solid wall all up and down its length of three hundred feet and thirty feet of height, the cases ranged along its central aisle for the exhibi-

Vol. ix.—50

tion of unique treasures from this and many other libraries surrounding it, the inlaid floor of polished oak and mahogany—everything is radiant with arc or sunlight.

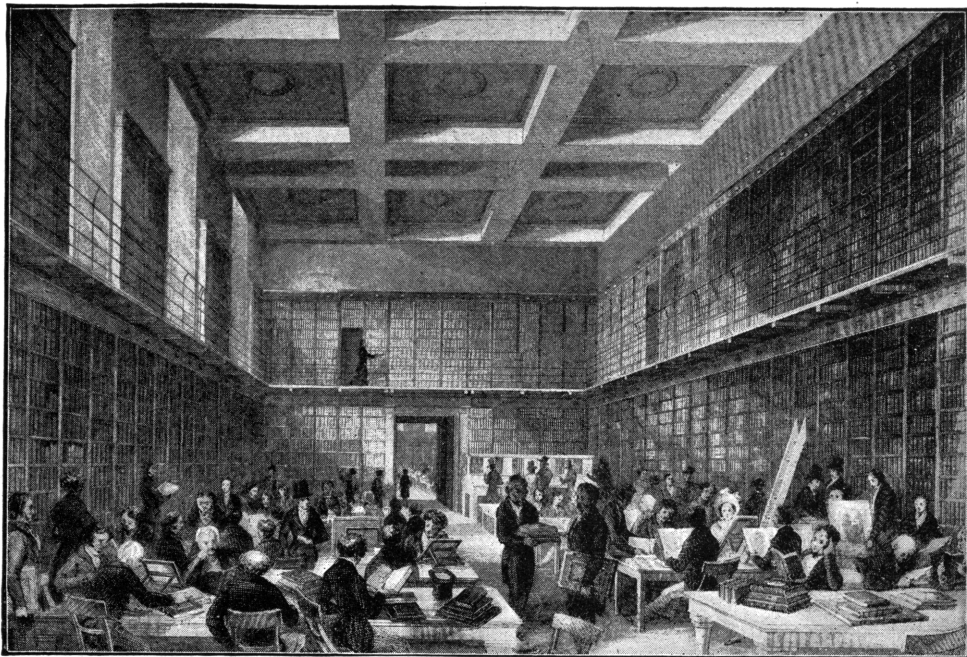
Even the electric button set in one of the lower book divisions becomes conspicuous. If it be pressed, a little door masked with book-bindings swings noiselessly outward. Then, if fortune and a very busy official favour, the visitor is conducted to an inner library assigned to the private use of the Keeper of the Printed Book Department. Here, at a desk heaped with the litter of office cares, sits Mr. Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., whose father was also Assistant-Keeper before him. A writer of dreamy verse and pungent prose, and the editor of many works, Mr. Garnett is noted both for his stores of memory and the kindly way in which they are ever placed at the service of less fortunate students.

In 1838, the north suite of lofty rooms was added for the already



THE KEEPER OF THE PRINTED BOOK DEPARTMENT.

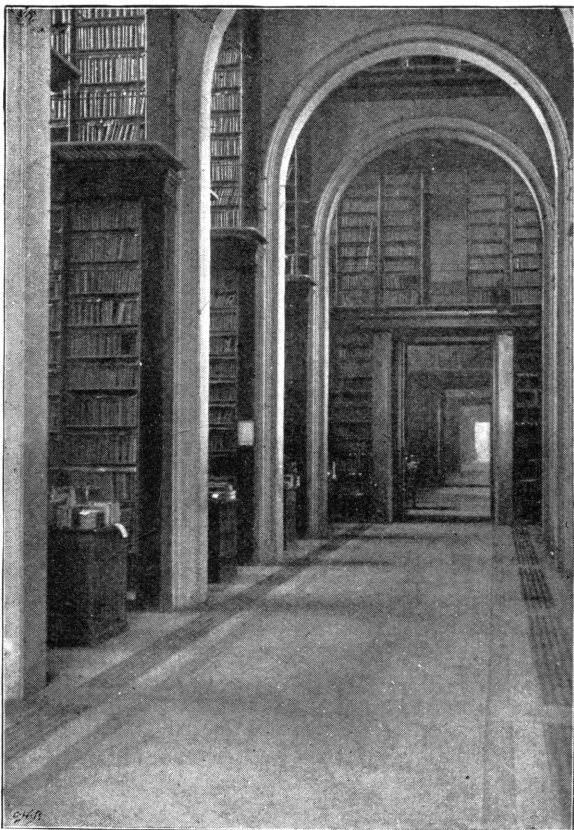




THE READING ROOM OF 1838.

overflowing library. Of these the one now used as the Music Room was designed and used as a new reading-room. A contemporary engraving proudly shows its claims to the admiration of its day. The chairs, triumphantly announced to accommodate even a host of 170 readers, are well filled; at the catalogue-desk in the far corner are other eager inquirers; through the open doors, and beyond the vestibule through which readers had the exclusive right of entrance from Montagu Place, may be seen the easternmost room of the suite, then also reserved for readers desirous of studying manuscripts. As these latter had to be brought from their repository beyond the farther end of the King's Library, let us hope that demands for them were infrequent.

In the year which followed the opening of this Reading Room, 1839, there was a public announcement to the effect that it was "in contemplation" to take down the high wall surrounding the Museum, and also to materially alter the front of the building. The one was to be replaced by the light iron railing which now incloses the place; the other was to

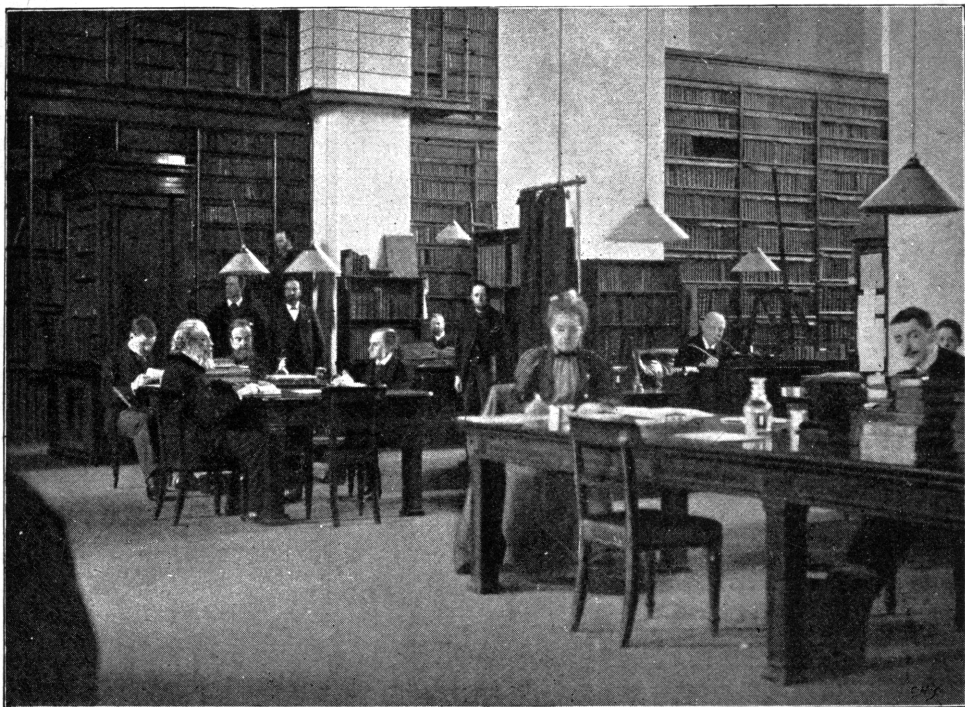


THE NORTH SUITE OF SIX LIBRARIES, LOOKING FROM THE ARCHED ROOM.

be pulled down and sold as rubbish after the present façade of Sir Robert Smirke's designing should serve to unite and dignify the congeries of changed and new halls which had by this time massed themselves behind it. But it was not until ten years later, 1849, that the old walls of Montagu House finally disappeared in that dust which "Time hath an art to make" of all things. And it was the 3rd of October, 1850, when the *Times* could number among the other great events of the day this important one: "The British Museum is finished."

Meanwhile, manuscripts were increasingly

that enormous catalogue which Sir Anthony Panizzi jokingly declared would eventually leave no room for itself. And when it is considered that during the financial year of 1893 alone 40,511 new titles of books went to swell its bulk, the joke bids fair to become serious. Seen from the Arched Room, which stands at the western extremity of a floor-line of 450ft., the windows of this Catalogue Room contract into one gleaming square of light. Exclusive of Oriental literature, which forms a separate department under the keepership of the distinguished linguist, Professor R. K.



IN THE LARGE ROOM.

studied in the room now known as the Catalogue Room; and printed books were daily in growing demand by the readers who began to crowd the Reading Room where so many books of music are now kept that it is called the Music Room. Though, for the matter of that, it might just as well be called the French Room; for its entire gallery is occupied by a collection of pamphlets, or "tracts," concerning and covering the history of the French Revolution with a priceless completeness not to be matched in the world. The Catalogue Room, however, has a sufficient justification for its present name. For here are contained the huge duplicate volumes of

Douglas, the official work of the Printed Book Department is chiefly carried on in these six north rooms. The staff consists of senior and junior Assistant-Librarians and three Assistant-Keepers. Among them are many recognised authorities in special fields of scholarship, and many holders of University honours. Speaking of them as a body, the most carping critic must affirm of them what is true of every department in the Museum when so considered: that they illustrate the best traditions of an institution no less famed for its courtesy than by its calling.

The room adjoining the west wall of the



IN THE IRONWORK—THE LONG GALLERY.

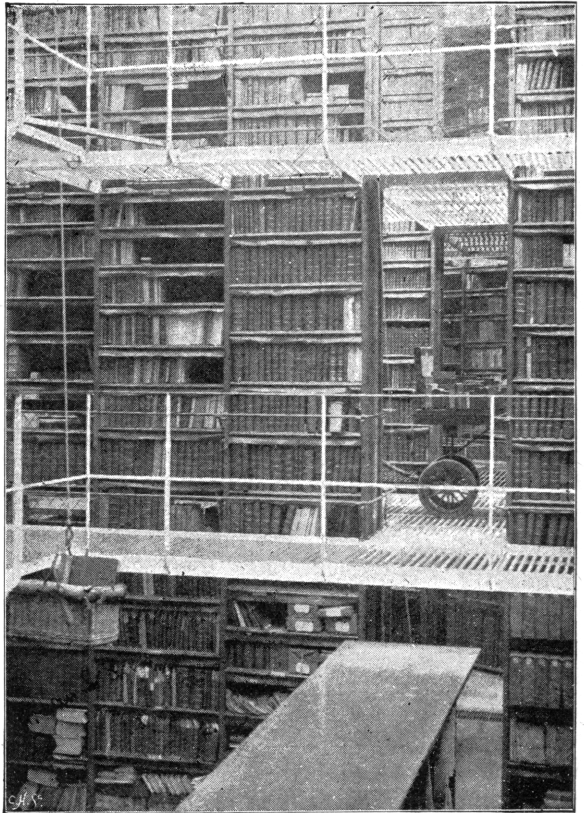
Music Room is generally known as the Large Room, although its official style is the North Library. As its familiar name implies, it is much the largest of the suite. Like all the libraries, its walls are covered with book-shelves, and have a continuous gallery, communicating with the other galleries, for access to upper presses. Notwithstanding a quiet and uniform decoration, its spacious area, massive pillars, and a certain undefinable dignity about the whole produce an impression on one who visits it for the first time which is almost that of majesty.

Well lighted by numerous windows and shaded incandescent lamps, it is the only library shared by readers; being for the most part reserved for those who wish to consult volumes too precious to be hazarded far from careful supervision. Probably this is why it is usually presided over by an official—Mr. W. Younger Fletcher, F.S.A.—who would otherwise sit in the private room allotted to him as an Assistant-Keeper. Although Mr. Fletcher has written charming and instructive chapters on his favourite study—the rare and historic bindings with which his department abounds—frequenter of the Large Room best know his innumerable

claims to the special regard in which he is held.

Among the libraries opening on every hand, and too numerous for a present visit, there is one that particularly deserves mention from its association with one of the many names which lend lustre to this National Library, with which they were or are officially connected. South of the Music Room, and also east of the Large Room from which it opens, lies the Banksian Room. Its fine library of natural history was bequeathed by that Sir Joseph Banks, Bart., who was the intimate friend of Linnæus' pupil, Dr. Solander. Banks and Solander accompanied Captain Cook in his famous voyage of 1768. Botany Bay was so called from the wealth of botanical specimens which the two friends gathered in it; and the point at which they landed from it was named Cape Solander, from the eminent Swede who was at that time an Assistant-Librarian of the British Museum. So world-wide are the eddies of this sea of literature!

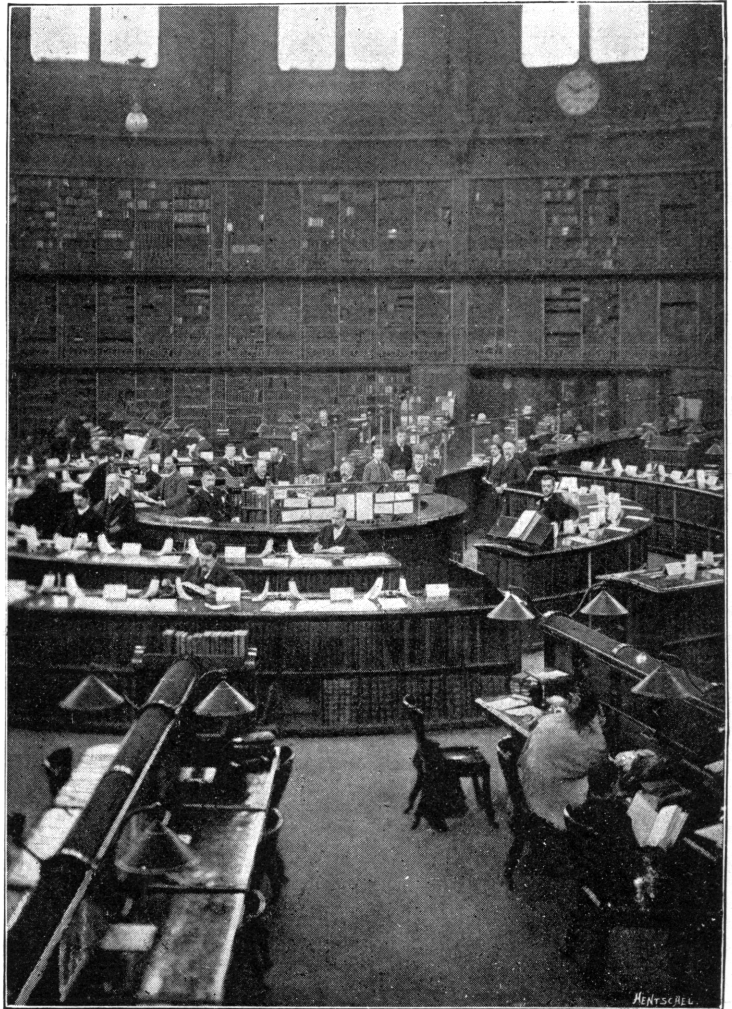
Swinging glass doors in the middle of its long south wall open out from the Large



IN THE IRONWORK—OVER THE RECEIVING "WELL."

Room into a passage which leads into what is known as the Ironwork, here separated from the great rotunda of the Reading Room by another pair of these same swinging doors, which indicate a public thoroughfare, at least so far as readers are concerned. As early as 1852, a great London daily had called the once-lauded Reading Room of that date "the Black Hole at the north-east angle." And although this was an extravagant expression of its crowded condition and consequent want of oxygen, it certainly justified Sir Anthony Panizzi, then Principal-Librarian, in urging his plan upon the Trustees. At any rate, his design, approved by the Museum architect, was eventually accepted and carried out. In May, 1854, the first excavation was made; and in May, 1857, the inner quadrangle, 313ft. long by 235ft. wide, was covered with the completed pile of ironwork and masonry. Around a central circle runs a network of book-presses. Some are necessarily fixed, but many are now of that ingenious pattern known as "sliding," by which the book-storage is practically doubled. By the help of cleverly utilized angles, the four tiers of galleries immediately encircling the Reading Room are so connected with the three tiers of straight galleries which include them that the squaring of this circle is a concrete demonstration of the marvellous. The two longer straight galleries are 258ft. in length; the two shorter are 184ft.; leaving a clear interval of from 27ft. to 30ft. all round for the lighting and ventilation of the surrounding libraries and for guarding against the risk of fire. An unquestionable authority of 1859, before the extra sliding-presses were

introduced, estimated that if the shelves of this ironwork (the presses of which are so arranged that every shelf can be regulated to three-quarters of an inch) were spaced for the average octavo book size, they would constitute in themselves twenty-five miles of linear measurement; and that if they were filled with books of average thickness of paper, the leaves of these, when placed edge to edge, would measure about 25,000 miles, or more than three times the earth's diameter. And if these ingenious computations were true of 1859, to what portentous figures would such a calculation now extend! It is more to the purpose, however, to observe that spiral staircases, at intervals of forty feet, give quick access to all parts; that by a system introduced



A SECTION OF THE READING ROOM.—LOOKING TOWARDS THE LARGE ROOM.



in 1876, the whole Library is subdivided into sections, each under the control of an attendant whose experience and familiarity with all the presses in his charge insure the least possible loss of time in procuring any book; and that this intricate maze of ironwork is so open in its construction that, from the glass roof over it all, the daylight, when there is any, streams down through floor after floor until it lights up every "well" and passage and book-shelf of the basement.

Through one of the little doors, masked on their inner side to resemble the continuous wall of 90,000 books with which the Reading Room is lined, favoured visitors are taken to the upper gallery within; and although the blue and gold of the majestic dome is dulled and almost obliterated now by dust and fog, the mind must be still duller and the imagination more obscured which can look out for the first time across that brass rail without some quickening of the breath. Twenty-four feet above the sound-deadened floor, whose diameter is 140ft., the curve of the great roof lifts, lifts, lifts, until it overhangs a height of 106ft. Twenty windows, each 27ft. high and 12ft. wide, lean along its springing arch to pour a flood of light upon nearly half a thousand readers at their desks. When night or

fog blocks up the windows, arc lights shine in the dome, and shaded incandescent lamps light up every table and desk, with their fittings of adjustable book-rests, ink, pens, blotting-pads, paper-weights, and even pen-cleaners. At every reader's feet is the warmth of hot-water pipes. The air channels which bring a fresh supply from a shaft 60ft. high and 300ft. distant are of sufficient capacity to deliver it to 500 persons at the rate of ten cubic feet per minute and at a regulated velocity. In summer a steam-engine and blower force a continuous current into the room, expelling foul air through the lantern valves. The roof contains two separate and concentric air chambers,

which extend over its entire surface. The one next the outer covering is intended to equalize the temperature in extremes of weather; and the inner one to carry off, through special apertures, the vitiated air of the room. And all these things are absolutely free to the needs of any nationality, religion, or colour.

Moving quietly but quickly about in every direction are attendants, whose politeness, intelligence, helpfulness are unsurpassed by those of any institution, and equalled by few, the world over. In the midst of all, controlling everything from his elevated desk in the centre, sits the Superintendent of the room, Mr. G. K. Fortescue, Assistant-

Keeper of the printed books. No one who has sought the Reading Room for serious study, or applied to its Superintendent for serious assistance, will need to be told what are his truly remarkable qualifications for a post which constitutes an unremitting and unsparing test of special fitness even more than of special training. Mr. Fortescue's "Subject Index" is a godsend to many a bewildered seeker. But although its ponderous volumes offer a queer commentary upon private recreation, they may safely be said to but partially index the subjects upon which their compiler is consulted. The period and



THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE READING ROOM.

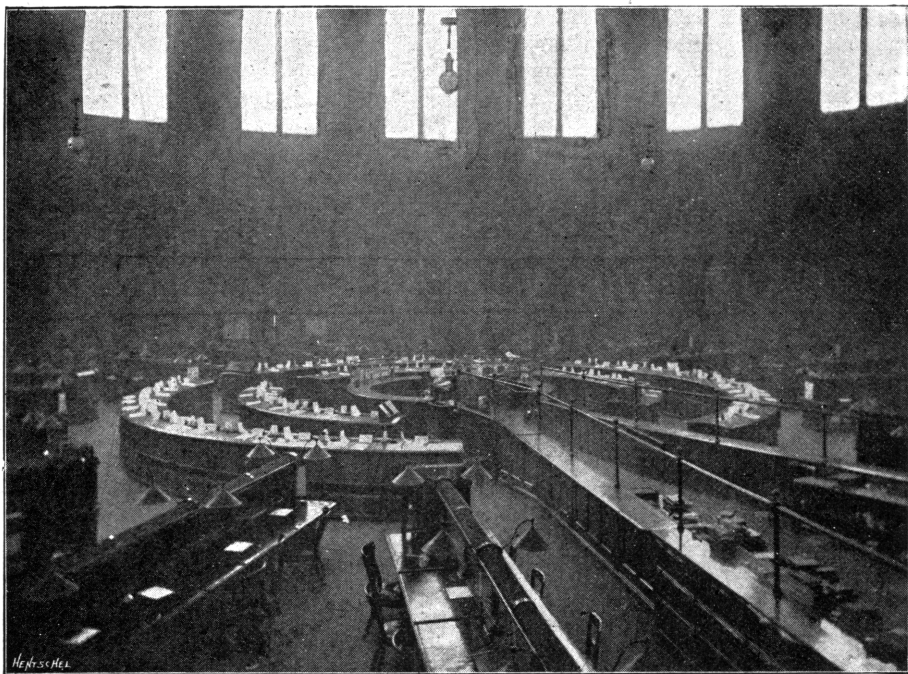
people of the French Revolution are known to be peculiarly his own; yet many a remote study daily owes its successful pursuit to a breadth of reading which is only less liberal than its use.

But the great dome, whose diameter is only two feet less than the Roman Pantheon, and exceeds that of the Cathedral of St. Peter by one foot, must be looked its last on for the day. It is wonderful to think how lightly its 4,200 tons of material weight soar away up from the twenty iron piers which support it. But it is more impressive to conjure up a vision of its solemn suggestion of vastness when night, or Sunday, or early morning hushes its last whisper into absolute still-

ness; and when not so much as a human shadow may move across its misty void. As it is, the little door swings noiselessly back into place and shuts out the subdued murmur inseparable from such a hive of individuals and pursuits. The visitor descends two of the spiral stairways, passes along another section of the circular iron gallery on the ground-floor, and is shown out through a door which opens only to pass-keys.

reference-works with which readers supply themselves from its lower presses—such a reading-room is surely a portent of new forces that must be reckoned with in the twentieth century.

These are things for any sober intelligence to ponder, after even a superficial and half-complete survey of but one department in a museum of departments. It may also be suspected that the supreme official of



THE READING ROOM—A MISTY MORNING BEFORE WORK BEGINS.

Opposite to it is a similar door, leading into the same circle in reverse. Between them runs a passage of some thirty feet, which at this inner end opens by swinging doors into the Reading Room, and at the outer end opens by two other glass doors into the great entrance-hall. Here two attendants scrutinize all claims to admission; and when these are passed, in exit, one has also passed from among many things which affect the imagination as *Power*. A reading-room that cannot satisfy the demands for its 458 seats—around which two millions of books are being steadily augmented at an annual rate of over fifty thousand—which has a daily average of six hundred and fifty readers, to whom it supplies 1,402,815 books in the course of but one year alone, to say nothing of all those thousands of

them all finds a good deal more than this to make him ponder. The administration of such multitudinous, vital, perhaps often conflicting interests, can make up no light sum of daily cares. Yet, looking to the way in which the office of Principal Librarian is at present filled by one among the greatest, if not indeed the greatest, of living palæographers—Mr. E. Maunde Thompson, C.B., D.C.L., LL.D.—the tranquil title reads less like a satire and more like a description.

But the "closing hour" strikes. The great gates clang to behind the last lingering visitor to our National Library.

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The writer, from whose photographs this article is chiefly illustrated, feels that some public acknowledgment is due to the special kindness, even more than to the special permission, of the Library officials, which has alone made it possible to present readers of *THE STRAND* with views otherwise quite unattainable.

# Electrocution.

## A SCOTCH ADVENTURE.

BY PAUL CRAY.

**L**AST summer I was stewing away in the office and wondering what crime I—or my representative in some former state—had committed to be doomed to such a life, when one morning I received a note from my old friend, Tommy Cameron, of Clinton. He begged me to come and stay with him for a month; “the shooting is excellent,” he said. I will not bore you with details. After a deal of trouble I arranged it with the chief, and alighted at D—y Station at the close of a lovely September day. Cameron met me at the station, and after an hour’s drive through most beautiful country we reached Clinton.

Well! at dinner that evening, I found that the company of young ladies who were simply bubbling over with animal spirits was charming; much more so than the lonely bites I had all along made out to enjoy so at my club. I soon found myself wondering what peculiar form of mental disease had been upon me when I had joined the club; but so strangely are we constituted that at the same time I was asking myself how I could withstand the wiles of Beauty—such as theirs—for a whole month, and refrain from bringing discredit on this honourable concern.

I got on fairly well during the first week, as I kept with Cameron most of the time.

Whether he gave me away or not, I cannot say, but they seemed to know I was shunning them, and they tried every dodge—as only women know how—to draw me out. You may laugh, but I was utterly helpless.

I struggled hard against what I now consider my natural self, but it was too strong for me. One by one all the theories and arguments that I had fed on disappeared, melted by the sunny eyes of these girls; they would not bear inspection by their light, and I, as if to make up for lost time, fell to my task of ladies’ man with a zest that would have shamed any professional at the game. To add to the hopelessness of the situation, Tommy was away for several days in the

second week, and I was entirely at their mercy.

As I said, there were two of them, Madge and Floss. Madge was the younger and prettier: she represented the musical and artistic instincts; Floss, on the other hand, was the manager: she had the brains of the establishment. She was very nice, but she



“THROUGH BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.”

Here a surprise awaited me, for, in my ignorance, I had expected to have none but male society during my stay; but on entering the house two young ladies came forward to greet us; they were the Miss Camerons, and kept house for their brother. He had not mentioned them in the invite, he said, lest I should refuse on conscientious grounds.

went in for such awful things ; she had some favourite toads in the conservatory, and she would go rambling about the country and bring home all sorts of animals, insects, and other unthinkable things—and cut them up ! —imagine a girl doing that ! Sometimes at dinner she would rip out with some new and startling information concerning the internal arrangements of this or that animal ; or she would take us to her study, where she had whole rows of bottled specimens, and would point out the peculiarity of any new specimen, while on her work-table you might see various organisms in a state of partial dissolution, and on these she would dilate until I, not being used to it, began to feel just a bit queer. Yes, this girl was decidedly too clever.

The other one, as I said, was not so heavy, and went in for art ; and, as you know, I have a little leaning in that direction myself. It was natural, therefore, that when she told me she was going to paint a little river scene near the house, I should ask if I might be of use. I obtained permission to wait on her, and we started the picture. Now, you must know that if a fellow and a girl who are both a bit sweet on things artistic get together and talk about them, and paint, they stand a good chance of getting sweet on each other. Well, that is just about what happened ; the picture didn't advance much—she didn't seem to mind, and I'm sure I didn't.

In this pleasant way the days passed until Cameron's return, when, of course, there were innovations. We would have a day's fishing, and then a day at shooting, or a long tramp over the hills ; but, to be frank, I liked those little bits artistic much more than fishing or shooting, and when out on the hills would wish myself back at Madge's side.

When out on one of these early morning tramps we met a young fellow who Tommy introduced as Arthur Clisby, a friend of his. He greeted us cordially, and after a chat he left us, promising, on being asked, to favour us with his company at dinner that evening. On the way home I learned a little of his history. He was the son of a large ship-owner of Dundee, and was the family failure ; his chief failure, as far as I could gather, being that he couldn't knuckle under. He had been a student at Glasgow University, and had promised to come off well, but his individuality—which always came to the top at the most awkward moments—asserted itself. He was reproved for being a doubter of some

dicta scientific, and for being too much given to asking questions. A violent altercation ensued, during which he called his professor “a musty old heap of fossilized learning.” As a result he left Glasgow, and soon after had a quarrel with his father, and having decided that they could not get on together, they agreed to differ—and part. He had come out here into the wilds to live, and devoted his time to abstract scientific problems, chiefly in the electrical line.

At breakfast Madge asked me how I liked the “Hermit.” That's what they called him.

“Oh ! he seems a very nice fellow,” I answered.

“Yes, he *is* a nice old boy, but he is so very quiet.”

Then we fell to chatting of him, and Floss joined in and discussed him, his merits and demerits, just as though he were one of her bottled specimens. Then we talked of other things, and Madge said that she hoped to finish her picture that day if I refrained from helping. But I was determined that she shouldn't work too hard, and it remained unfinished.

Dinner-time came, and with it our guest, but instead of the jolly good fellow of the morning, he was now quiet, oppressively so ; never speaking unless directly addressed, and only then answering with a few quiet, direct words. I never saw a more remarkable change in a man.

We spent an evening as pleasantly as was compatible with the damping influence of his silence, and as he left he pressed me to come and see his place at some early opportunity. “Come in the evening,” he said, “as then the lights will be running.”

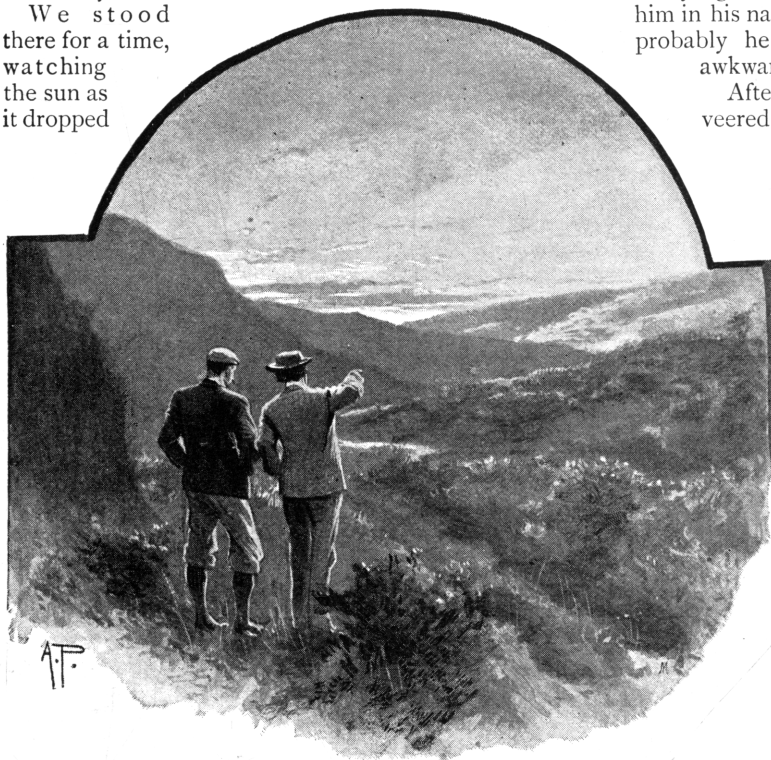
A few days after, having nothing particular in view, I determined to avail myself of his invitation, and set off in the direction of the “Hermitage.” The path for the whole distance lay by the side of the stream, that fell in a beautiful cascade into the lake in Cameron's grounds. I had not far to go, and had almost reached the place, when I was much startled by a piece of rock—as big as a football—which, falling from the top of an almost perpendicular bank twenty feet above me, alighted almost at my feet.

Keeping my eyes open to guard against a possible repetition, I went on, and on turning a slight bend I saw our friend, the hermit, standing with folded arms on some high ground close by. As soon as he saw me he came eagerly forward, taking off his hat with quite a French flourish.



"It's rather strange," he said, "but I was half expecting you would come to-night." I made no answer to this, and he continued: "I came out here to see the sunset. I come here every night for a time: it has a soothing effect after the excitement of the laboratory."

We stood there for a time, watching the sun as it dropped



"WE STOOD THERE FOR A TIME."

behind the distant hills, and the sky as it turned from yellow to orange and from orange to red; then it went grey and the light died out. The house was an unpretentious concern, but was eloquent of the individuality of its master. The top floor had been turned into one large room, and this he used as a laboratory; it was a literal armoury of scientific apparatus; splendid electrical and chemical apparatus filled the shelves and tables, and in the centre on a raised platform stood a large astronomical telescope; while electric glow-lamps with frosted bulbs threw a soft light all around.

He told me the names and the use of the numerous beautiful instruments, and talked of the progress he had made in certain experiments. Here this otherwise somewhat eccentric man was at his best, and as we sat there talking—he with face flushed,

his eyes sparkling, and his tongue speaking with an eloquence born of enthusiasm, I more than once thought that if Madge could see him thus, she would not then say, "He is so very quiet." All men are the same; we cannot hope to shine in everything, and before we judge a man we should see him in his natural environment, or probably he will appear to us awkward, or even stupid.

After a time the talk veered round to electrical executions, and he said:—

"You may remember, perhaps, the first man they executed in this way in New York State, and what a fearful hash they made of it? I was there and saw it all: it was simply awful. Revolting! The doctors, bah! they're fools. They thought they understood it all, and applied the death current at what they considered were the nerve centres, the top of the head and the base of the spine. Nerve centres, forsooth! —the parts of the

whole human system that offer the greatest resistance to the passage of a current; whereas if they had only used their common-sense and powers of observation, they would at once have found that in ninety cases in every hundred of the fatal accidents in New York alone, the fatal shock was received through the hands, for the hands and arms being muscular are full of blood, and therefore good conductors. But, no, they persisted in their pig-headed course, and as a result Kemmler was done to death in a horrible manner. Immediately after witnessing this revolting sight, I set to work to devise an appliance that would administer the death penalty with the minimum amount of torture, both bodily and mental, to the criminal. There is no doubt that before Kemmler was bungled out of existence he suffered far more torture mentally than bodily—the months of suspense and all the fears that

ignorance could conjure up had made him as a maniac.

"I have worked at this scheme for a year, and am now only awaiting the carrying out of certain legal formalities before submitting my plans to the authorities. We will now take a look at the apparatus itself."

We left the house, and he led the way across the open until we stopped at a door. He entered, and after groping for a moment found the switch, and immediately the place was full of light. At this moment I was conscious of an irritating sensation in my throat. I coughed: he noticed it, laughed, and said:—

"It's the gas from the batteries you can feel—this is the battery-room; these cells are now running the lights in the house and those here. Accumulators are a great convenience, as they make night labour unnecessary."

I noticed that this room was partly cut out from the rock and partly built, as were the others that I afterwards saw.

Passing through a passage we entered a larger room.

"This is the turbine-house," said he. "There are sluices running from here to the

stream a hundred yards away, and when it has done its work, the water leaves by two tunnels beneath the floor and joins the main stream lower down. This is the dynamo specially designed for execution purposes." And he pointed to a piece of apparatus that resembled somewhat a large, slender wheel, with numerous fine spokes. "See, I will set the thing running, and let you see it working." He unscrewed the valves, the governors began to spin and the dynamo to hum, so quickly did it run. "Not much noise, is there?" was his next remark, "and there is

two hundred horse-power latent in this apparatus. Let us now examine the lethal chamber and the seat of justice."

He opened a door and brought into view a small room in which stood a remarkable piece of furniture. He was about to enter when he stopped suddenly. "Half a moment, though; I must slacken those valves a bit," he said, and stepped over to the turbines. I entered and began curiously to examine his invention; next moment there was a sharp click, and, turning, I found the door closed on me.

A moment more and I was clutching wildly at my throat, and fell to the ground—choking. I didn't choke, however, for, some time afterwards, I became conscious, and when I had collected my scattered wits I found myself seated in his horrible chair—strapped in. "This is a little joke of his," I thought; "but this confounded chair is not at all comfortable."

I tried to free myself, but I was firmly held, my hands were each fixed in a kind of vice, leather outside and metal within, as I could tell by the feel. These things were hollow, and like large mittens, and within them and inclosing my hands was some

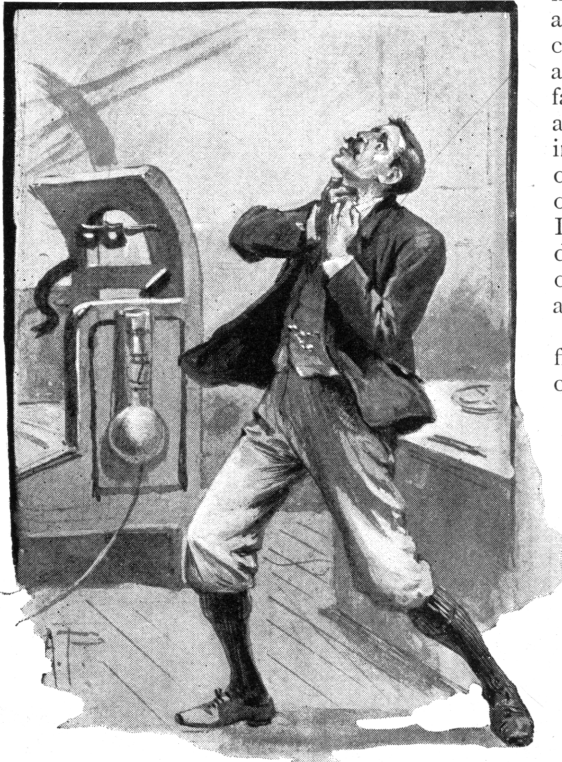
liquid—mercury I afterwards discovered. My legs and body were fastened by straps, and my arms were inclosed in a kind of tube at each side of the chair. As I took in these details the door opened, and Clisby appeared.

"Ha! ha! my fine bird, you're caged at last, are you?"

"Don't stand fooling there," I muttered; "your infernal chair is breaking my back."

"Oh! is it? We'll soon alter that."

He stepped to my side, but instead of releasing me he simply loosened



"CLUTCHING WILDLY AT MY THROAT."

the straps at my back. This was too much for me; I yelled at him that unless he freed me instantly, I would simply smash him when I did get free.

Nice way to treat a guest, wasn't it? For answer he laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and said: "When you have finished your abuse, I will favour you with my intentions"—and continuing: "You fancy I am your friend, don't you? I am not. I am your enemy. I hate you. You thought to win Madge Cameron from me, and so far you have succeeded. I have seen you, have watched you, when you and her were out on the pretence of painting. Perhaps you did not know I loved her, but all the same you tried to win her, and I hate you for it. I am glad I didn't hurt you with that piece of rock, as now I shall be able to see how you can die. I might have killed you a while ago, before I turned on the oxygen and you revived; I had my hand on the switch, but, no, I let you revive to tell you this, to torture you the more, for have not you stolen my Madge's love from me? Oh! how I hate you! Oh! Madge! Madge!" he cried, "Oh! why will you not love me?"

He then commenced muttering and cursing me under his breath, and walked round me, after which he came and stood at my feet, folded his arms, and stared at me.

"Do you think I am going to be an outcast from society for nothing?" he hissed. "Think you I have spent a whole year in making this thing for nothing? No! no! I will be revenged on someone, and why not on you? Besides, I hate you, for what have you done? I have waited long for a subject, but at last I can operate, and on *you*. No! no! I don't invent things for nothing, not I."

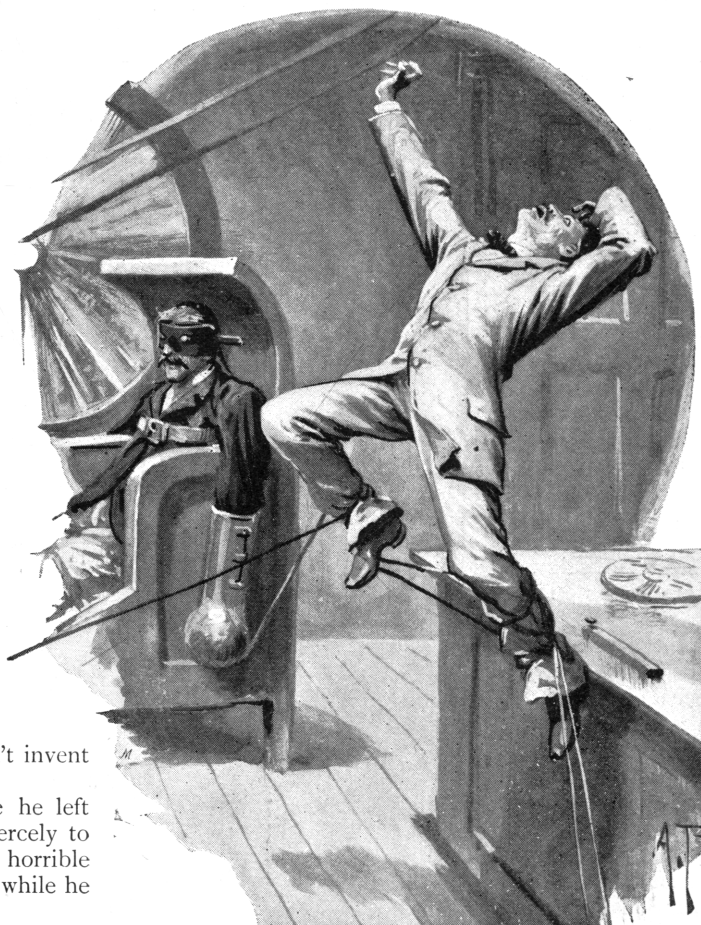
With a horrible chuckle he left me. Again I struggled fiercely to free myself; but, no, those horrible mittens held me. After a while he returned.

"You have just half an hour to

live: it is half-past eleven now; on the stroke of twelve I complete the circuit and you will fizzle up."

Again he left me, a prey to horrible thoughts. Was there no way of escape? Would no one come in time? And the time passed on. The best of us don't care to die before our time, and I had not been any of the best—and what a horrible death I had to die! More than this, I loved Madge—I wanted to live for *her*, and this madman would make me die for her. The time was almost up, and Clisby returned. He was all smiles; he asked me if I had any wish he might carry out for me. I shook my head. He offered me brandy, and I gulped it down, and more, and I drank that also. Then he began to mutter and laugh to himself until he worked himself up into a frenzy, and danced and raved round me like a fury.

"One minute more," he yelled, "and I send you to Jericho."



"A DREADFUL SCREAM BROKE FROM HIS LIPS."

He walked towards the switch—to kill me—and I sat there looking at him. I could not remove my eyes, I was fascinated. And then I saw—I saw his feet catch in the wires that led from the switch to my hands, and he fell. As he did so he clutched at the air, and both his hands came down on the switch contacts. A dreadful scream broke from his lips, and he bounded up quite six feet in the air, and then fell backwards right into the middle of a large flat distribution table. Then I saw a quick succession of blue flashes, and a thin column of steam ascended to the roof. Immediately after this the band came off the dynamo pulley and the humming ceased.

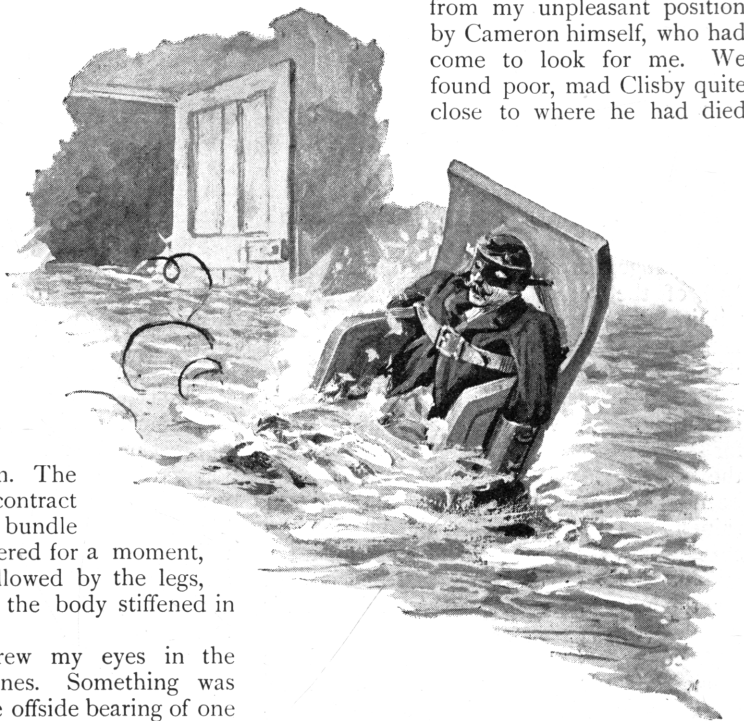
By this time the brandy began to act, but in a remarkable way: my head and body felt as though they were on fire, but my brain was perfectly clear. I looked again at the corpse on the table. See! it was moving. After the cessation of the current, reaction had set in. The corpse continued to contract until it looked like a bundle of singed rags; it shivered for a moment, and then the arms, followed by the legs, shot out straight, and the body stiffened in this position.

A grating sound drew my eyes in the direction of the turbines. Something was wrong evidently, for the offside bearing of one of them was literally red-hot; the governor was wrecked, and the wheel was racing away and increasing in speed every moment. It was not long before something happened. There was a loud snap and then a crash, and I saw the steel casing ripped up like paper, and the water came pouring into the room thousands of gallons per minute. Of what avail was Clisby's death and my escape if I was to be drowned like a rat in a trap?

Slowly the water rose until, when it was about six feet deep, the lights went out. I was floating about in the chair, but I was anchored to the switchboard by the wires. The water continued to rise, though very slowly, as it had to fill all the other rooms and passages. Beneath me I could still

hear the undamaged turbine thrashing away, and I rose until my head, or rather the top of the chair, was scraping the roof, when suddenly I felt that I was falling, and I was carried rapidly towards the door.

The wires held for a moment, but the jerk snapped them, and I sailed along the passage, through the battery-room, and out into the open, where, after being whirled round a few times, I was left high and dry till the morning. The weight of the water had burst open the outer door, hence my sudden exit. I was rescued from my unpleasant position by Cameron himself, who had come to look for me. We found poor, mad Clisby quite close to where he had died



“BEING WHIRLED ROUND.”

tangled up in some wire, and the same ghastly smile was on his face.

No one but Cameron ever knew what had really happened on that awful night. We told the girls that an accident had happened, and that the Hermit was dead.

When I look back on the concentrated horror of those long hours, I marvel that I kept my reason. For a week I lost the proper use of my limbs owing to my cramped-up state when in that chair of his, but before I left Clinton, Madge and I found time to finish our picture, and to arrange a little matter that is to come off in the summer.

## Elephant Catching.

By D. H. WISE.



THE scene of the following description of elephant catching is Perak (pronounced Pera), a native State in the Malay Peninsula. The spot chosen for the drive is well suited by Nature—on the east is a steep spur of the main range of mountains, which forms the backbone of the peninsula and divides Perak from Pahang—a sister State on the east coast; on the west a high hill, with steep sides running roughly parallel with the mountains for a distance of some eight miles, and between them a broad valley about three miles across, and leading at its southern extremity to a large tract of virgin forest which stretches to the coast. Along the centre of this valley runs a bridle-path at a distance of a mile or so from the main range, from which, near the southern end of the valley, abuts a steep spur to within a short distance of the path. It is here that the site of the inclosure, or “kubu,” as it is called in Malay, is fixed.

The elephants, a herd of fifteen, have been in the habit of visiting this valley at intervals for some years past, and the Malay Chief of the District, to whom many complaints have been made of crops destroyed and gardens ruined, at last bestirs himself and decides that the beasts, the destruction of which the laws of the country forbid, shall be captured for the mutual benefit of himself and his people.

A council of the elders is held, and the services of a “Pawang,” or medicine man, an indispensable appendage of every important Malay undertaking, are secured. This worthy, an insignificant-looking person of some years, with a restless eye and an expression full of quiet cunning, is duly admitted to their circle, and the value of his advice and assistance fixed, after sundry phlegmatic attempts on both sides to get the better of the bargain. In this the “Pawang,” whose supernatural powers command deep respect amongst his acquaintances, is successful, and he undertakes, as a great favour to the select body who have availed themselves of his services, to propitiate the spirits who haunt the field of their future labours, for the modest wage of twelve dollars a month. This, it should be stated, is exclusive of the cost of necessary feasts and functions contingent to the undertaking, out of which he manages to

augment his monthly pittance. Nor is the money altogether thrown away, for the “Pawang” is a man of some experience in elephant catching, and his knowledge of the requirements in selecting a suitable spot for the “kubu” is perhaps of greater value than the mysterious qualities which inspire his employers with such respect, and that render the selection when made the best beyond dispute.

The preliminaries having been arranged, and certain incantations performed by the “Pawang,” the building of the “kubu” is commenced. Some fifty Malays and Sakis (the latter are an aboriginal race who inhabit the interior of the peninsula) are employed in collecting ratans and timber for building the fence. These materials abound on the spot, but to preserve intact as far as possible the jungle and undergrowth, so as to avert all suspicion of a trap, they are cut a little distance from the site of the “kubu.”

The inclosure, when completed, is about three acres in extent, bounded on one side by the steep spur already mentioned, and on the other three by the fence, which is about ten feet high, and built of heavy timber posts, planted deep in the ground, and leaning inwards, so as to give the greater resistance. To these are lashed three large horizontal rails, two inside and one outside the posts, and firmly tied at intervals to the trees that grow on the line of the fence, which is thus strong enough to resist any charge that the captured elephants are likely to make.

Long bamboos pointed like spears protrude at intervals of a few inches along the line of the fence, which, bristling as it does with these weapons, looks anything but an inviting obstacle to charge. A light platform runs round the outside, on which are built small huts to be occupied by the watchers, whose duty it will be to stop any attempt at escape.

This is not a matter of much difficulty, for the elephants, even when first caught, have a wholesome respect for a spear point, and a sharpened stick will generally bring a charging elephant to a standstill.

The entrance to the inclosure, which is a track naturally followed by the elephants in their wanderings, is about 20ft. wide, and is closed after the animals have entered by thrusting a couple of bars across it. One side of this entrance is near the foot of the hill, which is inaccessible; upon the other



side is built a long wing or guide to lead the elephants to the door of the "kubu." This guide is usually made of timber, but in the present instance consists of a long wire hawser, a not altogether satisfactory substitute, as will presently be seen.

Trackers are sent forward early in the morning to report the whereabouts of the herd, and the drive commences. A line of some 300 beaters advancing through the jungle, armed with spears and sharp bamboos, is formed. The first move is to get the elephants to cross the bridle-path, as once between it and

spite of several attempts to break the line, are driven across the path, and if they can be kept there the beaters should be able to persuade them to reach their goal to-morrow.

As soon as the first streaks of dawn appear over the mountains the beaters are astir, eager to finish their task. Snatching a few mouthfuls of rice, which is served out along the line, they re-arrange their forces, and the drive is resumed. The trackers, who have already gone forward, report that the herd is within half a mile of the beaters, who are enjoined to approach quietly and keep good order.



From a

SOME OF THE BEATERS OUTSIDE THE "KUBU" FENCE.

[Photograph.

the main range, the area over which operations have to be conducted is greatly reduced. But the beaters make a fatal mistake, for, advancing with shouts and yells, they terrify the beasts, which stampede and rush right back through the line, most of the men at the point charged forgetting for a moment their brave resolutions, and displaying an agility in tree-climbing that would do credit to a cat.

It is too late to-day to begin the drive afresh, and the beaters retire for the night, resolved to profit by their lesson and make a steadier advance on the morrow. This time success awaits them, for after a hard and anxious day's work the elephants, in

Along the right and centre of the line where the ground is flat this is easily done, but the left wing, which extends some distance up from the foot of the main range, has more difficult country to travel over, and it is here that a break-back is most feared. Once, indeed, the elephants in their haste scramble up a steep ridge and, wheeling round, rush back upon the extreme left, but a couple of men sent ahead observe this movement in time, and the left wing falling back just manages to keep them in front. An hour later the herd is within half a mile of the "kubu" and making straight towards it, and the excitement of the beaters is intense.



The scene at the "kubu" is a very different one. Here the excitement of the men in charge is no less, but not a sound dare they utter lest the elephants should turn and break back again. Some half-dozen Malays are on a small platform in a tree, near the gate, over which presides a grey-headed chief in charge of the entrance, which is cleverly screened with bushes. The elephants are now close to the door, and come crashing through the thick undergrowth, while the beaters, losing all control over themselves at the last, rush forward yelling like fiends. The veteran in charge of the doorway manages, however, to keep his little band in better order, and presently we see the head of the first elephant (a big cow) emerge from the covert. But this beast hesitates and stands still for a moment, lifting her trunk in every direction, and evidently suspecting danger. The beaters have now closed up behind and the right wing has lined the wire guide, and the excitement and din increase. With a rush the leader bolts through the doorway. "One, two, three," counts the old chief, as the herd passes under his hiding-place, shambling along and almost knocking one another over in their clumsy haste—for once their leader is inside they have no further thought of

turning back—until twelve have safely passed the entrance.

But the other three which complete the herd are behind, and it is not until the twelfth has got well inside that the white tusks of a large bull appear through the bushes. Behind him is a smaller bull, also a tusker, followed by a third beast that is almost hidden in the thick undergrowth. The big tusker evidently thinks his wives have made a mistake, and, unwilling to share their misfortune, he gives vent to a shrill trumpet, and curling up his trunk rushes straight at the men who line the wing on his right. There is no resisting such a charge; and in a moment the wire hawser is carried away, and these three fortunate beasts make off at the best pace they can, leaving the astonished beaters to regret they had not built a fence that the elephants could have seen, and which would have turned them, instead of an invisible line incapable of standing such a mighty weight. All this takes place in a few minutes, and no sooner are the fifteen beasts accounted for than the door is hastily closed, the timbers firmly lashed with ratans, and the day's work is completed.

The captured elephants, meanwhile, have



From a

CAPTIVES IN THE "KUBU,"

[Photograph.]

rushed straight on until confronted by the fence at the lower end of the "kubu," where they wheel rapidly round, inspecting the whole length of their prison wall.

Suddenly a big cow stops within a few paces of the fence, and charges straight at it. Crack! goes the huge head against the fence, the timbers spring and bend under the heavy weight, but not a tie is loosened; and, thinking it useless to repeat the experiment, the beasts make for the centre of the "kubu," where they stand huddled together, and occasionally low, guttural murmurs are heard proceeding from their hiding-place, which in a few days will be trampled clear.

A number of men are posted in the huts outside the inclosure to guard against any attempt to charge, or pull down the fence. During the night the elephants make frequent attempts to escape, and charge again and again right up to the fence, only to be driven back by the spears and torches of the watchers, but for whose vigilance they would probably escape.

The "Pawang" now orders a respite of three days, during which the elephants are given no food except what they can find in the inclosure, and this is soon demolished. Of water they have plenty, for a stream runs right through the "kubu." The preliminary work of catching, then, is over, and arrangements made for removing them to the "chelong," or stocks, where the tedious though interesting process of taming and educating them has yet to be performed.

The beasts must be secured by means of heavy ropes. To effect this, one end of a rope is made fast to a tree inside the "kubu," while a running noose, tied at the other end, is laid on the ground between two trees some 15ft. apart. Between these trees, and at a height of 20ft. from the ground, is suspended a platform, on which are stationed a couple of men, holding in their hands light lines attached to the noose, which they are thus enabled to lift off the ground.

Some plantain stalks are now laid on the ground in front of the noose, and the herd is driven in the direction of the trap. The bait proves only too attractive after their three days' fast. No sooner has one of the beasts placed a foot inside the noose, than it is drawn up, and the elephant bolting off, tightens the rope and is brought to a standstill. The annoyance at finding himself inside the fence of the "kubu" is nothing compared to the rage of the poor brute on feeling this unaccustomed restraint. Throwing himself forward he falls heavily to the ground, only to rise and

renew the fight, and the struggles of his huge frame are a sight indeed as, twisting and rolling about in all directions, he roars with rage and tears at the rope with his trunk, till finally he lies down exhausted and bemoans his fate with subdued groans, which cannot fail to arouse the sympathies of the onlooker.

While this is going on the remainder of the herd are kept at the far end of the stockade, and evince but little interest in the fate of their comrade.

The tame elephants are now brought into the "kubu," and with their assistance the captive is approached and the other three legs noosed, and the ropes made fast to trees. The forelegs of the captive, who has now risen again, are stretched a little forward and tied in that position to prevent him from collecting himself for a struggle, which often repeated might result in breaking his bonds and possible injury to himself.

The tame elephants of Malay are not trained to this work like those of India and Ceylon, but they are wonderfully clever nevertheless, and with their assistance the wild elephant is easily approached, the men who tie the ropes being either on the ground, under shelter of the tame elephants, or on the backs of the latter, in both of which positions they can work in comparative safety.

The captive is now left for the night, and next morning the tame elephants are again ridden into the "kubu" and take an important part in the operations. A heavy rope of plaited ratan is fastened round the neck of the captive, a second round his body, behind his forelegs, strong rope breeching is attached to this, and finally a rope is passed round the base of the trunk and made fast on either side to the collar round his neck. Tying these ropes, especially the last, occupies some hours, as the beast lashes out violently with his trunk, and must be approached with caution. He struggles whenever the ropes touch him, but hemmed in between the tame elephants, who appear quite to enter into the spirit of the game, he is unable to escape, and when at last his tormentors have succeeded and the last rope is tied, he lies down, and every means employed to get him on his legs proves useless. The "Pawang" is now called upon to exercise his wiles, and stepping forward, spits a concoction of chewed herbs into the beast's eyes and makes sundry passes over the prostrate body, muttering half-whispered incantations the while.

The result is hardly electric, for the beast



From a]

THE SMALLEST OF THE HERD.

[Photograph.

lies still in sullen prostration ; but it is certain that he will not remain there for ever, and when at last he sees fit to rise the credit of persuading him to do so is attributed to the mysterious powers of the "Pawang's" craft.

Now he must be taken to the "chelong," built on the bank of a river, over a mile away, and there is no time to be lost if he is to be lodged there to-day. A tame elephant is harnessed to the captive, who is dragged along by rope traces attached to the base of his trunk, and for the first few yards, taken by surprise, he starts off as if trained to it. But he soon realizes the position and becomes restive, and, stopping short, gives vent to an angry scream and makes off sideways into the jungle, dragging the tame elephant after him. The Malays in attendance seize the leg-ropes, which have been purposely left to drag along the ground, and give them a few turns round the trees close by, which effectually stops any further attempt to bolt. It is decided to try one of the other tame elephants, for this beast, though larger than the captive, is wanting in pluck, and refuses to lead its charge any farther.

As the harness is being rapidly transferred, a commotion is heard in the jungle close by, and one of the three beasts that escaped from the "kubu" during the drive, and has

been in the vicinity ever since, comes crashing through the jungle, and a general panic ensues. Most of the Malays bolt, the tame elephants become unmanageable, and the captive makes several vain attempts to break away. It is a critical moment, and but for the presence of mind of two or three Malays, who show a bold front, and after some manœuvring succeed in driving the tusker off, there would certainly be trouble. He returns once or twice, only to be driven off again, and finally, thinking it best to run no further risk of meeting with a similar fate, he leaves his late companion alone, and retires into the forest, much to everyone's relief.

Order is restored, and the captive, harnessed to his new leader, starts off again, the other two tame elephants marching one on each flank, to prevent any further attempt to leave the path. After some resistance and one or two falls, occasioned by the violence of his struggles, he finds himself at the "chelong," which will be his lodging for the next few weeks.

The "chelong" consists of a heavy cross bar on upright posts, some 15ft. high, underneath which are separate partitions or stalls, and into each of these an elephant is placed. The floor is raised a few inches from the ground to give a dry standing place,

and in front are two perpendicular posts, which are opened wide apart from the top to admit the elephant's head, and closed on to his neck on entering, after which he can move neither forward nor back. A beam under his chest prevents his lying down, a heavy bar on each flank keeps his body in position, and leg-ropes and hobbles render him completely helpless.

A few feet in front of the "chelong" a small post is planted in the ground. No one but the elephant's attendant may cross between this and the "chelong" under penalty of a

and night, an attention that at first he resents violently. Very often it is necessary to tie up his trunk and his tail, for he lashes about freely when touched, and even the latter appendage is capable of inflicting a severe blow.

After a few days he becomes accustomed to his captors, and quite appreciates the care bestowed upon him, and the goodly supply of bamboo and plantain stalks that are cut and brought daily to his stall.

The poor beast's legs have, by this time, become sore and chafed from contact with



From a

THE "CHELONG."

[Photograph.

dollar and a half to the "Pawang," who, by means of this and sundry similar fines for breaches of etiquette, is enabled to enrich himself at the expense of the unwary.

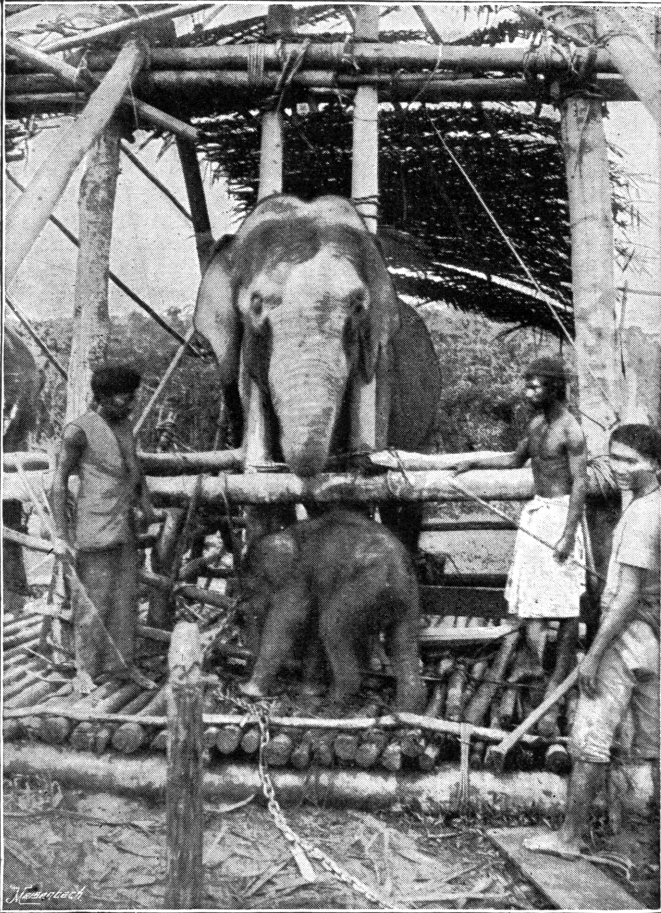
The twelve elephants are each in turn brought to the "chelong," an operation that lasts about three weeks, and on arrival each is placed under charge of a couple of Malays, who feed, wash, and educate their charge, the course of teaching varying, according to the docility of the pupil and the attention bestowed by his masters, from a month to eight or ten weeks.

Every morning he is washed all over, and rubbed and handled at all hours of the day

the hobbles and ropes, which cause him to fidget continually, and all day long he will be seen trying to untie the shackles from his forelegs, moving uneasily from side to side, and blowing earth which he picks up in his trunk and mixes with water supplied from his mouth over the wounds. Native medicines are applied to the sores, and the hobbles and leg-ropes shifted as far as possible, and in a few days the wounds heal up.

After about ten days' confinement, the captive is taken to bathe at the river hard by. Attached by a rope to a tame elephant, he is mounted by a "gembala," or driver, who sits





From a]

AN ELEPHANT WITH CALF IN THE "CHELONG."

[Photograph.

on his neck and gives him his first lesson in the words of command, illustrating their meaning by a slight pressure on the head with his "kwasa," a sharp iron hook used to guide him. Heavy wooden posts are planted at intervals between the "chelong" and the river, and should he bolt or prove unmanageable, the leg-ropes are immediately made fast to these by the attendants. As soon as the pupil

has begun to know the words of command, the services of the tame elephants are dispensed with, and he is taken to the river by the "gem-bala" assisted by a man on foot, who walks backwards in front of the elephant and helps to guide him with a "kwasa" and a spear.

The work of breaking him in being finished, the elephant is taken to his master's village and there petted and made much of until he becomes quite tame, but he is not expected to do hard work for a year, when he is sent to some distant tin mine to carry rice and provisions to the miners, and bring back his burden of the hard-earned metal to the nearest depôt.

Ten years ago a large elephant in Perak would fetch as much as eight hundred or a thousand dollars, but the same beast can now be purchased for five or six hundred, for the advance of civilization has brought with it such improved means of transport that there are comparatively few places where the services of this once useful animal are now necessary.



From a]

THE MORNING BATH.

[Photograph.

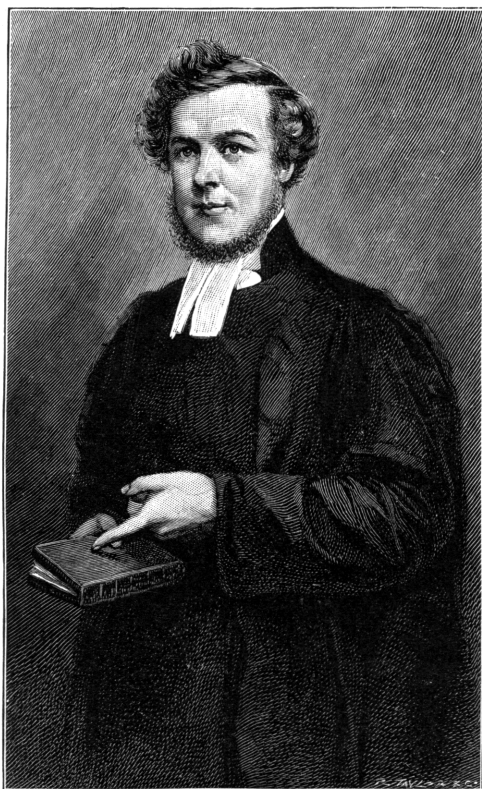
# Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

## CANON FLEMING.

BORN 1830.



HE REVEREND JAMES FLEMING, Canon Residentiary of York, is almost too well known to require many words of description. In parochial affairs generally, Canon Fleming takes more than ordinary interest, and when, many years ago, he left Camberwell to accept the incumbency of St. Michael's, Chester Square,



From a

AGE 30.

[Photograph.

on the nomination of the Duke of Westminster, his departure was the subject of intense regret to his people. He is still the highly appreciated vicar of St. Michael's, and was appointed to a Canonry of York by the late Earl of Beaconsfield in 1876. To the natural gift of an exceptionally musical voice, and the acquired facility of using it to the best advantage—which he owes to the instruction of no less a master

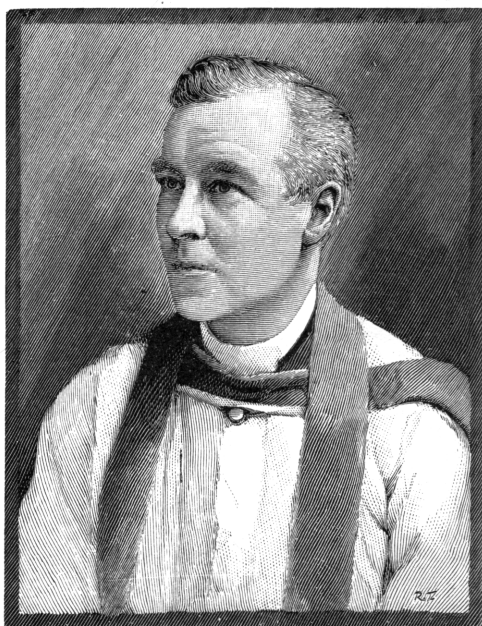


From a Photo. by]

AGE 48.

[W. & D. Downey.

than Macready—Canon Fleming adds great power as a preacher and as a parochial administrator. His sermons are well known both in York and in London, and his personal influence, both in his parish and outside it, is very great indeed.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Mayall & Co.





From a]

AGE 2.

[Painting.

## LORD SANDHURST.

BORN 1855.



ORD SANDHURST, who only recently succeeded Lord Harris as Governor of Bombay, was educated at Rugby. He served as a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, and was Lord-in-Waiting to Her Majesty the Queen from 1880 to 1885. Lord

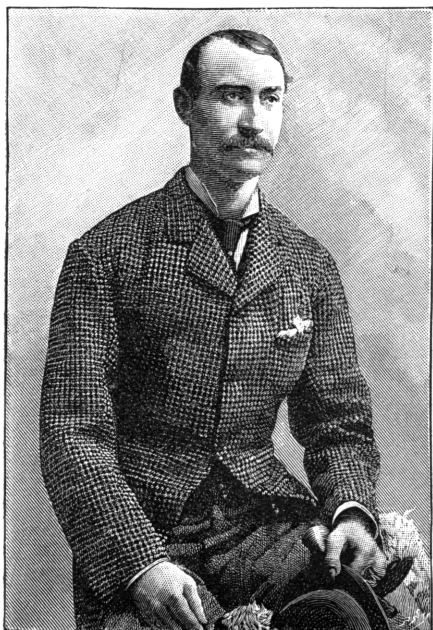


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AGE 33.

[Hills &amp; Saunders.

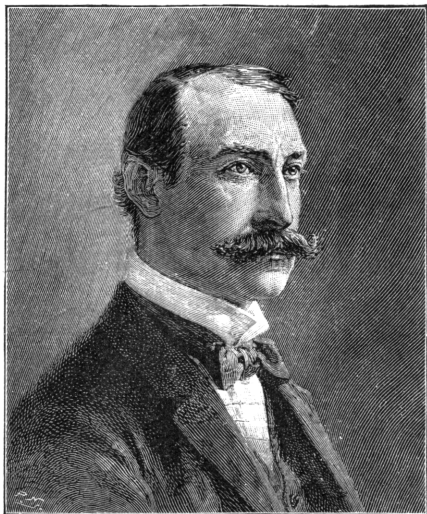
Governor of Bombay, in December, 1894. The announcement of this new honour was received with general approval, and there is every hope that his lordship will prove himself



From a Photo. by]

AGE 25.

[Lafayette, Dublin.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Elliott &amp; Fry.

to be as popular in the East as he has been with us in the West.



From a]

AGE 4.

[Photograph.

### LADY SANDHURST.



LADY SANDHURST (*née* Victoria Alexandrina Spencer, daughter of the fourth Earl of Spencer, K.G.), whose portraits we are happy in being able to give here together with those of her husband, married Lord



From a Photo. by]

AGE 32.

Arthur Marx.

Sandhurst in 1881, and accompanied him on his recent journey to India.



AGE 24.

From a Photo. by Window & Grove, Baker Street.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.



AGE 2.  
From a Miniature by Lady Elizabeth Murray.

## MR. CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

BORN 1830.



R. CLEMENTS  
ROBERT  
MARKHAM,  
C.B., P.R.G.S.,  
F.S.A., was

born at Stillingfleet, near York. He received his education at Westminster School, and entered the Navy in 1844. He was appointed naval cadet in 1846, passed for a lieutenant in 1850, and left the Navy the following year. He became a clerk in the Board of Control in 1855, and Assistant Secretary in the India Office in 1867, and was in charge of the Geographical Department of that Office from 1867



AGE 14.  
From a Water-Colour by J. Richmond.



AGE 19.  
From a Crayon by Macdonald.

to 1877, when he retired. He was secretary to the Hakluyt Society from 1858 to 1889, and secretary to the Geographical Society from 1863 to 1888. Mr. Markham

served in the Arctic expedition in search of Franklin 1850-51, explored Peru and the forests of the Eastern Andes in 1852-54,



AGE 25.

From a  
Crayon by  
Sandys.

served as geographer to the Abyssinian expedition, was present at the storming of Magdala in 1867-68, and was created C.B. in 1871. Mr. Markham became President of



AGE 45.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

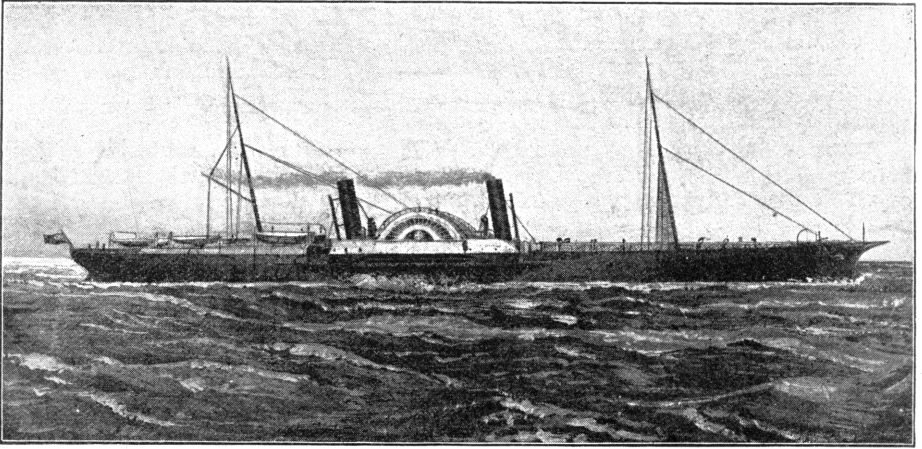
the Hakluyt Society in 1890, and President of the Royal Geographical Society in 1893. He is the author of innumerable books on geography, science, and exploration, and was editor of the *Geographical Magazine* 1872-78.



PRESENT DAY.  
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

## *With Her Majesty's Mails to Ireland.*

BY EDWARD JOHN HART.



R.M.S. "ULSTER," OF DUBLIN.



UNDERSTAND, I am going to take you from Holyhead to Kingstown by the night mail, and, with a nor'-westerly gale blowing, you will probably require your mackintosh. Here,

on the sea rim of Great Britain, we are about to cross to the sister island by the fastest and most famous local line of mail-boats in the world ; so let's down to the pier alongside of which is lying the *Ulster*, grinding and straining at her hawsers with a very human-like impatience to be off. But, though time and tide wait for no man, the mail-boat must wait for her mails (sent per rail from London), and to pass the time we may chat about the company and its boats, and hereafter, if we have luck, we may get speech of our captain.

The City of Dublin Steam Packet Company, running the mail between Holyhead and Kingstown, is the oldest Irish mail service in existence, dating back to the year 1833. They continued the service from the Admiralty, and some of their first boats—notably the *Lewellyn*—were old Navy boats, and at that time they ran from Liverpool to Howth.

The present fleet of mail-boats—five in all—consist of the *Ulster*, *Munster*, *Leinster*, *Connaught*, and *Ireland*. The first four were built in 1860, and all, with the exception of the *Leinster*, which came from the yards of

Samuda, of London, were constructed by Laird, of Liverpool.

The *Ulster*, by which we are to travel, may be taken as the type of the fleet—with the exception of the *Ireland*—and, like the other four vessels, is painted black, as to the hull and funnels ; with the inside, upper works, paddle-boxes, and boats painted white. She is 1,400 tons (builder's measurement), 350ft. in length, furnished with oscillating direct engines of 750 horse-power (nominal), indicating up to about 7,000, and is reckoned a twenty-knot boat.

The distance from jetty to jetty is sixty-four miles, and the contract time allowed for the trip four hours and a quarter, with a fine of £100 for every minute over. But the *Ireland* one November, on a speed trial, crossed in 2 hours and 47min., in the teeth of a very strong easterly breeze and a very nasty choppy sea. Under ordinary circumstances, the average speed in crossing is from sixteen to seventeen knots.

Each vessel is provided with six boats, four life-rafts, and cork jackets for everybody. Nowadays, of course, all the mail-boats are furnished with steam steering gear, and one man steers the vessel in and out of harbour, doing the work that used to be relegated to six or eight. Formerly they had two great steering wheels on the bridge of each ship, and it used to be a fearful heave to get over. One heard a regular chorus of, "All together !



Now then, down! All together! Now then, down!" the men getting it over spoke by spoke and standing on it. Then, when the word "Steady!" was given, they let go, and the wheel—owing to the pressure of water against the rudder of the ship going full speed—whirled round, so that you couldn't see the spokes, and the chains rattling out through the waterways frightened the passengers in their cabins.

There is a complete post-office on board, furnished with desks, pigeon-holes, etc., for every separate county. As soon as the mail-bags come on board they are opened and sorted on sloping tables, the ten or fifteen sorters—increased to twenty just before Christmas—working the whole way across. "I've seen a Christmas mail of as many as 600 mail-sacks and forty-seven parcel-post hampers," says the captain; "and as for literary curiosities—well, we get our share of them, I can assure you. The Irish harvest hands who come over to England for work frequently address the covers of letters—letters containing money even—after this inscrutable fashion: 'To my mother in the white cottage with the green door at the end of the village,' 'Betty McGuire at the house forninst the forge'—these, mind you, are actual examples. They send loose coin in paper envelopes—all sorts of live animals, meat, cake, etc., in cardboard boxes; and some of the addresses the mail hands brought up to show us on the bridge I'll defy anyone to make out!"

The post-office is in charge of the mail clerk, and amongst his duties is that of sealing up all the mail-sacks. In former times the mails were in charge of a mail agent, who was generally a retired commander, appointed by the Admiralty, and who wore his naval uniform, had a very good time on board, and was invested with rather peculiar powers.

The captain was supposed to consult with him as to the advisability or otherwise of slowing down in a fog or a gale, or whether in cases of fog, etc., the mails should be put into the boats and landed. This functionary had to enter in a gorgeous red leather pocket-book, with "V. R." stamped on the cover, the time of arrival of the mail train, starting

of the boat, weather remarks, etc., and was a relic of the days when the mails were carried by naval vessels. Formerly most of the officers of the boats were naval men, but this is not now the case. The mail subsidy is £85,000 per annum.

But all this time we have kept the *U/ster* grinding and straining at her hawsers, and as the train has just come down with its sleepy passengers, and its much more important mail-bags, there is nothing further to delay our departure.

From the deck of our trembling steamer it looks cold, wet, and black on the pier. The flickering gas-lights are reflected in the wet of the sodden planks, and shine on the oil-skins of the men, holding hand-lamps and assisting in the preliminaries of departure—and the grinding and straining of the ship increases. The second officer comes

up to the captain and says: "All's in, sir." The third and last bell is rung, and the whistle blown—a long, sonorous, re-echoing blast. The gangways are hauled back to the pier, the telegraph rings the "Stand by" below to the engineers, the chief officer goes to the fo'c's'le head and the second beside the quartermaster at the wheel, and then the captain gives the order, "Let go! Turn ahead!"

"All gone, sir," comes back the faint answer from the darkness, and then, with one or two sighs and hisses from the valves, the wheels churn up the sea and she slowly moves ahead.

"Starboard!"

"Starboard, sir," from the second officer, and she gains in speed and feels the starboard helm, and we see there is a clear course to the end of the breakwater, and the order is given, "Full speed ahead!"

In a minute's time the order to the helm is "Steady!" and she flies along for the end of the breakwater, distinguished by a revolving red light, after passing which it is "Starboard!" again, and the course is given, "West-nor'-west quarter north," and the signal is given to the engine-room, "All clear!"

As she rounds the breakwater she takes the first plunge—a long, shuddering lunge into the black water—which sends the passengers scuttling down below, and then, as



CAPTAIN KENDALL,  
COMMANDER OF R.M.S. "IRELAND."  
*From a Photograph.*



she opens out Holyhead Bay and passes to the north of the flashing white light, marking the South Stack, she gets the full force of the gale, which has romped and roared across the Atlantic to measure strength, as aforetime, with these black-painted demons of steamers, in the hope of hindering the Queen's Irish mails.

Away, seven miles to the north-east of us, is the white fixed light of the Skerries, by which pass all the Atlantic liners outward bound from Liverpool; and now the captain and chief officer settle themselves comfortably in the starboard corner of the bridge behind the dodger or weather-cloth, knowing they have a long three hours before them.

To them staggers a courageous passenger, who hazards the original remark: "Dirty night, captain, isn't it?"

"What—you here?" says the captain. "Yes, it is dirty; you'd better go below—you can't stay here, you know."

At this moment the *Ulster* takes a tremendous plunge, and tons of green water come over the bow, deluging everybody; but the staunch vessel shakes herself free and springs forward like a racehorse, and then, besides ourselves, only the chief and the third officers, the man at the wheel, and the look-out man are left on deck, though the captain appears and re-appears at short intervals, and fidgets about, for he doesn't like the look of the weather.

Presently the look-out man sings out: "Green light on the starboard bow, sir!" and we find it belongs to one of the North Wall Company's boats from Dublin, with cattle, running before the gale. She passes by and goes into Holyhead, the boats showing each other their quarter-lights as they pass.

We are about three-quarters of an hour out, when a steamer's red light on the starboard bow is reported, and from the height and size of this and other lights, she is made out to be an Atlantic liner steaming down Channel, crossing our course from starboard to port. By the rule of the road, we are the

giving-way ship, so the order is given "Port!"—"Port, sir!" and we pass under the stern of the big fellow; then, "Go your course!" and we resume our course.

After a while the "look-out" sings out, "Green light off port bow," and as it is a small, unsteady light, we see it is a poor sailing ship, close-hauled under close-reefed topsails, trying to weather the Skerries, and, as she is the weaker, we give way again. "Starboard!" is the steering order given, so as not to cross his bows and make him feel uncomfortable; we go round the sailing ship's stern, and then, when she is cleared, the word is, "Steady—go your course."

We are just coming to the conclusion that this howling waste of waters is rather crowded after all, and that it is simpler to steer a bicycle than a steamboat, when we find that we have reached the half-passage, by noticing that the quarter-masters are changed.

Every half-hour the boatswain comes to the officer of the watch and reports, "All lights burning brightly, sir—and half-past nine," or whatever the hour may be, for on these boats no bells are struck at sea, as the sound is found to be confusing and may drown that of steamers' whistles, etc.

Suddenly, we nearly jump out of our shoes, for the look-out man literally yells, "Steamer's

light *right ahead!*" (It must be some "tramp" or light steam collier returning from Ireland in ballast, running before the gale and blowing his smoke ahead of him and downwards, veiling his lights—for at first it is but a black spot, while the next second discovers the three lights of a steamer.)

Instant is the order, "Port! Hard aport—*hard over!*"

"Hard over, sir!" the steersman replies, the wheel flying round the while, and we hold our breath. She goes over to starboard, just getting out of the way in time, and this fellow shoots by, he himself, likely as not, unaware of anything being near till he sees our lights right close beside him.



CAPTAIN THOMSON,  
COMMANDER OF R.M.S. "MUNSTER."  
*From a Photo. by Stevens, Holyhead.*

Then some very heavy squalls accompanied by blinding sleet come down on us in quick succession, and wet, chilled through, with nerves a little disordered by the recent narrow shave, we go below, if only to get a brief cessation from the noise of the howling, shrieking wind. Here we find the captain, whom we had only missed a moment before from the deck, holding on to a stanchion with one hand, and with the other trying to lift a cup of hot coffee to his mouth.

"Doesn't this remind you, captain, of a bad November crossing we once had, when you were second under Old Trip?"

"That was much worse," answers the captain, between his sips. "I shouldn't have thought you could have remembered it."

"Who was 'Old Trip'?" somebody inquires.

"What, never heard of 'Old Trip'—the famous Captain Triphook? He was twenty-five years in the mail service, and when he retired in '76, he had never lost a life, and had never once been fined for landing mails late."

"Tell us about him, captain," say several of the passengers.

The captain looks half inclined to try, takes a run up on deck to see that everything is going smoothly, and then, coming down again, commences:—

"Well, Old Trip—Captain Triphook—was formerly an officer of the Royal Navy. On one occasion when he was off the coast of Ireland in charge of a Revenue cutter—*The Chance*—he sighted a schooner in distress—on shore in a terrible gale. 'Who'll come with me in a boat to help that schooner?' he sings out to his men. 'I can't order a boat's crew, but I'm going myself in the boat, and I want four men to help me—who'll volunteer?' The whole lot of them volunteered.

'No,' he says, 'I only want four,' and four men and the captain left for the schooner, Trip in the meantime having given his second in command instructions how to manœuvre the cutter. Well, gentlemen, he rescued that schooner's crew, and picked up his own cutter again, and for this splendid bit of work the Admiralty presented him with a service of plate."

"Tell us some more about him," chorus the knot of passengers, but the captain has again disappeared to the bridge, whence he presently returns with the smiling announce-

ment that the weather shows signs of moderating.

"Tell you more about Old Trip! I could spin enough yarns about him to keep you listening for a month. Once during the autumn gales, the guardship at Kingstown—the *Royal George* (not *the Royal George*, of course), which had been in the Crimean War—an old, wooden line-of-battle ship, fitted with auxiliary steam—broke from her regulation moorings and drifted against the breakwater, where the wind held her broadside on. Trip came in in the *Ulster*, and, seeing the ship with her topmasts and yards down and canting over, could not make it out,

and signalled, 'Can I tow you off?' The answer came back, 'Yes, if you can,' so he backed in—a very difficult piece of manœuvring in cramped space when you're unable to go ahead with one paddle and reverse with the other, as you are in some boats—and towed the warship out through all the crowd of small craft (which were moored so as only to provide a narrow lane for the mail-boat to come in and go out), to where she could safely anchor. Then he went out himself and came in again, same as usual, to the jetty—as he had to do, in order to get along-



THE LATE CAPTAIN R. S. TRIPHOOKE, R.N.,  
COMMANDER OF R.M.S. "ULSTER,"  
"OLD TRIP" WITH HIS DOG "CHANCE."  
From a Photo. by Crawford & Co., Dublin.

side from the position he had left the guardship.

"This was thought a great feat of seamanship at the time.

"Triphook, you must know, was an old man when I knew him. He had perfectly white hair, and always wore his cap on one side of his head, and his uniform frock-coat tightly buttoned up. I don't think any man now living ever saw him without his fox-terrier Chance—wherever the captain was, there was Chance.

"I daresay a good many of you have heard of the Stag Rock in Holyhead Harbour, the existence of which was supposed by many to be mythical, because, after a searching Admiralty survey, no trace of it could be found. This was owing to the fact, as was afterwards ascertained, that it was a single sugar-loaf pinnacle on which the lead would not lodge, but dropped down the side.

"Well, one day in a dense fog the *Ulster* touched on this. She was going dead slow and touched very lightly, but hung there, and Trip stopped her instant. He didn't reverse his engines or do anything, but just waited for the tide to rise, when she lifted off of her own accord. The divers went down and reported that several feet of the keel were broken away and several plates strained, and the ship was ordered into dry dock at Liverpool.

"Trip stormed, and fumed, and swore that he didn't believe any damage was done, and one morning he quietly plunged over the steamer's side; some of the deck-hands seeing this, thought that the accident preying on his mind had driven him to suicide, and raised the cry of 'Man overboard!'

"The crew ran to the starboard side where he was last seen, and leaned over, speculating, pitying, commiserating, and dangling lifebuoys and rope-ends in the water against the reappearance of the hapless skipper, when, to everyone's astonishment, the voice of the said hapless skipper was heard on the port side, abusing every-

body in antiquated but profane sea English of a bygone day, for not holding out a rope's-end to him. When he came on board he triumphantly informed all and sundry that he had dived under his ship and felt along the keel, and that no damage was done.

"He was seventy-four years of age when he accomplished this feat.

"Still, the fiat had gone forth that the ship must be docked, so into dry dock she went, when it was found that the old man was right, and that only a little paint was scratched off her keel.

"On another occasion an old naval shipmate came to see him, when his was the lying-by ship at Holyhead, and was amazed at the sight of the six boats with the iron davits turned inboard, and the boats resting on chocks secured by lashings and covered with tarpaulins.

"He had never been shipmates with iron davits before, having only been used to the wooden cranes on which boats were hoisted on the old-fashioned wooden warships, and he maintained that it would be impossible to get these boats out in time to save the life of a man overboard. 'Would it?' said Trip. 'I'll show you later on, and bet you a dinner it can be managed.'

"The bet was made and as soon forgotten, and the next morning the captain mounted the paddle-box to exercise the crew at fire-drill. 'Fire in the fo'c's'le!' he shouted,

and immediately afterwards, as the crew were crowding forward, 'Fire in the ladies' cabin!' Then he looked at his watch, buttoned his uniform frock-coat close up to his throat, and the next moment a voice was heard calling out, 'The captain's overboard! Pick him up!' and when the startled crew looked up the commander had disappeared from the paddle-box. Triphook's old friend cried out in genuine consternation, 'Your captain's fallen overboard, my men! Save poor old Trip, save your captain! Oh, be quick, there's good fellows!'

"The officers and boats' crews needed no



CAPTAIN THOMAS,  
COMMANDER OF R.M.S. "LEINSTER,"  
*From a Photograph.*

such incitement, for the old sea-dog was greatly beloved, and they rushed to their stations, striving to see who could first get their boat into the water. Triphook was hauled into a boat without ceremony, together with his dog, Chance, who had jumped in after his master, as a matter of course, and a rope being thrown to him, he came up the ship's side hand over hand, and so reached the deck, where he was overwhelmed with the condolences and congratulations of his old friend.

"Taking no notice of these, the old man pulled out his watch, looked at it, and ejaculating, 'H'm! Four minutes—not so bad! Now you'll have to stand me that dinner!' now went to his cabin to change his clothes.

"While the men were absorbed in their fire-drill, he had taken the time, stepped outside the railing of the paddle-box, and dropped feet foremost into the water—a drop of over thirty feet—singing out as he went down. A little after this, by the smartness of one of his boat's crews, he saved two men from an overturned boat, as the mail-boat was leaving the harbour, in much about the same time.

"I remember one time when the *Ulster* was in mid-Channel, going half-speed in a dense, impenetrable fog, though the wind was blowing half a gale, some vast, mysterious white bulk suddenly loomed up amidships. As always in a fog, the engineers were standing-by below, and the captain was on the bridge. With that ready presence of mind which never failed him, the old man instantly set the telegraph at 'Full speed ahead,' and the mail-boat sprang forward like a racehorse. It was not a moment too soon, for the next second a full-rigged ship, running before the wind, with every stitch set, dashed past his stern—so close as almost to graze the paint. 'Nearly had my tail that time!' said Old Trip, looking round with his genial smile. 'If that there meteor flag of England had been flying from the staff, she'd have torn it!' and those who were astern at the time afterwards said that this was a literal fact. Had he hesitated for a second, or attempted to reverse his engines, a frightful collision would have resulted.

"It was a great sight to see Old Trip bring his boat alongside. When all was fast, no one dared to stir, as they never knew whether he wouldn't move his engines ahead or astern again, till he shouted 'Mail ho!' whereupon Chance lifted up his head and gave one short bark of satisfaction. Then the captain

on his way down from the paddle-box stopped to pat his dog, and remark, 'Very well brought alongside, Chance! Very well, indeed!' and proceeded on his way, distributing smiles as he went."

"And what became of this fine old fellow after he retired in '76?" asks a passenger.

"He died not long after—I think something under two years—his retirement; to the last beloved and honoured by all who had ever met or served with him."

There was silence for a moment.

"Captain," someone else inquires, "wasn't the *Connaught* once in a rather strange sort of collision? It was a very queer fix, wasn't it?"

"Well, it was rather remarkable," says the captain, smiling and looking at his watch, "but I shall only have time to tell you about it briefly before I must go topside.

"The *Connaught* was taking the Irish day mails from Kingstown to Holyhead, during a very thick fog, and proceeding dead slow. About half-passage a vessel was suddenly sighted on the port bow, close aboard, going in the opposite direction, and before either vessel could check the little way they had on them, the two ships were in collision. One of the paddle-boxes of the *Cambria*—a cargo boat belonging to the London and North-Western Railway Company—had smashed into and under the port paddle-box of the *Connaught*. She, being the larger and higher vessel, went partly over the sponson beams and paddle-wheel of the other ship, breaking it in; and thus they were locked together with the iron and wood of the *Cambria's* sponson beam forming a sort of bar in through the *Connaught's* wheel, and in such a jam that neither vessel could move or free herself from the other.

"The sea was calm, so the ships lay quite quiet beside one another, while the engineers went into the wheels, and by working hard with hammer and cold chisel and crowbar for eight hours, slowly cut through all the iron and wood of the *Cambria's* smashed paddle-box and sponson beams, till at last the ships were freed, and both proceeded slowly to Holyhead—the *Connaught* standing by the *Cambria* until safely inside the harbour.

"And now, gentlemen, it is time to look out for the light": and so saying, the captain goes up on deck, whither we follow him.

We have been three hours out from Holyhead, and it is time for the Bailey Light, at the end of Howth Promontory, which is like a small Gibraltar and forms the north side

of Dublin Bay—Kingstown Harbour forming the south—to make its appearance.

Presently this is sighted, and the next to look out for is the Kish Lightship, warning mariners off the Kish Sandbank, which is like the Goodwins, only that it never dries. It is about half-past five in the morning as we pass close to the lightship, tossing and tumbling about in the murk of the early dawn, and now we shape our course to clear the Burford Bank, two and a half miles further in.

At last we've entered Dublin Bay, and the sea is much smoother, though the full force of the wind is felt blowing off the low lands on the west side of the bay, which indeed afford no shelter from the wind. The hardy passenger of last night here turns up, just as we sight Kingstown East Pier head light, and now all hands are going to their stations for entering harbour and going 'longside.

The chief officer goes to the bows, the captain to the bridge, and as we enter, the telegraph rings the order, "Stand by, below," to call the engineers to their posts.

Now the order is "Starboard!" and with the starboard helm she makes a grand sweep into the harbour, flying by the lighthouse and still at full speed.

Just inside the lighthouse "Half-speed" is commanded, immediately followed by the steering order "Steady!"—and a few seconds afterwards "Port!" At this moment the

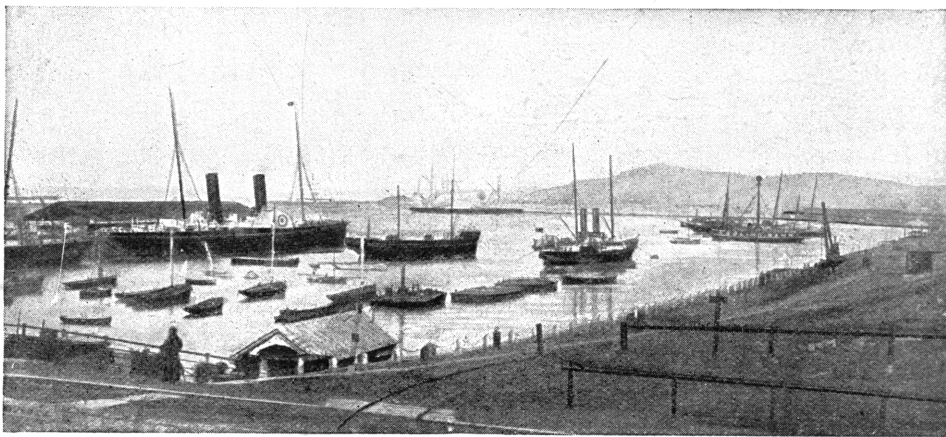
telegraph rings to "Slow" and two seconds after that "Stop her!" The captain has gone on the paddle-box—and here are the lamps, paling in the grey dawn, all along the jetty to which we almost seem to be rushing, till we fear that they'll never be able to stop her in time, or keep her from dashing on to that grim wall of rock ahead.

About fifty yards from the stopping-place the order is "Full speed astern!" and at the same time ropes are hove and caught by men on the jetty—and now the captain sings out, "Hold on forrard!" and "Stop her!" to the engine-room.

Now she's berthed steady alongside, and gangways are run on board. The telegraph rings, "That'll do, below!"—the releasing order to the engine-room; the captain comes down from the paddle-box, and the first officer returns to the bridge from the bows to note the time of landing the mails, the first bag of which is landed three minutes from passing the East Pier Lighthouse. The passage has occupied three hours and fifty minutes, and the entry in the log is "North-west strong gale, with rain, squalls, and heavy sea."

The ship is blowing off steam; the valves are opened, and the steam is roaring out or the pipes. Here we are, safely arrived in Kingstown, and I hope you enjoyed the crossing.

I have!



KINGSTOWN HARBOUR.

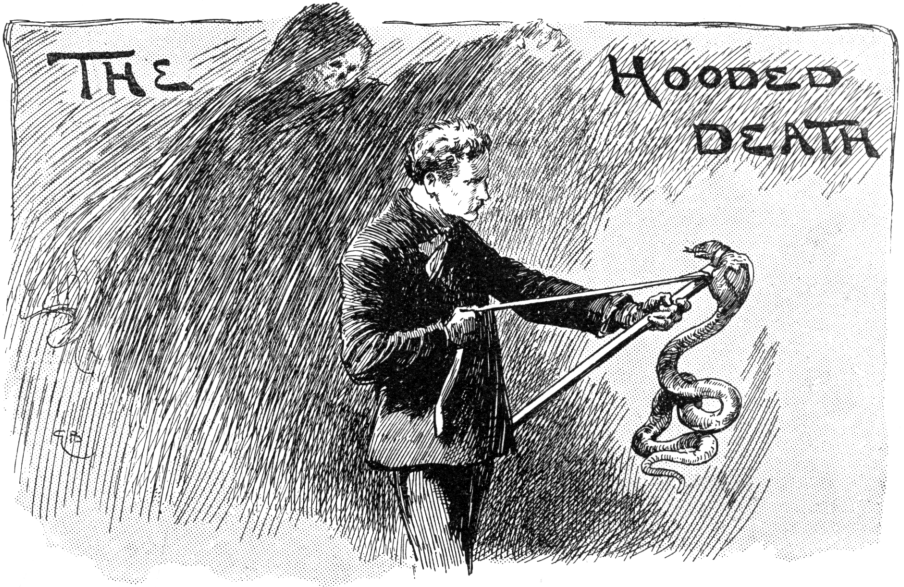


# Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES. NO. IV.

By L. T. MEADE AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]



**H**ER friends always expected that Edith Keen would marry her old lover, Donal O'Brien. Their astonishment, therefore, was great when it was announced that she was engaged to a retired West Indian of the name of Talbot. Maximilian Talbot was over fifty years of age, and Edith was twenty. He had been born in the West Indies, but his father was an Englishman by birth. He had amassed a great fortune before he came to settle in England, and as he was a good-looking man, with an aristocratic, old-world sort of flavour about him, those who met him in society expected that he would make a good match. His choice, however, fell upon Edith, who was no one in particular, her father being a man who had come to grief through his speculations. Edith was poor, and went very little into society, but Talbot happened to meet her at a country house, and from the moment he saw her, it was all too evident that his mind was made up. He proposed and, to the astonishment of lookers on, was accepted. Worldly people said that Edith had done well for herself, but all the same, those who really knew her were amazed. Donal O'Brien had been her lover

for years—it was even hinted, although no one was quite certain of the fact, that there had been an engagement between them; of course, he was poor—too poor to think of matrimony, but Edith was the last girl in the world, so her friends said, who would be likely to sacrifice love to money.

That she did so, however, was an all too patent fact. She married Mr. Talbot on a certain morning towards the end of May. She made a very interesting and beautiful bride, and, notwithstanding the disparity in their years, her handsome bridegroom seemed quite worthy of her. I happened to be present in the church when the knot was tied, and I can truly say that I seldom saw a more lovely face than that of the sweet, slender, white-robed bride.

The couple went away amidst the usual scene of rejoicing, and, busy with my ever-increasing work, I soon forgot all the circumstances of the wedding.

Three months afterwards I was in my consulting-room looking over one of my case-books, when my servant flung open the door and admitted a visitor. I looked up, and was surprised to see Donal O'Brien enter. He was a bony, red-haired fellow, with a mixture of Scotch and Irish in his com-

position. He was very tall, broad-shouldered, and gaunt; his eyes had a red gleam in them; he had a broad, firm forehead; his lips were closely set, and his square chin, which was cleft in the middle, had the determination of a bulldog about it.

I bade him welcome, drew forward a chair, and asked what I could do for him.

He stared fixedly at me for a moment without making any reply. I noticed then that there was a dumb sort of misery in his eyes. I recalled the old story about his love affair with Edith Keen, and roused myself to take an interest in him.

"The fact is," he began, "I have come here to consult you."

"Pray tell me what your symptoms are," I answered.

O'Brien laughed harshly.

"Bless you, I'm all right," he said. "I'm not here as a patient. You have always taken an interest in Miss Keen, have you not?"

"I have known Mrs. Talbot since she was a child," I answered.

"Yes, yes," he replied, impatiently, "but I never think of her as the wife of another man if I can help it. You know she was engaged to me, do you not?"

"I did not know that there was an actual engagement," I replied.

"Well, there was: it lasted for some months. I don't blame her a bit. She asked my leave to break it off. She told me, poor girl, that she had by no means ceased to love me, but her father, who has been, as perhaps you know, more or less mixed up in some shady speculations, had got into trouble. Talbot found out that Keen was hard up and likely to be publicly disgraced. He played upon Edith's affections, and told her that he would set her father straight if she married him. On this fact being known, all her family brought great influence to bear upon the poor girl. Keen himself came to see me, and begged of me not to stand in her way. She joined her entreaties to her father's. I was mad to yield, for I saw all through that she was only sacrificing herself. She never really loved the fellow, but like many another girl, she did not realize what marriage with a man of Talbot's temperament would mean."

"You speak as if you knew something about Talbot," I said.

"So I do; I'm coming to that part immediately. I made a fatal mistake in releasing Edith. I love her still to distraction. Poor girl, she has put her father straight, and tied

herself for life to a cold-blooded, inhuman monster. So much for self-sacrifice."

O'Brien jumped up as he spoke, and began to pace the room. He was in a state of great excitement. He clenched his hands, and now and then violent words burst from his lips.

"Quiet yourself, and sit down," I said, after a pause. "You have doubtless come to tell me all this for some specific reason. You had better do so at once, for my time is valuable."

I pitied the poor fellow from my heart, but I knew that it was necessary to bring him up to the point in the most matter-of-fact way I could manage.

He looked at me fixedly—shook himself as if he were a great mastiff, and then sank into the nearest chair, bending slightly forward, and pressing his hands upon his large knees.

"God knows I've come for a specific reason," he said. "It is this: Edith came to see me a week ago."

"Have they returned from their honeymoon?" I interrupted.

"Yes, they are staying in Surrey, near Dorking—Talbot has a bungalow there. She managed to elude his vigilance for a day, and came up to see me."

"That was the act of a mad woman, if you like," I said.

"I acknowledge that it was indiscreet; but, God help her! how could she think of proprieties in her terrible position? She wanted to ask me a question. She wanted me to do something for her. Can you guess what it was?"

"No, I'm sure I can't."

"Well, I'll tell you. You know my profession. I'm an experimental scientist. In especial I have devoted myself to zoology—and to that branch of the subject known as ophiology. I have made several valuable experiments with regard to the most interesting snake poisons under the guidance of the well-known Sir John Hart; our object is to discover antidotes for these terrible venoms. The most poisonous snakes of all are to be found in India, and amongst these the cobra undoubtedly takes the lead. My most exhaustive experiments, therefore, have been made in connection with cobra poisoning. I have been given special opportunities for studying the cobra and its mode of attack at Antwerp, and have discovered a method by which I can distil the poison, over the description of which I need not now waste your time. I should like, on a future occa-



"HE STARED FIXEDLY AT ME FOR A MOMENT."

sion, to talk over the antidotes which I consider most efficacious."

"Then you have really found out an antidote for cobra poisoning?" I asked, so much interested that I could not help interrupting the speaker.

"No; I wish I had. To a certain extent, antidotes have been discovered, but nothing up to the present has been proved to be of the slightest avail where *much* poison has been allowed to enter the system. Now, however, to return to Mrs. Talbot. I had just come back from Antwerp on the day she called, and had gone to report myself to Sir John Hart. On hearing that I was out, she asked my servant to admit her into my laboratory, and when I rushed in presently in a violent hurry, there she was standing by the window.

"She turned round when she heard my step, and came to meet me, with her face as white as death, and her hands tightly locked together. You know the peculiar fascination of her big, dark eyes. I never saw eyes with so much power of speech except in the case of a dog. They looked full at me as she came swiftly up to my side, but for a brief moment

neither she nor I uttered a single word.

"For God's sake, what have you come for, Edith?" I burst forth, at last. 'You know this is madness,' I continued, for I felt so wild at the sight of her, and at the thought of the barrier which now lay between us, that I could scarcely control myself. 'You must be mad to come here,' I said. 'I wonder you do it—and why don't you speak? Why are you dumb except with your eyes? What's up, Edith, what's up? For Heaven's sake, don't tell me that your marriage has

turned out a failure!'

"She raised her hand with a mute gesture for me to forbear.

"I have not come here to talk of my husband,' she said, in a broken, faltering voice. 'I have not come here in any sense to complain of my terrible position.'

"Your terrible position,' I interrupted. 'Then the whole thing has been a mistake. God knows, I ought never to have released you, Edith.'

"We must not talk of this,' she answered. 'I have come to see you to-day to ask your advice, and I can only do that if you will put sufficient control on yourself to listen to me quietly. My husband has a terrible dual nature. There are two distinct phases to his character. For days, perhaps a fortnight at a time, he is gentle, courteous, affectionate—a perfect gentleman in word and deed—but at any moment, without the slightest provocation, from no reason that anyone can account for, I see another completely different side to his character. When this phase overtakes him, he becomes not a man but a demon. He tortures me, he insults me; he is cruel, very cruel. At such

times, such misery is mine that I often fear I cannot retain my senses.'

"Is the man insane?" I asked.

"No," she answered, 'there is not a trace of insanity about him; at least, if one understands the word in its ordinary sense. He is cool, calculating—he seldom rouses himself to be really excited. He seems to have the cunning and the cleverness of the Evil One. When he enters upon this strange mood, I can scarcely endure my life. There is no possibility of escaping from him. Oh, I can't talk further on the matter. I have come here, Donal, to ask you to help me. You know how fond you are of collecting snake poisons. You have even described to me the symptoms, and the certain effect of cobra venom. Donal, will you give me a bottle of this poison?'

"In the name of Heaven, what for?" I asked.

"Need you ask after what I have just told you? I want to have the poison by me, in order that I may take it if I find that there is no other door of escape from my terrible husband when he enters on his dark moods.'

"Folly," I answered. 'Sorrow has driven you mad.'

"She broke down when I said this, Dr. Halifax, and burst into the most bitter, terrible weeping I have ever listened to. I stood and stared at her as speechless as if I were a dog instead of a man. I was enduring the worst torture which could possibly be laid upon me. I loved her to distraction, and yet I could do nothing for her—I dared not even attempt to comfort her. When she had got over her fit of crying, she began to appeal to me again.

"Do grant my request," she said. 'I faithfully promise not to use the poison unless the most dire necessity arises; but to feel that I have it in my power to put an end to my misery will strengthen my nerves. For the sake of the old love we felt for one another, be generous enough to grant my request, Donal.'

"No, no," I replied. 'I must save you from yourself, at any cost.'

"I had to say this many times. She went on her knees to me at last—still I refused her. When she found that all her entreaties were hopeless she ceased to argue, but sat perfectly motionless, staring out of the window. My servant came to tell me that I was wanted for a moment to speak to a messenger from Sir John Hart. I was absent about three minutes. When I came back, Edith rose and gave me her hand.

"Good-bye," she said.

"Her manner had completely altered. Her tears were all dried. Her beautiful eyes wore a veiled expression, and no longer gave me a glimpse of her tortured heart. I saw her to the door. It was a relief to see her calm, even though I knew how forced was her apparent serenity.

"Half an hour afterwards I went back to my laboratory. What was my horror to see that the small cabinet in which I kept my specimens of snake poison had the key in it. As a rule I keep it securely locked, but I remembered now, when too late, that I had, on my return from Antwerp, placed some new bottles of very valuable specimens of snake poison in the cupboard, and had, alas, forgotten to remove the key.

"Had Edith discovered the fatal mistake I had made? I rushed to the cupboard, opened it, and found that amongst the neat rows of carefully labelled bottles one was missing. There was not the least doubt what had occurred. Edith had helped herself to a bottle of snake poison. This accounted for the self-control with which she had parted from me. It is impossible for me to describe my sensations when I made this discovery. After thinking for a few moments I resolved to seek your advice. Here I am: what is to be done?"

"You are in a very awkward position," I answered.

"I should think I am. Is that all you can say?"

"Is the bottle of poison which Mrs. Talbot has taken very deadly?" I asked.

"Yes; she has helped herself to cobra poison, it would have a fatal effect immediately. She has taken a bottle of what we call 'Venom Peptone,' the most deadly part of the venom of the cobra. Don't let's waste time talking of it. What is to be done to get the bottle from her?"

Here O'Brien fixed his red-rimmed, anxious eyes on my face.

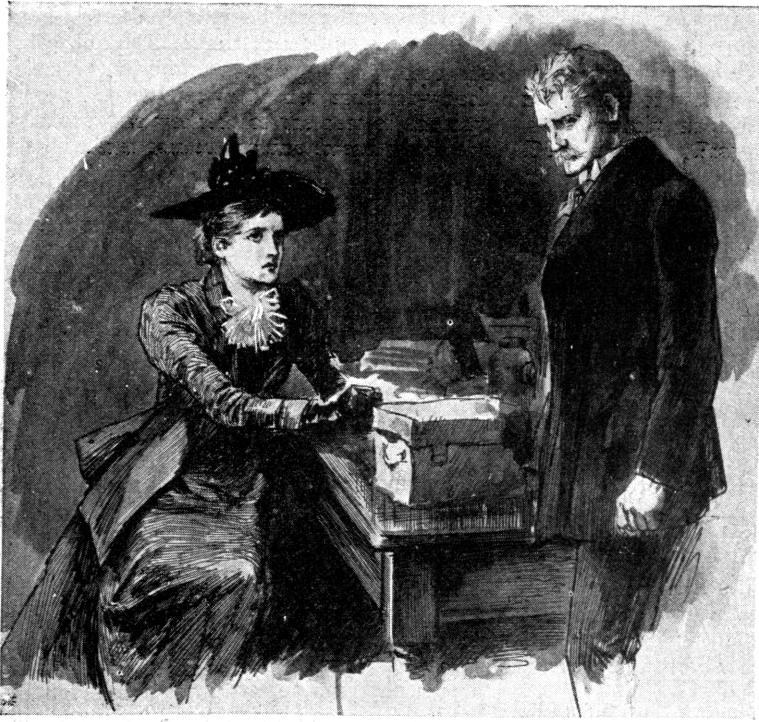
"You are a man of many resources. Have you nothing to suggest?" he asked, impatiently.

"Something must be done, certainly," I answered.

"Yes, what? Ought I under the circumstances to go and see her?"

"Certainly not," I replied. "A man like Talbot is certain to be consumed by jealousy. He may or may not have heard of your old engagement to his wife. A visit from you at this crisis could only precipitate the mischief we dread."

"Then you will go, Halifax?" said O'Brien.



"SHE BEGAN TO APPEAL TO ME AGAIN."

"I don't well know how I can without arousing suspicion."

"You must devise some subterfuge—you must invent something to account for your presence."

I thought deeply.

"I have it," I said, after a moment.

"Where do you say the Talbots live?"

"In Surrey, close to Dorking."

"And this is Saturday afternoon," I said, half under my breath.

"What in the world has that to do with it?"

"A good deal, as far as I am concerned. I have more leisure on Saturday afternoon than on any other day of the week. The case is an extreme one. Edith is an old friend. All right, O'Brien, I will take the matter up."

"God bless you, but won't you tell me what you mean to do?"

"I can't do that, for I don't quite know myself. I will go down to Dorking to-night—put up at the White Horse, and go over to the Talbots' house early to-morrow morning to pay a visit to my old friend."

"How can I ever thank you?" exclaimed O'Brien. He sprang forward and took my hand, which he wrung violently as if it were a pump-handle.

"I'll get that bottle of poison from Mrs. Talbot before I return to town," I answered. "How, I cannot say, but in some manner the deed will be done. Now leave me, like a good fellow, for I must see one or two patients before I start."

Two hours later I found myself in a train on my way to Dorking. I put up for the night at the White Horse, and the next morning, shortly after breakfast, set off to walk to the Talbots' place, which was beautifully situated on a rising ground not quite two miles out of Dorking.

The house was a long, low bungalow. It was picturesquely made, and was surrounded by beautifully kept gardens. The name of the place was The Elms. As I walked up the avenue under the shelter of a long double row of these stately trees I saw Mrs. Talbot standing on one of the lawns, talking to her husband. They were a tall couple, and made a striking effect as they stood together with their figures silhouetted with great distinctness against the summer sky. They were evidently engaged in amicable conversation, and Edith's silvery laughter floated down to me as I approached them.

There was nothing in the attitude of this pair to suggest even the most remote suspicion of unhappiness. Remembering O'Brien's words, however, I concluded that Talbot was in his amiable phase, and almost regretted that I had not an opportunity of seeing him at his worst. Edith heard my footsteps, and turned to see who was coming to intrude on their Sunday peace. We had always been good friends, and she coloured with pleasure when she saw me. Talbot also gave me a most courteous welcome. He was a remarkably good-looking man. His voice was low and somewhat languid. He had a slight drawl, which at times almost produced



a sense of irritation. His words were extremely well chosen, and when he addressed his wife his manner was the perfection of gentle and affectionate courtesy. I noticed, however, as I watched him carefully, an uneasy gleam flit now and then through his cold, grey eyes. It vanished almost as soon as it came, but I further observed that Mrs. Talbot seemed to watch for this expression with ill-concealed anxiety. At the present moment, all was undoubtedly sunshine.

"I am delighted to see you, Dr. Halifax," said Mrs. Talbot, "I know my husband joins with me in bidding you welcome. Are you not glad to see Dr. Halifax, Max?"

"I am very pleased to welcome any friend of yours to The Elms, my love," answered Talbot.

"But where are you staying, and why have you come?" asked Edith.

"I am staying at the White Horse," I answered. "I was rather hipped with work, and thought a day in the country would set me up. It enhanced the pleasure of my intended holiday to know that Dorking was within a short distance of your place."

"You shan't stay another hour at the White Horse," said Mrs. Talbot—"you must come here. Am I not right in asking Dr. Halifax to be our guest, Max?" she continued, glancing at her husband.

"Certainly," he replied. "We shall be pleased if you will come to us, Dr. Halifax, and remain as long as you can be spared from London. A servant can go to the White Horse and fetch your traps up presently."

After a moment's reflection, I replied, with a smile, "I shall be very glad to spend the day with you, but as I must return to town at a very early hour to-morrow morning, it is not worth while sending for my belongings. It will be more convenient for me to sleep at the White Horse but I can stay here until the evening with pleasure."

"That is better than nothing," replied Edith. "Now, won't you come and let us show you our gardens—we are so proud of them—at least I am."

"My wife has quite a passion for the cultivation of orchids," said Talbot. "Are you fond of orchids?"

I replied in a light spirit, and we spent the next couple of hours in the conservatories and out of doors wandering about on the beautifully kept lawns.

By-and-by we went into the house to lunch.

During lunch, I could not help noticing

that Talbot drank a good deal of wine of a rare quality and flavour. It had little apparent effect upon him—it brought no added colour to his face, nor any additional light to his cold, dull eyes. I saw at a glance that he was accustomed to imbibing great quantities of the poison, for, notwithstanding his outward calm, I was quite certain that wine had a poisonous effect upon a man like him.

Instead of taking the head of her table, Mrs. Talbot sat close to her husband, and to my surprise, took care to fill his glass whenever it was empty. This she did in a very quiet and unobtrusive manner—he never seemed to notice the action, but he invariably drained off the full glass when it was presented to him.

After lunch he came for a moment to my side.

"I am the victim of a very intolerable form of neuralgia," he said, "and am forced to keep it at bay by various sedatives, and also by the aid of wine, which acts on me as a narcotic—you will excuse me if I go to lie down for an hour—I shall hope to join you and my wife later on in the garden."

"We'll have tea in the garden about four o'clock," said Mrs. Talbot; "you will find us there whenever you have concluded your nap, Max."

He tapped her lightly on the shoulder, and gave her an affectionate smile, which she returned with pleased and heightened colour. Then she asked me to accompany her into the garden.

The moment had now arrived when I must make the real object of my visit known. I found it a little difficult to break the ice, and in consequence kept silent for a time, scarcely replying to the light and happy talk of the pretty girl by my side. She looked so fresh and animated—so young and peaceful—that I could not help sincerely hoping that O'Brien had exaggerated matters, and that Mrs. Talbot could never have contemplated the terrible sin of self-destruction. Still, there was no doubt that the bottle of venom peptone had disappeared from O'Brien's laboratory, and no one else could have taken it.

"Forgive me for interrupting you," I said, suddenly. "We are alone, and I must not lose so good an opportunity. I wish to tell you why I have really come to see you to-day."

The moment I said this she turned pale. Her pretty lips trembled, and she fixed her eyes on my face with a glance which gave me distinct pain. I avoided looking at her again, and began to speak slowly and calmly.

"Yesterday Donal O'Brien came to see me."

"Ah," she answered; "he discovered it, then?"

"Yes," I continued, "he discovered what you had done. You took a bottle of very deadly poison from his laboratory, having first begged of him in vain to give it to you. In his brief absence from the room, you stole the bottle—forgive me if I use very plain words."

"What does that matter?" she answered. She pressed her hand against her heaving chest. "Yes, it is true," she interrupted. "I took the bottle without his knowledge, and I know—I am glad to know—that it contains deadly poison."

"You must not keep it," I answered, in a firm voice. "I have come to fetch it. Will you run and get it for me now?"

She gazed at me with a mixture of terror and astonishment on her face.

"Do you really mean what you say?" she asked.

"I undoubtedly do," I replied.

"Then I defy you—I will not give it back to you."

"In that case——" I began.

She interrupted me hastily.

"No, don't say what you are going to say," she exclaimed. "I will tell you the truth. I have got the poison, but I don't mean to use it. It comforts me to know it is in my possession, but except under the last and most terrible extremity, I should never dream of taking my life. Assure Donal on this point. Tell him, by the love I used to have for him, to believe that I am speaking the truth."

I laid my hand for a moment on Mrs. Talbot's arm.

"Before we go into the subject of your keeping that bottle of poison or not," I said, "I want to say a few words to you on another matter. When I arrived here this morning, no young wife could look happier or more united to her husband than you did

to yours. You made O'Brien acquainted with some strange facts. Do you mind repeating them to me?"

"They are true," she answered, in a low voice. "My husband's nature has two distinct sides. In one phase he is an angel, in the other he is a demon. More and more, as time goes on, the demon dominates over the angel. Oh, my God, my God! I can't endure the agony much longer. When he is in his torturing mood, he is cruel to me in the most refined, the most awful, ways. His one pleasure is to devise means of putting me on the rack. I see his eyes fill with a terrible sort of joy when he sees me shrink and suffer. To know that I have at hand a weapon which can deprive him at any moment of the one interest of his life, will enable me to bear up against the torture. Believe me, I value my life, and will not



"THEN I DEFY YOU."

throw it away except under the most fearful pressure."

"You are very much to be pitied," I answered; "I need not say that I wish

beyond words that it were in my power to relieve you. Your husband must be a very strange character, for even the most acute observer could detect nothing the matter with him in the mood in which he is to-day."

"I wish you could see him in his other mood," she replied.

"I will endeavour to do so. I may be able to assign causes for it, and trace so fearful a change to a physical reason."

"Oh, he is not mad," she answered. "We can't get out of the difficulty by that door."

"Well," I said, "I must devise some means for seeing him when his mood changes to the one you describe."

"He would be careful and gracious before you."

"I should manage to see him when he is not on his guard," I answered. "But now to return to yourself, Mrs. Talbot. You must let me have that bottle of poison back. Whatever your circumstances, you have no right to attempt self-destruction. Your life has been given you by God; it is wicked to throw away His gift. If you patiently wait the Divine will and pleasure, I make not the least doubt that your misery will be removed in time. You were a good girl once: I have known you since you were a child. No life need be unendurable to those who seek for assistance from above. I am not a man to cant, but I believe in Divine power. Fetch me the bottle of poison—we will throw it away together. Don't keep this terrible temptation in your possession another moment."

While I was speaking, Mrs. Talbot stood with clasped hands; her face was deadly pale, and her eyes wore a fearful look of dumb misery.

"Think of the agony you are causing to the man you used to love," I said, after a pause.

She flushed crimson at these words.

"Wait for me here," she said, in a hoarse whisper; "I will fetch the bottle."

She ran into the house. I could not help thinking with great anxiety of her strange case.

Mrs. Talbot came back sooner than I expected; she looked excited and almost wild.

"I cannot find the bottle of venom peptone," she exclaimed. "I have searched everywhere—it has vanished."

For a moment I thought she was deceiving me, but a glance into her eyes told me that she spoke the truth.

"Are you sure?" I said.

"Certain," she replied. She leant against

a neighbouring elm tree as she spoke—she was trembling from head to foot. "I don't understand it," she said. "I can't imagine how anyone could have got to it. There is a cabinet in my room with a secret drawer. No one knows the secret of the drawer but myself. I brought the cabinet from my own home, and have used it since we came to The Elms to hold the treasures which used to belong to me when I was a happy girl. When I stole the bottle of poison from Mr. O'Brien, I put it immediately in the secret drawer of my cabinet. It was there yesterday, I know. When I opened the drawer to-day it was empty. Oh, what is to be done?"

"The bottle may have fallen to the back of the drawer," I said. "Are you certain you looked everywhere?"

"Certain—positive. I looked in every corner. The poison has vanished."

She had scarcely said these last words before Talbot appeared walking slowly across the lawn. Edith recovered her serenity as if by magic. She ran off to her husband, and asked him in quite a tender tone how he felt now.

"Better, my dear," he replied, giving her face a keen but very brief glance.

"I am so glad you were able to do without the morphia," she said.

"Oh," said Talbot, smiling, "you must not tell tales out of school, little girl; but after all, I don't mind a medical man like Halifax knowing. The fact is," he added, turning to me, "my neuralgia becomes so unendurable at times, that I am forced to resort to morphia as a mode of relief, and have taught these delicate little fingers"—here he took his wife's hand in his—"to manipulate the hypodermic syringe."

"As a medical man I must protest," I replied. "The use of morphia is extremely bad for you."

"In large doses, I grant, but not as I take it," replied Talbot.

A servant now appeared carrying a teatray, and our conversation drifted to indifferent matters.

I had not yet by any means accomplished the object of my visit. The strange disappearance of the venom peptone gave me a very queer sense of uneasiness. I had no opportunity, however, of again referring to the matter to Mrs. Talbot, and presently the hour arrived when I must bid my host and hostess "Good-bye" and return to the White Horse.

Just before I left, as I was standing on the veranda with Talbot, he dropped his voice to a low tone.

"I have often heard of your medical skill," he said. "I have a great mind to call on you some day and put my case into your hands."

"You suffer from neuralgia, do you not?" I asked.

"Yes, and other matters. Can you appoint a day and hour to see me in Harley Street?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Can you be with me to-morrow at twelve o'clock?"

"As well to-morrow as any day," he answered.

I made a note of the engagement and soon afterwards took my leave. Talbot walked a little way up the avenue with me.

"To-morrow at twelve," he said, as we parted. He half turned to go, hesitated, and came back to my side. "By the way," he said, "I should like to ask you as a medical man a question. Did you ever hear of a person who was bitten by a cobra recovering?"

Knowing what I did of Mrs. Talbot and the bottle of poison, this remark startled me. There was a moon in the heavens, and I saw a gleam, unsteady and uneasy, glittering in Talbot's eyes.

"Did you?" he asked, seeing that I hesitated.

"I know very little of serpent poisoning," I said. "A man bitten by a cobra would, I make no doubt, have a poor chance of life."

"You see a man before you who escaped death," he answered. "Years ago, in India, a cobra fastened its fangs into my leg. I was bitten severely, I was at death's door, but I recovered. I have never been the same man since. I recovered from the worst effects of the poison, but my nerves were destroyed. Good-night."

He held out his hand. I took it. It was limp and fibreless—cold as a fish.

"God help that poor girl," I could not help muttering, as I wended my way back to the White Horse.

I went to bed, and the thought of this ill-assorted couple mingled with my dreams.

I was awakened from sleep quite early in the night by hearing someone knocking loudly at my door. I sprang up and opened it—the landlord of the White Horse stood without.

"If you please, sir," he said, "you are sent for immediately to go to The Elms—Mr. Talbot is alarmingly ill. There's a brougham at the door, and Mrs. Talbot begs that you will go without a moment's delay."

"Tell the messenger that I will be down immediately," I answered.

I hurried into my clothes, slipped a small medicine case, without which I never travelled, into my pocket, and stepped into the brougham. It bore me quickly to the bungalow. As we drove up the avenue I saw that the house was full of light—figures were flitting here and there. When we reached the front door, a servant ran out to open the door of the carriage.

"My mistress wishes to see you immediately in the morning-room," he said.

I was shown into a pretty little room, where Edith was waiting for me. She was in a long white dressing-gown, and her masses of hair lay in confusion on her neck and back. Her eyes looked wild—her face was ghastly pale. She came up to me and clasped my hand.

"Oh, what am I to do?" she cried.

"Try to calm yourself, and tell me what is the matter," I answered.

"I can't bear it," she exclaimed, wringing her hands frantically. "How can I tell you what has happened?"

"You must try, my dear young lady, if you wish me to help you. You have sent for me because your husband is very ill. Had I not better see him?"

"Yes, he is ill—dying," she answered. "I will tell you what has occurred as briefly as I can. When my husband suffers much I generally sleep in a room near—I heard him groaning, and went to him. I had injected morphia into his arm as usual before I went to bed. I thought he wanted a larger dose. As soon as ever I appeared I knew by his voice that he had entered into one of his fiendish moods—he called out to me in harsh and terrible tones—he said that he had discovered the bottle in my cabinet, and knew that I concealed it there for the express purpose of taking his life. He accused me of having injected him, not with morphia, but with the awful cobra poison."

"The man must be off his head," I replied.

"No, no, he has only got into the phase of his terrible dual nature when he resembles a demon, not a man. He says that he is certain to die, and that I shall be arrested for his murder. Oh, can it be true, Dr. Halifax? Will anyone believe such a monstrous story? Tell me that you, at least, don't believe it!"

"Of course I don't," I replied. "But now you must let me go to him. If he is really poisoned in the way you describe, he must have done it himself. The poison is a fearful one, and almost momentary in its effects—he must be nearly dead by now. The important

thing is to try and save his life—this is necessary both for your sake and his.”

“One of the servants was by when he accused me of having injected him with the contents of that dreadful bottle,” said Edith. “Oh, why did I ever steal it from Donal? I am justly punished now. How am I to endure this fearful position?”

I saw that the poor girl was frantic with fright and agony of mind. I also perceived that her presence would be of no use whatever in the sick room.

“Stay here until I come back,” I said. “Believe me that I am your friend and will do my utmost to save you.”

I went upstairs, and a servant showed me into the room where the sick man lay. He was lying on his back—his hands and arms were thrown outside the counterpane—he was breathing quickly—his eyes were wide open. Now and then he clenched his hands, and a slight convulsive motion ran through his frame; he was conscious, however. The moment he saw me he opened his lips and began to speak with a quick, nervous energy.

“She has had her desire,” he said. “Is that you, Halifax? I am glad you have come. She

life in return. Well, I vow that she shan’t escape.”

“You gravely accuse your wife of having poisoned you?” I said.

“It is a fact,” he replied.

“How did she do it?”

“She injected cobra poison instead of morphia into my arm.”

“Where did she get the poison?”

“I told you just now that I found a small bottle of it in her private cabinet.”

“Where is the bottle?”

When I asked this last question, a cunning, secretive sort of look became immediately apparent in Talbot’s eyes.

“You had better ask her that question,” he said, in a sulky tone.

“Well, keep still and let me examine you,” I said.

I had never come across a case of snake poisoning, and did not therefore feel as competent to judge symptoms as I did on most occasions; but, looking now fixedly at Talbot, it darted through my mind that the state in which I found him was unlike that which I should expect such deadly poison to produce. I opened his eyes and looked into

the pupils—they were contracted; the eyes were full of a strange excitement. Beads of perspiration stood on the man’s forehead; he was evidently not only in violent pain, but was also suffering from excitement almost maniacal in its intensity.

“Can you administer an antidote?” asked Talbot, in a rapid but quavering voice.

“I will give you something to quiet you,” I answered. “Now keep still.”

I took his wrist

between my finger and thumb—there was no depression of the heart’s action. The pulses were beating fast and full. The man’s heart was going like a sledge-hammer. Even as I stood by him, he began to talk rapidly and in a sort of semi-delirium.



“‘SHE HAS HAD HER DESIRE,’ HE SAID.”

concealed a bottle of cobra poison in her private cabinet for the purpose of injecting it into me. She accomplished the fiendish act an hour ago. I am dying—so much for the loving young wife—I gave her everything that man could, and she has tried to take my



"I'll be even with her yet. Ha, ha, my *widow*—the inheritor of all my wealth—I'll put a spoke in your wheel." Then he recovered himself and looked at me cautiously. "I don't want any blundering, stupid servants about the room," he said. "Can you stay with me alone, Halifax? I wish to make a full and clear statement of what has occurred. Can a magistrate be summoned?"

I replied in soothing tones, and desired the servant to wait in the ante-room.

Snake poison or not, the man was not dying at present. I knew of antidotes to many poisons, but it suddenly flashed through my mind that the only person who could really cure Talbot was O'Brien. He had spent many years of his life in studying this special subject. I made up my mind to go immediately to see him.

Desiring the servant to remain in the ante-room, I went downstairs to where poor Edith sat, her elbows on a table, her face covered by her hands—she started up when I entered—her eyes looked quite wild.

"Now listen to me," I said. "You must on no account lose your self-control. I am convinced that I can get you out of this, but it is necessary for you to be calm, and to show no fear. Of course, you are innocent. I know you well enough to be certain that you could no more take a man's life than you could fly—but this is a delicate matter, and it is necessary for your own sake that you should not be too much broken down in the presence of the servants. You must get one or two of the men-servants to remain in the ante-room in case the patient should become violent, but if you have strength of mind sufficient to go back to your husband, I should like you to do so, and to remain with him until I return."

"Are you going to leave me?" she said, with a terrified cry.

"I must for a short time. I must go to London."

"Why?" she asked, with parted lips.

"I must see O'Brien. It is my private opinion

that your husband has not taken the poison."

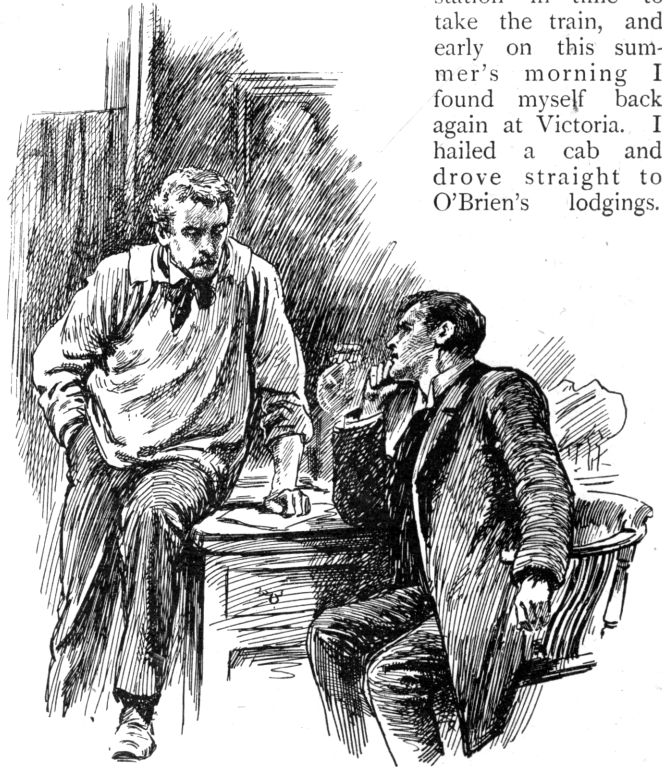
She started up with a joyful cry.

"But I am not certain," I repeated, "and I must see O'Brien. Cobra poison is fatal almost immediately, and your husband's symptoms, although dangerous, are not those of a dying man. It is impossible for me, however, to be quite certain what the final result will be, and I wish to consult O'Brien. Talbot has imbibed alcohol in large quantities for a long time, and that fact may possibly arrest the quick action of the poison. If there's an antidote, O'Brien knows it—I must go to see him by the next train."

We looked in a time-table and found that an early train left Dorking between three and four in the morning. If I drove off immediately I should just catch it. The bell was rung, the carriage ordered, and three minutes later I found myself driving to Dorking station.

Mrs. Talbot had recovered her nerve in the most wonderful manner, and when I again begged of her to take her place in her husband's room she promised to obey me.

I reached the station in time to take the train, and early on this summer's morning I found myself back again at Victoria. I hailed a cab and drove straight to O'Brien's lodgings.



"WHAT HAVE YOU COME ABOUT, HALIFAX?"

It was too early for any of the servants to be up, but I fancied I saw a light burning in the laboratory. I rang the house bell loudly, and to my relief O'Brien himself opened the door for me.

"In the name of all that's wonderful, what have you come about, Halifax?" he asked.

"I want to speak to you immediately," I replied.

He was an excitable fellow, and my presence evidently disturbed him very much. He led me with speed to his laboratory, shut the door, and faced me.

"Now, out with it," he said: "for Heaven's sake, don't keep me in suspense. Is anything wrong with Edith? Has she—oh, my God, if she has lost self-control and taken that poison, I shall administer a dose to myself. Speak, Halifax, speak."

"Keep quiet," I said. "The blow you fear has not fallen. Things are in a terrible position, though, at the bungalow. I spent yesterday there. I was alone for a time with Mrs. Talbot, and spoke to her quite frankly on the subject of the venom peptone. She confessed that she had it—and did not mean to part with it. After a little very plain speaking, I induced her to promise to give it to me. She went to fetch it, but returned in a few moments to say that it had vanished. She was much disturbed, and could in no way account for its disappearance. We hadn't any opportunity of discussing the subject, for Talbot appeared on the scene."

"I left The Elms late last evening, and returned to the White Horse. I was called up in the middle of the night to see Talbot, who, the servant said, was alarmingly ill. On returning to the bungalow, Mrs. Talbot took me into her morning-room, and told me that her husband had accused her of injecting cobra poison into his arm instead of morphia."

"The brute. Impossible!" exclaimed O'Brien.

"Try to calm yourself, O'Brien. This is not a moment for any outsider to give way. Of course, the unhappy wife is innocent—that fact goes without saying—but I greatly fear that matters may look very ugly for her if Talbot dies. The first thing to be done is to try to save him. If he dies there will be a very black case against the poor, innocent wife."

I never saw anyone look paler than O'Brien when I told my story.

"Is there an antidote to the poison?" I asked, speaking quickly.

He leant up against an old oak bureau before he replied.

"The case is hopeless, Halifax," he said then. "The bottle which Edith stole from my cabinet contained a preparation of cobra poison which we call 'Venom Peptone.' This is in truth the very essence of the cobra venom. If the man has got the contents of that bottle in his blood, nothing can save him. He is a doomed man—nay, he is dead by now."

"You have studied this poison very carefully?" I said.

"Carefully? I should think so."

I looked at my watch.

"I have a moment or two to spare before I must catch my return train to Dorking," I said. "It might help the case if you were to give me a few particulars with regard to the symptoms."

"I will do so. Perhaps I'd better tell you, first, how the poison is obtained. I collect with the aid of the snake loop. This I fasten round the neck of the cobra. The lip of a saucer is then slipped into its mouth. It grows angry, lifts its fangs, which catch on the inner edge of the saucer, against which it bites furiously again and again. Very soon a thin yellow fluid squirts out. This is the venom. It is innocent-looking enough. It has no smell and no taste. Injected, however, beneath the skin, the victim becomes immediately dull and languid. In some cases death takes place within a minute—but this would not be the case unless the dose given were specially large, or by chance entered a vein. The heart is immediately enfeebled, but after a time recovers partially; the respiration becomes slower and weaker, and still more weak; paralysis seizes the legs; the chest becomes motionless, and death quickly follows, as a rule without convulsions. If by any chance the victim survives the injection for half an hour, the part affected swells and the tissues soften as if they were melted—a horrible putrefaction occurs, and the tissues swarm with bacteria, which, as you know, are the cause of putrefaction. Meanwhile the breath-sustaining centres become weak and cease to stimulate the muscles so as to cause them to move the chest. The victim finally dies from failure to breathe. With the dose which I had collected in that small bottle death would be a certainty. I mention this to show you that there is no antidote, and Talbot has probably breathed his last long before now."

"Well, then," I said, springing up and speaking with animation, "my hopes have

become certainties—none of the symptoms which you describe have taken place. There was no depression of the heart's action when I saw the patient—on the contrary, he was in a highly excitable and even maniacal state. What I believe is this, that the man is not quite accountable for his actions. I noticed a peculiar look in his eyes the moment I saw him. I think on one or two points he is insane. He told me last evening that, some years ago in India, he was bitten by a cobra. I presume the bite was a very slight one, for his life was saved. He said that ever since that day his nerves have been in a high state of irritation. Since his marriage he has been without question very jealous of his wife. A person once bitten by a snake of any sort has a horror of the reptile to his dying day. Talbot is not, I should say, a very scrupulous person. There is no doubt whatever that he discovered the bottle of cobra poison, and that the mere sight of it excited his strongest animosity. His nerves, already terribly affected in this direction, gave way—he lost all self-control, and thought of a fiendish plot by which to ruin his unhappy wife. Thank you, O'Brien; I must now return to the bungalow. I believe I see my way out of this mystery. As I said, I had a hope when I came to you which you have made a certainty."

"Can I not go with you?" said O'Brien. "It's awful to think of the state that poor girl must be in."

"No, you had better stay away," I replied, "Your presence, under the circumstances, would do far more harm than good."

I left him, jumped again into my hansom, and returned to Victoria. I caught a train after a brief delay, and found myself, still quite early in the morning, back again at Dorking. I had desired the Talbots' carriage to be in waiting for me, and drove out to the bungalow.

A servant came to open the carriage door.

"Is your master alive?" I asked of the man.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

I could not help breathing a sigh of relief and thankfulness. Even granted that the action of the poison was rendered slow by presence of alcohol in the system, if Talbot had really been injected with the cobra poison, he must long ago have succumbed to such a large dose. I went upstairs prepared for immediate action, and entered the room without knocking. Talbot was sitting up in bed—his whole face was deeply red;

his eyes slightly protruded. He was using violent and excited words. Edith was standing close to him holding his hand. I never felt a greater admiration for Mrs. Talbot than I did at that moment. She had just been accused of the most awful crime that can be laid at anyone's door. She had gone through months of the most racking nerve torture, and yet she stood now close to the side of the man who had accused her, absolutely forgetting herself. When he spoke wildly, when he flung himself about madly, she tried to soothe him. I noticed that he clutched her hand in a firm grip. Although he hated her, he dreaded to let her go.

"Now, Mrs. Talbot," I said, "will you have the goodness to leave the room? I should like to see your husband by himself."

My presence and the sound of my voice evidently gave her such relief that she was on the verge of breaking down. She looked at me with a pathos which I have never seen equalled, and went softly out of the room, closing the door behind her.

"Why have you sent her away?" cried Talbot, his voice harsh and penetrating. "I order her back again. What is a wife for if she can't stand by her husband's dying bed? She has poisoned me—she can at least see me out of the world. It will be a pleasure to her to see the effect of her deadly work."

"Now, look here, Talbot," I said, "there is no use wasting breath over a man in your condition, but you have still got sufficient sense to understand what I am saying to you. You are no more the victim of cobra poisoning than I am. Why, man, if the dose you accuse that innocent girl of injecting into you were really in your veins, you would have been dead two or three hours ago. You are guilty of the most fiendish plot to destroy the life and reputation of a helpless and innocent girl that in all my experience I have ever heard of. In the presence of a physician you cannot for a moment maintain your position, and I advise you to confess the truth without delay."

The man looked at me while I was speaking, with lack-lustre eyes—he was quite dazed and puzzled for a moment, then his jaws slightly fell, and he lay back half-fainting on his pillows.

I saw that my words had told, but the patient was in no physical condition for me to say anything further to him just then. I administered restoratives, felt his pulse,

listened to his heart, and came to the conclusion that he was undoubtedly poisoned, but not by the deadly weapon which he had accused his wife of using.

I left him after a time, and went downstairs to speak to Mrs. Talbot.

"You may take comfort," I said to her. "Your husband is in a very dangerous state at the present moment, but, in the first place, he is not dying; in the second, he has never been injected with the deadly poison which he accuses you of having administered to him. Now you must keep up your courage—I am anxious to have a talk with you. Talbot is very ill, but I think it probable that he will recover from his present state. You told me yesterday that you were in the habit of injecting him with morphia. Are you quite certain that you only used morphia for this injection?"

"He sometimes used morphia alone, and sometimes with another preparation," she replied. "When he was in a terribly depressed state he used to mix the morphia with another drug—I have got the bottle upstairs. Shall I run and fetch it?"

"Yes," I replied.

She left the room and returned in a few moments with a small bottle, which she placed in my hand. The mixture had been made up by a chemist, and the label on the bottle only contained some of the usual directions. I removed the cork, and smelled and tasted the contents. Like a flash the solution of Talbot's queer attack was made plain to me.

"Why, this is *cannabis indica*," I exclaimed.

"What does that mean?" asked Edith, looking at me with wildly dilated eyes.

"It means this," I answered, rising to my feet: "all your husband's symptoms point to poisoning with *cannabis indica*. Venom peptone would depress the heart's action, would stop respiration, and cause death from failure to breathe. None of these symptoms are present in your husband's case. The heart is much excited instead of being depressed—there is no difficulty of breathing.

Now, my dear Mrs. Talbot, the case against you is completely broken down. If venom peptone had been injected into your husband's arm he would have been a dead man hours ago. He is a living man now, but very ill—his symptoms all point to poisoning by *cannabis indica*, which, taken in large doses, produces maniacal excitement of brain and heart. He has doubtless injected himself with this deadly drug."

"He often did, I know," answered Mrs. Talbot. "Whenever he mixed the drug he used to inject the hypodermic syringe himself into his arm—when he only used morphia he liked me to do it for him—but, oh," she added, "what is to be done? What does it all mean?"

"I should like to see your father," I said, after a short pause, during which I had been thinking hard. "He probably knows something of Talbot's past."

"What can he know? My husband returned from the West Indies eighteen months ago, he settled here, and we met him quite by accident."

"Exactly; still, I am anxious to become possessed of some of his past history, and it is possible that it may have reached your father's ears. Can you send for him?"

"Of course I can: my father lives only five miles from here. I will send the carriage with a note and ask him to come over immediately."

"Do so," I replied; "meanwhile, I will go up to the patient."

"Dr. Haliřax," said Mrs. Talbot, "you will not leave us to-day?"

"I will certainly not leave until your husband is better," I answered.

A faint smile was perceptible for a moment around her sad lips. She sat down to write a note to her father, and

I went upstairs to Talbot. I administered soothing remedies, and after a time some of the violent symptoms abated. As I sat by the man's bedside, and watched him as he sank into a heavy sleep, I became more and more fully persuaded that



"THIS IS 'CANNABIS INDICA.'"

this was an undoubted, although strange, case of insanity. I could not be certain, however, on this point until I could learn some particulars with regard to Talbot's previous life.

In a little over two hours Edith came to inform me that her father was downstairs.

I knew Keen slightly, but not so well as I knew his daughter. He was a thin, cadaverous-looking man, with a drawn, anxious expression of face. Edith had evidently been confiding in him, for he looked very much excited and disturbed.

"I am so glad you are here, Halifax," he said, grasping my hand. "What an awful tragedy has occurred—my poor, poor child; what is to be done for her?"

I asked Mr. Keen to accompany me into Talbot's private study; there I shut the door, and, turning round, began to speak abruptly.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Keen," I said, "to ask you a very straightforward question. When you gave your daughter to Mr. Talbot, did you know anything of his past life?"

Keen coloured painfully.

"God forgive me," he exclaimed. "Why do you ask me that question, Halifax?"

"It is necessary that I should do so," I replied, "in order to enable me to throw

light on a mystery which now exists. I will tell you frankly, that it has never been my lot to listen to a more diabolical scheme to injure an innocent and good woman than that which Talbot has perpetrated. I can only account for it by believing him to be out of his mind. Can you help me to find someone who knew Talbot in the past?"

"It is quite unnecessary, Dr. Halifax," said Keen. "I, alas, am terribly to blame. When I gave Edith to Talbot, I knew his past history. He had been insane for some years, and spent that period in an asylum in the West Indies. At the time of his marriage he was supposed to have completely recovered, or, although pressed as I was, I would not have given my child to him."

"Did Edith know of this?" I asked of Keen.

"No, I was careful to keep the knowledge from her."

"I need not say that you behaved in a very unjustifiable manner," I replied; "but it is not my place to call you to account. Please help me at the present juncture with all the explanations in your power. Was there anything peculiar with regard to the nature of Talbot's insanity?"

"I was given some particulars at the time," continued Keen. "It so happened that Talbot, when a young man, was severely, but not fatally, bitten by a cobra in India. He was never very strong mentally, and the shock had a strange effect on his nerves, producing, at intervals, violent fits of insanity. On such occasions it was one of his most constant illusions to imagine that someone had injected him with cobra poison."

"You knew this when you gave your daughter to him?"

"I regret to say that I did. I was almost off my own head with misery at the moment. Much depended on the money relief which Talbot was prepared to offer. He had been in his right mind for many years, and my firm conviction was that he would never again become insane. I was wrong—may God forgive me."

"I hope He will," I answered. "I must return now to my patient. You have thrown light on the whole mystery. The thing now to be done is to get hold of the bottle of poison, for it will



"DID YOU KNOW ANYTHING OF HIS PAST LIFE."



not be safe for Talbot and his wife to live together while he has it in his possession."

"How do you know he has it?" asked Keen.

"There is no doubt on that point—he evidently stole it from a cabinet in Mrs. Talbot's room. I must not leave a stone unturned to get it from him."

"Then he never injected himself with it?"

"Never. Had he done so, he would have been a dead man hours ago."

I went back to my patient, who was sleeping heavily. The effects of the *cannabis indica* were subsiding, and I thought it likely that when Talbot awoke from his sleep, he would more or less be restored to his right mind.

This proved to be the case. He opened his eyes late in the afternoon, and looked at me in some surprise.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Why are you here, Dr. Halifax?"

"I am glad to see you so much better," I replied. "You have been very ill."

"Have I? I have no recollection of it."

I looked at him steadily. He moved restlessly on his pillow and asked for his wife.

"Do you really want to see her?" I asked.

"I certainly do. No one can make tea like Edith—I want her to give me a cup."

"I wonder you can bear to look at her, after the cruel and shameful way in which you have treated her," I answered.

When I said these words, Talbot's face blazed with angry colour.

"Sir," he said, "you forget yourself."

"I do not, Mr. Talbot," I answered. "It is my painful duty to recall something to your memory. Last night you were very ill—at death's door. You accused your wife of having attempted to poison you with a bottle of cobra venom."

When I said the word "cobra," the man started, and an uneasy, troubled light filled his eyes.

"You accused your wife of having poisoned you," I continued, "when you knew perfectly well that she had done nothing of the kind. The cause of your illness was due to your own mad act—you had injected yourself with a strong dose of *cannabis indica*. This drug, when recklessly administered, produces maniacal excitement."

Talbot was quite silent for a moment after I had spoken. Then he said, in a subdued voice:—

"Then you think I was a maniac last night, Dr. Halifax?"

"I not only think it, I know it," I answered.

"You say I injected *cannabis indica* into my body?"

"You did, Talbot—you know it; I have proof of it, so it is useless for you to attempt to deny it."

"In my fit of mania," continued Talbot, "you say I accused my wife, my young wife, of having poisoned me?"

"That is so."

"If I did such a thing I must have been insane."

"The drug you injected made you insane for the time," I answered.

"Do you think that I am insane now?"

"No, the effects of the *cannabis indica* are lessening, and you are in your right mind."

"Will you believe me if I tell you, as a man of honour, that I have not the faintest remembrance of all that you describe as occurring last night? My wife is the gentlest and sweetest of women; I love her better every day."

"I believe you," I answered, suddenly; "and yet, Talbot, since your marriage you have been cruel to her. You have given her moments of intense agony—such fearful moments of torture that the idea of self-destruction has occurred to her."

"Heavens! You don't say so. Why, I have always loved her to distraction. What sort of brute do you take me for?"

"I take you for a man who at times does not quite know what he is about," I replied.

"Yes, yes, I recall things now," said Talbot. "I was in an asylum once—it was years ago. My madness was caused by shock after cobra bite."

"By the way," I said, as soothingly as I could speak, "you have a bottle of cobra poison in your possession. I should like you to give it to me."

He looked at me watchfully. Up to that moment he had been sane and calm—now an uneasy glitter returned to his eyes.

"Ha, ha! I want that bottle," he said; "it may be useful."

"Will you give it to me to take care of?" I asked.

He looked at me again, and with a violent effort managed to curb the strong excitement which was rising within him.

"Halifax," he said, bending forward and grasping my arm with one of his hands, "I dread the thought of cobra poison more than anything else in all the world. I found the poison a week ago in my wife's cabinet; since then the thought of it has haunted me day

and night. I have seen pictures in my dreams. I have seen the cobra, with its hooded head—I have watched its eyes with their wicked and unchanging expression. When I have dropped off to sleep I have felt its sudden stroke, and have awakened bathed in perspira-

He hesitated. A mighty struggle seemed to convulse him. Suddenly he thrust his hand under his pillow, and pulled into view a tiny bottle with a glass stopper. When he looked at it he laughed as only a madman could. I sprang upon him and wrested it



'I WRESTED IT FROM HIS HAND.'

tion and sick with terror. Many times a day I have tried to throw away the poison, but I have never gained sufficient courage to do it. For God's sake, take it and destroy it."

"Where is it?" I asked. "You will be much calmer when it is no longer in existence."

"No," he interrupted, his whole tone changing. "I had better keep it. Any moment it will free me from my haunting agonies—the death would be painless. After the first horror of the injection the agony would be past."

"Don't be a fool, Talbot," I said. "You are exciting your nerves in the most unjustifiable manner. You have been perfectly sane for years, and if you take my advice you may remain so for all the remainder of your days."

"My days are numbered, Halifax. I have an incurable disease, which I meant to consult you about when I called at your house as we arranged."

"Be that as it may," I replied, "have the courage to end your days as a temperate and good man should—don't yield to this horror. Give me the poison."

from his hand. My movement was so sudden as to be unexpected. I had just time to glance at the name printed in firm characters on the label, "Venom Peptone," then I dashed the bottle with its fatal contents into the midst of a small fire which was burning in the grate. I expected Talbot to spring upon me as I did so, but when I looked round I saw that he had suddenly fainted.

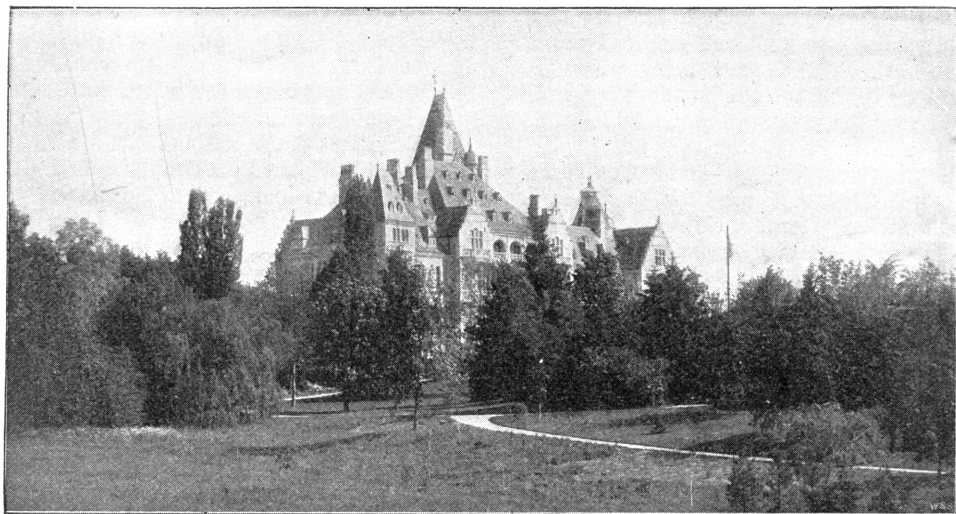
The rest of this strange story is told in a few words. When Talbot recovered from his fainting fit, he was quite gentle and sane. I sent for his wife to come to him. He received her with a smile of the deepest affection, and seemed restless and uneasy when he did not hold her hand in his. I made a careful medical examination of the man that evening, and found that his own conjectures about himself were correct, and that his days on earth were numbered. He lived for about a fortnight, when he died. During his brief remaining days he had no return of insanity. His last words and looks of affection were for the young wife who in his insane moments he had so basely and cruelly maligned.

## Friedrichshof:

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK'S RESIDENCE IN THE TAUNUS MOUNTAINS.

BY ARTHUR H. BEAVAN.

*(With the special sanction of H.I.M. the Empress Frederick of Germany, who has personally revised the article before publication. This description of Friedrichshof is especially interesting at the present time, when the Queen is staying there.)*



From a Photo. by]

FRIEDRICHSHOF.

[Hermann Rückwardt, Berlin.

“**I**N dear old England, Mr. Beavan, there are scores of places far finer than this; its only claim to be considered interesting is that throughout Germany there are few, if any, estates like it, though it cannot vie with the size and splendour of the many Royal and princely castles and palaces of the reigning families in all parts of Germany built in former centuries.”

It was thus that H.I.M. the Empress Frederick, standing midway between the tennis-court and lovely rose-garden, where she had been sketching, modestly deprecated any extravagant view being taken of the grandeur or the beauties of her Castle and its grounds.

Of course, as a loyal Englishman, I replied “that in England public interest in Friedrichshof was intensified by the fact that it belonged to the once Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, whom her native land had never ceased to remember with the deepest affection.”

The rosery, as I saw it in the bright sunshine, was one of the prettiest sights imaginable. About half an acre in extent, and inclosed partly by a creeper-covered wall,

and on one side by skilfully contrived trellis-work, over which young beeches and roses are trained, this garden resembles those so frequently met with in Scotland, a notable example of which is at Birkhall. It slopes gently upwards, and is divided into a multitude of miniature terraces, whereon half-standard roses are growing thickly in double rows. Ivy and nasturtium mask the edge of the stone-work; the flower-beds are bordered with golden-feather, auriculas, and polyanthus, and the beds themselves are a perfect blaze of such old-fashioned favourites as sunflowers, hollyhocks, dahlias, and marigolds. Perfectly delightful was the sense of repose, warmth, and perfume—a combination peculiar to old-established English gardens in summer.

Beyond the rosery, and standing in an orchard of fine fruit trees, is a large block of buildings: the stables, built in the style of a Rhenish or Hessian farmhouse. In the centre of the spacious quadrangle—approached through a lofty doorway of carved oak, over which is inscribed the date Anno Domini 1891—is an octagonal stone fountain flanked by flourishing oleanders in tubs. To the left is the coach-house, with a glass shelter projecting from the walls, very convenient in wet weather.

Here are kept, amongst other vehicles, the German coach depicted in the view of the stables, several well-built victorias — black picked out with red—and a pretty little pony carriage for the use of the Empress's grandchildren. Above the coach-house are the men's quarters, most comfortably and conveniently arranged. At the farther end of the inclosure is a stable divided into loose boxes and stalls, where are kept the saddle-horses, the most noticeable of them being "Surprise" —a fine dark chestnut, about 16½ hands, and five or six years old, purchased at Reading by the Hofmarschall, and generally ridden by Her Majesty—and "Commoner" and "Paddy," also used by the Empress, who is still very fond of riding.

One side of the quadrangle is entirely occupied by a splendid twenty-stall stable, devoted to the carriage horses ; and here the

and roofed with solid oak, which material is used throughout the stables wherever wood-work is employed. And lastly, telephones connect the stables with the Castle.

I was taken through the Hofmarschall's residence—a picturesque but unpretentious cottage, close by the stables, and was much struck by the immaculate purity of everything—walls, ceilings, floors, and windows—partly owing, no doubt, to the extensive use of wood-panelling and plain white walls, the dustless atmosphere, and to the absence of coal-smoke in Cronberg.

At Schloss Friedrichshof the windows require to be cleaned outside but once a year. This may seem incredible to Londoners, but it is a fact. In the spring a party of fire-brigade men come from Frankfurt with ladders and long hose and thoroughly wash every pane ; this suffices until the following year.



*From a Photo. by*

THE STABLES.

*[Hermann Rückwardt.]*

excellence of plan is particularly manifested, and reflects great credit upon the designers and upon Baron Reischach, whose knowledge of horses and their requirements is evidently considerable.

To begin with : The ventilation is perfect ; it is neither too hot nor too cold. The animals look the picture of health ; and ungrateful indeed would they be if it were otherwise, as their every comfort is provided for, including that of a spacious bath-room. So excellent is the drainage, and the facilities for flushing the roughened stone floors so great, that there is an entire absence of disagreeable smell. All the fittings are by Musgrave ; and in order to subdue the light, the lower part of the walls is tiled in grey. In short, there is every appliance that modern experience can suggest. Harness and saddle-rooms are panelled

Here, I must explain that Baron Reischach, the courteous Hofmarschall, occupies a position in Her Majesty's "entourage" similar to that of the Master of the Household at Windsor Castle. His office is no sinecure ; and right worthily does he fill his high position, and merits the confidence which Her Imperial Majesty evidently bestows upon him.

A short walk along a sunken road takes one from his house direct to the main entrance of "Friedrichshof" (or "Frederick's Court"), which is beneath a stately porch of white stone, whereon is deeply cut in Roman letters this pathetically simple dedication : "Friderici Memoræ."

The choice of the name "Friedrichshof" was due to a suggestion of H.R.H. Princess Victoria. Considerable discussion had arisen as to the most appropriate designation.

"Friedrichsruh" was the Empress's original selection, but as it would have involved the possibility of confusion with Prince Bismarck's place in the far north of Prussia, the Princess of Schaumburg-Lippe's idea on the subject was carried out.

A beautiful candelabrum-shaped fountain in Early Renaissance style, a copy of an ancient one in the garden of Baron "Salvatore" at "Trento," adorns the carriage-drive, and faces a small door which leads to the Hofmarschall's office—a snug little room with vaulted roof, in immediate proximity to the spacious corridor and drawing-rooms on the ground floor. To the left are the domestic offices, built in the old German fashion of timber and plaster. Dwarf shrubs screen the base of the stone wall. At night, tall lamp-posts and quaint bracket-lamps of hammered iron, let into the lower courses of the stonework all round the building, illuminate the approaches with electric light.

Superb is the appearance of this northern frontage. There is no monotony of design. As the domestic portion of the edifice is built at an angle of 135 deg. to the main building, the effect is somewhat that of a courtyard; and the steep slate roof, pierced and lighted up by innumerable little windows with their small panes of glass, gives an indescribable aspect of novelty, especially to an Englishman.

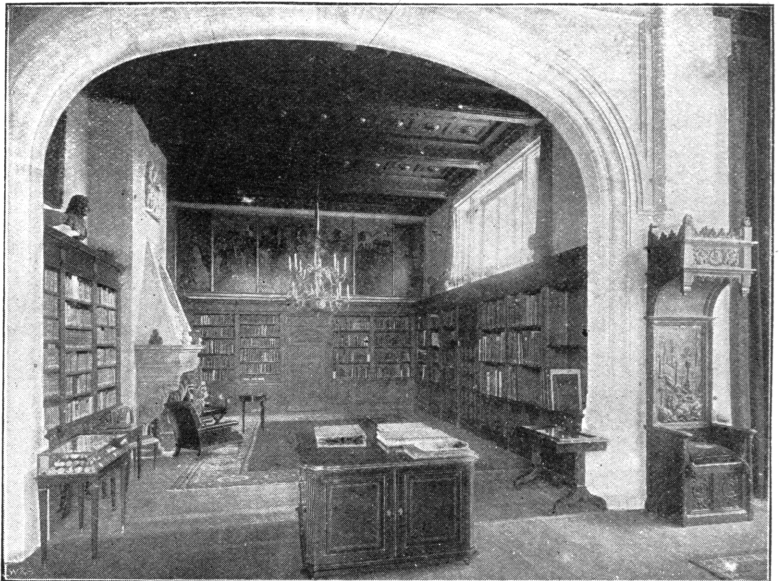
Technically, the architecture of the exterior may be described as Early Rhenish Renaissance, of the period of transition from Gothic to Renaissance—early sixteenth century—of which there are so many examples and remains in towns and villages along the Rhine and the Main, and all over Hesse and Nassau. Bavarian sandstone is used in the facings, windows, doors, etc., the surfaces between being Kalkschiefer, or slate stone, from the Taunus Mountains.

Within these walls are many objects of art and interest, not only

the result of years of indefatigable collecting on the part of the Empress and the late Emperor, but heirlooms, presents, and souvenirs of travels in different countries, and evidencing, in a remarkable degree, their taste for, and love of, art.

Beginning with the library. This noble apartment—leading out of the billiard-room by a small door, whose posts are of Venetian stonework of the fifteenth century—is some 50ft. in length, and is in the Renaissance style. At the end of this room the wall is occupied by a copy of the noble altar picture by Meister Stefan, at the Cologne Cathedral, representing the adoration of the Magi. Close by is the spacious fireplace, with iron dogs, and projecting chimney-cover of Istrian stone in Venetian work, with the Prussian eagle painted in front. The ceiling is flat, recessed, and rosetted, and of solid oak, from which hang massive brass chandeliers. On the top of the book-shelves, which run nearly all round the room, are busts, antique bowls, and Roman vases.

In a Louis XV. cabinet—facsimile of an original once the property of Frederick the Great—is a collection of autographs arranged with the greatest nicety, and of singular interest. Here are preserved the hand-writings of the Hohenzollern family, of Royal personages in Great Britain, Austria, Russia, Sweden, Belgium, etc., the sign manuals of statesmen, savants, and artists, and of all who have made their mark in the world's history. Adjoining, in a flat glass case, are gold, silver,



*From a Photo. by*

THE LIBRARY.

*[Hermann Rückwardt.]*

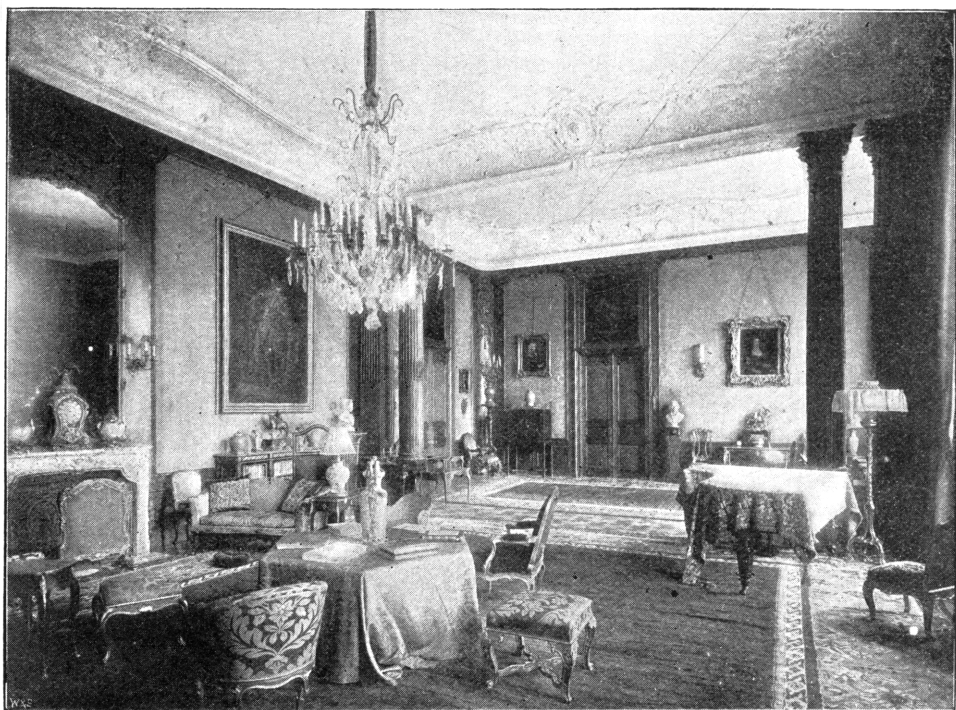


and bronze medals, representing members of the English and Prussian Royal Family. In a similar case, near the tall windows, are samples of ancient keys. Their workmanship is excellent, and tells of months of such patient labour as the nineteenth century never sees. There are "Chamberlain" keys, which in the last centuries were worn on the coats of great Court officials. But most amusing of all the curios is the combined spoon, knife, and fork which used to be carried about by ladies and gentlemen. In one of the oriels is a sixteenth century carved wooden "seat of honour," somewhat like a throne, with over-arching canopy, and which was always assigned to the chief guest. Each bookcase has five shelves, whereon repose the result of Her Imperial Majesty's gathering together of literature, commenced some thirty years ago. One case is entirely occupied by works dedicated to Her Imperial Majesty, amongst which I particularly noticed the famous Dr. Schlieman's "Troy." Another division is stored with all the books that have ever been written on the Royal Family of England, and on the title-page of each copy presented to the Empress—generally at Christmas-time—by her Royal mother, is an inscription in the Queen's beautiful and characteristic handwriting.

Every work in this inviting library has, before finding a resting-place on the shelves, been read and studied by the Empress. One case is given up to works on political economy—which subject Her Imperial Majesty is very fond of—and contains all Jeremy Bentham's productions, a gift from Dean Stanley. There are also many photographs, aquarelles, and engravings, with which a connoisseur might delight himself by the hour together. On the walls are a few paintings—prominent amongst them being a small but charming portrait, by Angeli, of the Empress Frederick as Crown Princess; and a sketch, by Titian, representing Charles V. of Germany.

Out of the library is a small waiting-room, in Louis XVI. style. The walls are hung with slate-coloured silk, long curtains of the same material draping the windows. The mirrors and mouldings are white, with gold. A pretty little girl's face, by Reynolds, looks out from one of the panels, while frames containing numerous miniatures of Royalties tempt one to linger for a closer inspection. The chairs and sofas—with remarkably graceful curves—are partly of modern manufacture, but strictly after the fashion of the period.

Next to the boudoir—as it might also be called—comes the large Green Drawing-room,



*From a Photo. by]*

THE GREEN DRAWING-ROOM,

*[Hermann Rückwardt,*

a magnificent salon 51ft. by 28ft., lighted by three long windows and one fine bay. Ornamented pillars, as it were, divide it into two parts. A superb carpet, with red ground and deep border, is effectively set off by the highly polished oak flooring—in itself a piece of perfect workmanship—and by the splendid green silk tapestry of the seventeenth century which covers the walls. My attention was specially called to two large pictures: one on each side of the handsome fireplace—George III. and Queen Charlotte in State robes, copies after Van Loo, and a priceless Rubens; the subject being Isabella Brand, the great painter's wife.

There are three doors, over which are flower pictures in panels. Glass cases on either side of the fireplace contain specimens of majolica, delf ware, etc. These cases are surmounted by rare old china on bronze stands. I noticed pictures of Admiral Keppel and of Frederick the Great; a fine astronomical clock, made in Paris from an original of the year 1787; and groups of furniture of the Louis XV. period, in perfect harmony with the Régence architecture of the room. Adjoining the dividing pillars are busts in marble of King Frederick William III. of Prussia, and Prince Waldemar, the Empress's youngest son, who was taken from her at the tender age of eleven. On a marble column stands a bronze bust of Prince Carl Emanuel of Savoy, a present from the King of Italy. Wall-brackets and antique chandeliers, fitted with electric light, shed a beautifully soft radiance as evening falls; and all the principal pictures are illuminated by the same means. Upon a cabinet at the end of the room is a most significant and touching object. During the last illness of the late Emperor Frederick, the Empress had ordered for him an equestrian statuette in gilt bronze, representing Max Emanuel of Bavaria, the conqueror of the Turks. But the Emperor was destined not to see this piece of exquisite workmanship, which arrived after his death. The tender thoughts that touching evidence of her own devotion recalls, one may in silence easily conjecture.

So attractive was the prospect outside, that I was tempted to leave these fascinating art treasures for a while, and see what the garden-front of Friedrichshof was like.

A right noble stone terrace, nearly 200ft. in length, runs along this side of the building, with broad steps in the middle and at each end. On the parapet are palms in classic-shaped metal vases, made in Japan after a special pattern. Grape-vines cluster

on the balustrade of the steps, and on the lower terrace are pomegranates, orange-trees, and oleanders in tubs. To the left stands a fine iron flag-staff painted red, bearing aloft the small square flag of the Empress Frederick—a black coat of arms on a red ground. I noticed that the letters F and V and V and F, lovingly united by a cord to a heraldic shield in the centre, are delicately carved on the walls of the Castle. Violets, pansies, and heliotrope fill the air with fragrance from the beds at the foot of the terrace. Descending, one walks over a gracefully undulating plateau of trimly-kept lawn, bordered by irreproachably tidy walks made of crushed quartzite, and ornamented by silver beeches, acacias, and rare conifers. The ground gradually slopes away through a kind of uninclosed orchard, towards the road which intersects this side of the domain, and where hedges of roses face young chestnut trees linked together in the most charming fashion by pendant vines.

At this point is the pretty lodge—built in the old German style—keeping guard over the handsome gates of highly wrought iron-work. Opposite is a flourishing "*Cedrus deodara*," planted by Her Imperial Majesty, 23rd May, 1890; and along the carriage drive to the Castle are specimen conifers, each bearing on its dated iron tablet the name of its particular Royal planter.

Throughout the grounds, wherever there is a suitable spot, rock-work has been arranged, and planted with yews, junipers, and holly. Shady walks of young oaks and chestnut trees abound, together with seats, that from their inviting sheltered position seem to compel one to rest. In these nooks, the stillness is broken only by the pattering of falling acorns, the discordant screaming of young jays, the musical twittering of black-birds, and the striking of the Castle clock.

At the back of the Schloss is the tennis-court, screened from observation by an arbovitæ hedge, approached under the canopied shade of two fine chestnut trees. As I passed by, H.R.H. the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and one of her brothers were playing a game of tennis with Baron Reichschach and his wife, while the little five-year-old Prince Waldemar—only child of Prince Henry of Prussia, the Empress's second son—dressed in sailor costume, was dancing about with the Hofmarschall's children, and characteristically asking them in excellent English to come and play at soldiers. He is a beautiful and most intelligent child, and one of the prettiest sights



From a Photo. by]

THE TERRACE.

[Hermann Rückwardt.

imaginable was the gravity with which he was constantly endeavouring—not always with success—to lift his little sailor cap in response to the salutes of soldiers, servants, and subordinates generally. His mastery of English is perfect, and his intonation remarkably clear for so young a child.

Just beyond the tennis-court is a vigorous young Wellingtonia, planted by the Emperor William during one of his visits; and it was here that I awaited an audience with Her Imperial Majesty. Herr Walter—Director of the estate—suddenly informed me that the Empress was approaching, a servant, clad in the Imperial livery of dark blue and silver, having but an instant before conveyed a similar intimation—and in a few moments I was in the presence of the Empress Frederick of Germany.

Her Imperial Majesty did me the honour to communicate much valuable and deeply interesting information about her estate, facts that were afterwards supplemented from other and absolutely reliable sources.

"You have no idea," said Her Majesty, "how rough the place was when I came here; the first thing that had to be done

was to create the roads." In fact, every decent road in Cronberg has been produced through the energy and liberality of Her Imperial Majesty.

The Empress proceeded to tell me in a few words how she became possessed of the Cronberg estate. She had, she said, visited the place but once, in the happy days when, as Crown Princess, her home was at the old Homburg Schloss. "And then," added Her Majesty, with indescribable pathos, "came the year 1888! And after that I did not care to live at the big Castle in state. Besides, I felt that I must have a place that I could absolutely call my own, which I could occupy my time in superintending." Therefore, inquiries were made regarding Cronberg, its climate, soil, and suitability for planting. A report was duly made; and, acting with characteristic decision, the Empress forthwith elected to purchase the house and grounds where "Friedrichshof" now stands, from Dr. Stiebel, son-in-law of the late Herr Reiss, a wealthy manufacturer of Manchester, who constructed the short line of railway

that connects Frankfurt with Cronberg. The property then consisted of but a few acres, surrounded by small freeholds, over which many inconvenient rights-of-way existed, some continuing to this day. Several of these proprietors were bought out, thus bringing the total extent of the estate to two hundred and fifty acres.

A small inclosure at the back of the Schloss on the slope of the hills was rented, to prevent the Castle from being too much overlooked. But the pine forests, which stretch away in every direction right and left, being communal property, no attempt was made to attach any portion of them to Friedrichshof.

Herr Reiss's old villa was in greater part pulled down, and without intermission for four years—from 1889 to 1893—the work of drainage, road-making, building, and planting went on with unabated vigour, providing employment for a great number of people, resulting in a noble country-house and well-laid-out grounds, which latter promise to be in twenty years' time, or less, a real arboretum.

When talking on the subject of trees, Her

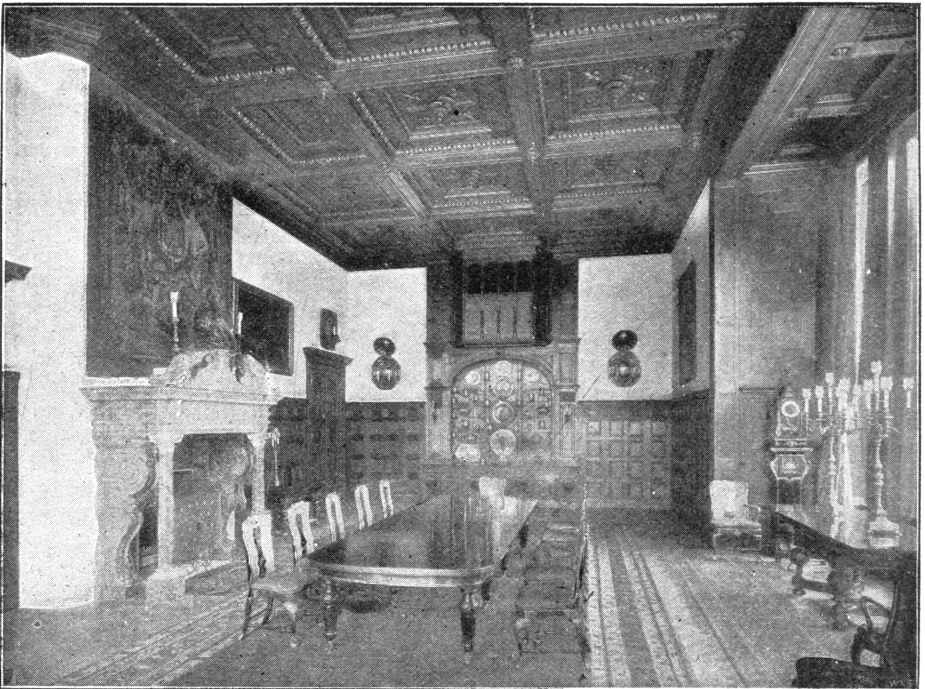
Majesty told me that the sweet chestnuts round Cronberg are almost the only ones in this part of Germany. All large and perfect specimens of conifers that stood about the old house have been retained; and one noble Wellingtonia, as straight as a dart, and fully 80ft. in height, particularly excited my admiration.

But to return to the Castle and the large dining-room, where the table laid for dinner—which is generally at 8 or 8.30 p.m.—looked extremely pretty, with its silver ornaments and lovely flowers. At this particular season roses are immensely to the fore at Friedrichshof—the favourite evidently being “La France”—and are everywhere to be seen in bowls and vases.

It is a noble *salle des festins* and of ample dimensions—44ft. in length by some 23ft. wide. Early Renaissance is still adhered

to, and supporting a most impressive bust of the late Emperor Frederick. In Ancient Rome, the Lares and Penates occupied the chief place at the sacred family hearth, where a fire was kept perpetually burning in their honour, the “Lar being represented by the image of some departed member of the family, who had been a good man during his lifetime, and who was supposed to take an interest in, and to preside over, living concerns.” With like tenderness of imagination may many a guest partaking the Empress’s hospitality, while contemplating the counterfeit presentment of “Frederick the Noble,” and thinking of that which used to be, recall the lines:—

I see thee sitting crowned with good,  
A central warmth diffusing bliss  
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,  
On all the branches of thy blood.



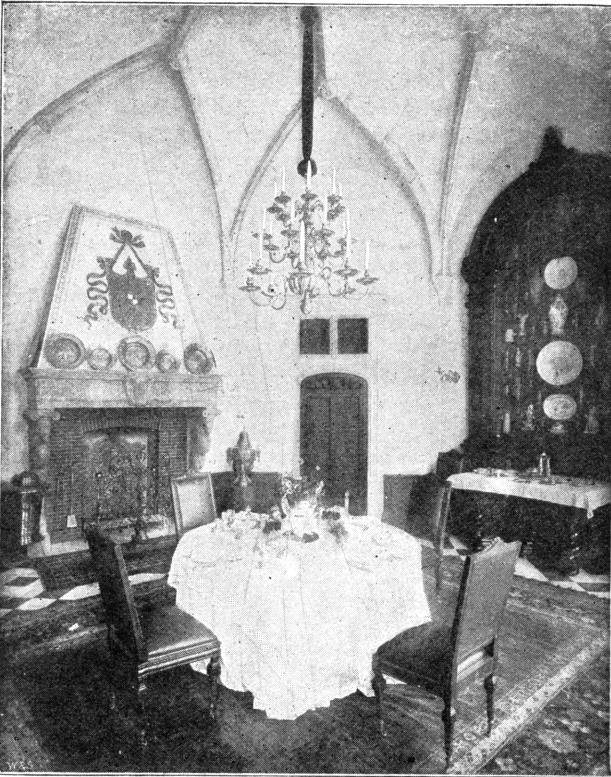
From a Photo. by

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Hermann Rückwardt.

to, as in most of the principal rooms on the ground floor. Its walls are panelled with the choice oak used so extensively throughout the Castle. High up at the northern end is a music gallery, suggestive of mediæval halls, and below it is an alcoved recess, wherein are displayed rich old silver tankards and salvers. But the chief feature of the room is the noble columnar marble mantelpiece, projecting 5ft. from the

Breakfast is served—usually at nine o’clock—in a delightful octagonal-shaped room overlooking the main approach to the Castle. A vaulted ceiling produces the effect of an old baronial hall, which is increased by the presence, in a large glass case, of a collection of rare “Elector glasses,” like enormous tumblers, richly painted with representations of processions of dead and gone Electors, with their doubled-eagle coats-of-arms. The



From a Photo. by]

THE OCTAGONAL BREAKFAST-ROOM. [Hermann Rückwardt.

floor is of black and white marble, the chairs are covered with green leather, and the breakfast table is round. Against the wall, facing one another, are two cases full of fine old faïence, soup tureens, plates, jugs, etc.

Returning from the dining-room, a door, with gilt pillars on its further side, opens into the grand corridor (68ft. by 11ft.), thence to the hall (45ft. by 35ft.), giving in combination a splendid promenade of over 100ft. Like the breakfast-room, the floor is of black and white marble, tessellated. The walls are hung with old tapestry. Resembling in this respect almost every other room, it is furnished with carved chairs, etc.

In the Great Hall is a truly magnificent stone fireplace (Italian Renaissance), on each side of which stands an immense carved wooden candlestick. Here, as in the Green Drawing-room, the furniture is so skilfully arranged as to create a most comfortable, homely appearance, in spite of its great size. A low wooden gallery—in which is a lovely American organ—overlooks the door at the back which leads to the large “withdrawing room.” Large beams of oak form the ceiling, giving an air of solidity and a certain

ecclesiastical tone. Carved and painted coffers are ranged against the wall, and the space above is occupied by an ancient piece of Brussels tapestry, the subject being that of Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, to whom the priests are attempting to offer sacrifice. Just beyond this stands a tall Louis XVI. clock, richly gilt à quatre couleurs. The windows here, as in the library, are composed of small panes of stained glass with Swiss and Gothic armorial bearings.

In that part of the house devoted to reception-rooms there is but one first or upper floor, approached by an ample and straight staircase, with a gallery and corridor above. Here, *en suite*, and of comfortable size, are the guests' apartments, furnished with an entire absence of uniformity—the hangings, carpets, chairs, etc., being all of different colours; indeed, hardly two pieces of furniture, and certainly no two chimney-pieces, are alike.

One lovely room faces the east, and commands a magnificent view. Near it is another, occupied by the Emperor William during his recent visit. Adjoining is an apartment with an exquisitely carved old German “four-poster,” its richly wrought hangings the work of the Empress and the late Princess Alice.

Here, on the south side of the Castle, are Her Imperial Majesty's drawing-room, boudoir, and *chambre à coucher*, with a private balcony overlooking the garden.

I commenced this article by remarking that the great interest in Friedrichshof rests upon the circumstance that it is the residence of our once Princess Royal. A reference, therefore, to Her Imperial Majesty's personality is appropriate.

There is a striking individuality in the Empress Frederick's character. Her nature is kindness itself, manifested in a thousand ways unheard-of by the outside world. In the hamlet of Cronberg she is as well known in the humble dwellings of the poor as her Royal mother is at Balmoral. Her sympathy with the needy is no mere sentiment, but ever assumes a practical form. The welfare and happiness of the people are, and always have been, the purpose of her life.



When Crown Princess, she caused a hut hospital to be erected at Homburg, for the reception of the poor wounded soldiers during the fearful struggle of 1870-71, and—as did also the Empress Augusta—personally looked after their housing and nursing. At Cronberg she has established two sisters from the Victoria House at Berlin (a training school for nurses founded by the Empress). These two sisters nurse the poor of Cronberg and neighbouring villages. The Empress has given a site for a much-needed hospital for the use of the district.

Her Imperial Majesty's appearance is not now so familiar in England as that of other members of the Royal Family; and, in my opinion, photographs do not do justice to her. She possesses a charming geniality of expression, and a particularly kindly look about the eyes, in which respect she resembles the Prince of Wales. When moved by the recital of some sorrow or trouble, sympathy imparts great pathos to her voice—at all times a pleasant one.

After all, it does not seem so many years ago since that memorable occasion to which the late Emperor referred, when speaking to Mr. Beatty Kingston. "You were," said he, "only a boy on that eventful day, the happiest in my life. I am reminded of it every time I hear the 'Wedding March,' and that is why I would rather listen to that tune than to any other that ever was written."

The Empress Frederick's habits are simplicity itself. Like all the Royal Family, she is an early riser, and delights in plenty of fresh air and open windows. In the morning she usually rides until twelve o'clock, and passes the remainder of the day in studying, painting, and receiving visitors. She is most energetic in all she undertakes, and personally superintended the important work involved in the building of the Schloss, the stables, and the outbuildings, so ably planned and carried out by Herr Ihne, the well-known Berlin architect.

The Empress is very tender-hearted, and will not—if she can prevent it—allow any living thing on the estate to be disturbed or killed. One day a leveret—which used to amuse her in the quiet early hours of the summer mornings by disporting itself beneath her window—ceased to put in an appearance, lured, probably, by relatives and friends to fields and pastures new. The Empress was quite inconsolable, and closely questioned Director Walter as to the cause of its sudden disappearance. On this occasion, however, he was able to com-

pletely clear himself of any suspicion of having carried into effect such designs as he might legitimately have entertained against a possible injurer of many a young and valuable tree—but the mystery surrounding the youthful hare's neglect of his Imperial mistress was never solved.

Her Imperial Majesty is fond of painting. Her studio, with a capital north light, is just above the entrance to the Great Hall, and here she hopes to spend much of her time. At Bagshot Mansion, hanging over the fireplace in the great hall, may be seen an excellent example of her work—the subject being a portion of the Palace at Potsdam. In music, she was the pupil of Sir Michael Costa, and she is an enthusiastic lover of Handel.

Amongst the numerous visitors constantly coming and going at Friedrichshof, the most frequent are two of the Empress's married daughters, who live not far off—Princess Margaret, married to Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse, being at Rumpenheim, near Frankfort—a spot where H.R.H. the late Duchess of Cambridge used to relate her mother had witnessed the great Napoleon on a white charger returning after the battle of Hanau, in 1813—and Princess Victoria of Schaumburg-Lippe, at Bonn.

In conclusion, I may remark that Friedrichshof is only the summer residence of the Empress Frederick. During the winter she lives in Berlin, at her palace, Unter den Linden.

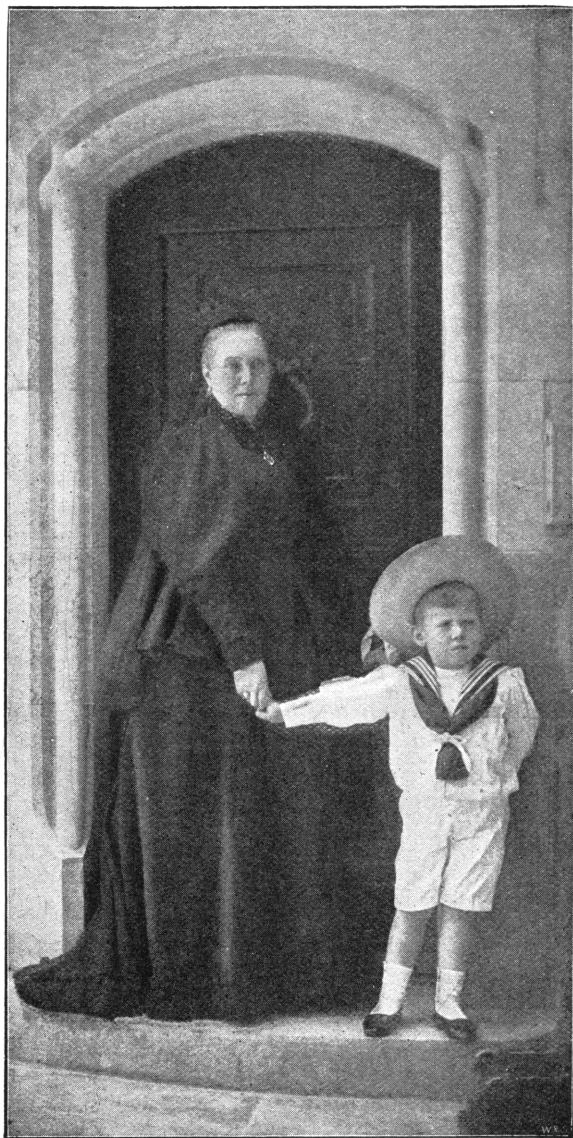
As I took my leave of Cronberg, I noticed that the thick clouds which all day long had rested upon the Taunus Mountains—"range beyond range of swelling hills and iron rocks"—and had blotted out both Cronberg and Friedrichshof, gradually rolled away as the sun set, leaving the Castle—half-way up the slope—clear to the view in all its fine proportions; while every pane of glass on its southern front reflected back, as from countless diamond points, the rays of the westerling light.

Thus may brightness and sunshine be the after-lot of the august lady who rules with beneficent sway over her country domain; and may every trace of past sorrow gradually fade away. Eldest born of England's Royal Family, destined for a position hardly less exalted than that of her Royal mother, admirably fitted by temperament, education, and training to rule over a great nation, gifted with a liberality of disposition and breadth of view, added to a kindness of heart calculated to endear her to all, a Providence—before whose decrees potentates and people alike must bow—willed that these qualifica-

tions should be otherwise employed; and dashed from her lips, ere it had been hardly tasted, the jewelled chalice of Imperial rule.

But much remains to her who, released from the responsibilities of a throne, has, perhaps, all the more influence for good. As the golden link which connects the two great Teutonic nations of the world, before whose united navies and legions no possible combination could stand, who may calculate the good Her Imperial Majesty may effect!

The Princess, born in "dear old England," and who—in the



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AND HER GRANDSON, PRINCE GEORGE OF THE HELLENES.

From a Photo. by J. B. Ciolina, Frankfort.

words of the late Prince Consort—"united to a husband of her choice, passed to a distant country" many years ago, did not, in so doing, cease to retain the affections of the Queen's subjects. Alike in her early married life, in the struggles which brought about the unity of Germany, as the devoted consort of one of the noblest men that ever lived, and as the widowed Empress, she has ever possessed the sympathy and admiration of the land of her birth; where all will recognise the touching fitness of the simple dedication of her splendid Castle: "TO THE MEMORY OF FREDERICK."

*Victoria  
Duchess Empress Frederick  
& Queen of Prussia*

*Prince George  
of the Hellenes  
 eldest son of the  
 Crown Prince of  
 Greece & the  
 Princess of the  
 Hellenes*

## An Intervention.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MATHILDE SERAO, BY ALYS HALLARD.

I.



GUIDO certainly looked perfectly happy; indeed, anyone would have thought that he had not a care in the world. He was on his way home from a political banquet, where he had been explaining in detail his programme to his electors. He had been complimented on all sides, and, added to this, the dinner itself had been excellent and the champagne all that could be desired. Guido felt quite easy in his own mind about the result of the election, and now this evening he was going to a ball, where he would enjoy a flirtation with the Baroness Stefania. He was just returning home now to have an hour's rest and a nap, like Napoleon on the eve of a battle. On entering the dining-room his faithful old servant, Giuseppe, followed him respectfully in, and stood for a minute evidently desiring to speak to his master.

"What is it, Giuseppe?" asked Guido.

"If you will excuse me, sir, I wanted——"

"Be quick about it, my good fellow, for I have not much time."

"Do you not remember what day it is, sir?"

"No—what do you mean?"

"It is your birthday——"

"Ah! so it is," said Guido, and his face clouded over.

"There always *used* to be flowers everywhere, sir——"

"There *used* to be—but that's over—there are none in these days," and Guido smiled bitterly.

"You'll please to excuse me, sir," said the old man, stepping forward and uncovering a huge bouquet on the table.

"Oh, Giuseppe—there's no need to apologize, my good fellow. Thank you very much; this little surprise has given me great pleasure."

Guido could not help feeling melancholy all the same at the thought that on this day, when he was accustomed to being *fêted*, there was only his old servant now to remember it. It was only a passing regret, for Guido was too much a man of the world not to be able to throw off all *appearance* of emotion.

"I am going to my room to get a little

rest," he said to Giuseppe; "you can wake me at eight."

"You'd better not, sir," said the servant, earnestly.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because, sir, when Girolamo was here alone this morning a lady called, and when she found that you were out, she said: 'Tell your master, when he comes in, that I will call again at seven, and ask him to be sure and wait in for me, as I want to see him on particular business.'"

"And her name?"

"She would not give it."

"H—m! more and more mysterious! Did Girolamo say what she was like?"

"Yes, she was young, tall, dark, and very well dressed."

"Oh! it's getting decidedly interesting, and I feel curious. And you think, then, Giuseppe, for the sake of this unknown lady, I ought to forego my nap?"

"Well, it is just seven o'clock, sir. If she is anything like punctual, you wouldn't have time to lie down before she is here."

"Oh, well. I will make the sacrifice. Get my newspaper, Giuseppe, and I'll read until she arrives. Dark!—the Baroness Stefania is fair—nothing like a change," murmured Guido to himself when the old man had gone out of the room.

It certainly sounds very much as though the young politician were a veritable Don Juan, but in reality it was nothing of the kind. Guido had had a great disappointment in his life. He had loved one woman passionately and devotedly—but his happiness had been suddenly snatched away from him, and the love still smouldered in his heart, half smothered and stifled as it had been. For the last two years Guido had been striving to forget—and he had thrown himself headlong into all the gaieties and diversions of society life.

"If you please, sir!" exclaimed Giuseppe, re-entering the dining-room hastily.

"Has she arrived?"

"She is in the drawing-room."

"Do you know her?"

"No—no, sir," stammered the old servant.

Guido was soon in the drawing-room. He



"SHE WAS STANDING NEAR A TABLE."

opened the door quietly and stood for a few seconds contemplating his visitor. She was standing near a table turning over the leaves of an album. Her back was turned towards the door, but Guido could see that she was tall and graceful. She wore a very handsome dark silk dress, and was decidedly elegant.

"Madame——," said Guido, advancing towards her.

She turned suddenly, and her host felt as though he had received an electric shock. He bowed, however, profoundly, in order to hide the surprise on his face. "I am not inconveniencing you by coming this evening?" she asked, after returning his bow, and then she sat down very deliberately.

"Certainly not, I am entirely at your service."

"If you say that merely out of politeness, so much the worse for you, as I should like to take it literally."

"Do so, by all means. I take upon myself all risk, and shall be glad to hear what you have to say," answered Guido, smiling.

The lady, whose name was Emma, stroked her muff, evidently hesitating as to how she

was going to express what she had to say.

Guido was watching her—yes, she was just as beautiful as ever—just as fascinating as that first time he had seen her; it seemed to him even that her beauty was perhaps more complete, more wonderful than ever. The profile was more decided, she had a faint colour in her cheeks, and her eyes, which were always so intelligent, had now another expression in them, a more beautiful expression than ever. It was very evident that the woman before him had suffered—that she had had some great trouble.

"Have you ever taken part in a comedy?" she asked, at length.

"Oh, yes! I am still acting in one that never comes to an end."

"My question was needless, I see. To-morrow, then, I want you to continue, that is all; but you will have an important rôle to take, and it will be difficult to succeed."

"All depends on the actors and the public."

"You will have me as a partner."

"I know what talent you have."

"For acting?"

"For declaiming. Is it a proverb we are to act?"

"Yes, but the moral of it is in the motive for which it is given—not in the comedy itself. Tell me, do you still write regularly to my father?"

"Yes; but for the last three weeks he has not answered my letters."

"I received a letter from him yesterday, in which he tells me that he is very well, and that he will arrive to-morrow in Milan by the train at twenty past ten."

Guido could not conceal his surprise now.

"To-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Your father—who never stirs from home!"

"He is on his way back to Naples after a journey that he was obliged to take, and is coming round this way to see——"

"His daughter," put in Guido.

"And his son, he says."

"So that——?"

"So that I think it is a very pleasant sort of position for us," said Emma, putting her small foot on a velvet stool by her chair.

"You think it pleasant?"

"It is scarcely worth while discussing mere words; it would be better to find a way out of the difficulty."

"I do not see any way out."

"And yet you are a politician and an intelligent man! Of what use has it been, then, for you to learn the art of clever subterfuges, to undertake transactions of the most delicate nature, and to have accustomed yourself to using phrases which are no doubt both sincere and diplomatic?"

"If you continue in that strain I shall have fewer and fewer ideas every minute."

"I have a plan."

"Yes, I knew you had."

"It is very evident that you are trying to be obliging."

"I wish you always thought so."

"Well, listen. I would not have my father, upon any account, know the truth."

"The wretched truth," interrupted Guido.

"It is no use putting adjectives in everywhere. My father would be nearly heart-broken if he knew, and I should feel such remorse. It seems to me that it is not right for the mistakes and faults of the children to be visited on the parents. Until now, as you have helped me in this, thanks to the distance and to his not knowing anyone in Milan, he has been spared this grief. But now, to-morrow, all the pious lies, and all our hypocrisy would be discovered, and Heaven knows what would be the result. It must be prevented, and I am counting on you to help me. He must see us together when he comes to-morrow, and we must not betray, either by word or look, the true situation. This is what we must do."

Emma had spoken earnestly and firmly, and Guido had listened attentively. He was silent for a moment when she stopped speaking, and she began again, impatiently:—

"It is merely a comedy, as I told you at first. A play given for a charitable purpose. It ought not to cost you so much."

"Oh, I am quite ready and willing," said

Guido; "but are you not afraid that something may go wrong and compromise everything?"

"In what way?"

"Well, there are the servants."

"Send your new valet out to-morrow for a day's holiday, and then I will speak to Giuseppe."

"Very well. But supposing some friend should happen to drop in?"

"You must tell Giuseppe you are not at home to anyone."

"I suppose we should go to the station to meet your father. What will everyone say when they see us together?"

"They won't see us. We can go in a close carriage and drive fast."

"Your father will be here all day: no matter how unsuspicious he may be, don't you think the house looks very much like a bachelor's dwelling now?"

"Oh! that can soon be altered. My work-table and other little things, and then my music, can be brought here this evening. That will all be our *mise en scène*, you know."

"But——"

"Oh! you have perhaps had some alterations made in the other rooms?"

"No! nothing has been altered," said Guido, speaking very seriously; "everything is—as you left it."

"By way of sentiment?"

"It was out of respect."

"A thousand thanks. Have you any other objections?"

"None whatever; the great thing is now whether we shall succeed in deceiving M. Giorgianni."

"By acting a sentimental couple? We must think of the past and try to remember all our nonsense during our honeymoon," said Emma, sarcastically.

"Oh! I had completely forgotten all that," replied her husband, promptly. They both glanced at each other questioningly, as though measuring strength like two duellists.

"It is perhaps selfish of me to ask you to give up your day-like this to-morrow. Have you no engagements?"

"None; and if I had I should break them."

"Thanks, again. But this evening you are free, at any rate; I do not need any company."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I must stay and arrange the things, and send for my part of the stage scenery, so that it may look more as it used to. I do not want you, though, to feel you have to stay here and watch me—it would be too



dull for you. Go out—anywhere—for until ten o'clock to-morrow you are quite free.”

“I was going to a ball—but if you like I will stay in—”

“Why? Oh, no! for we should have to keep up a conversation, and now that we have nothing more to say to each other—”

“Nothing—or else, perhaps—too much! Well, then, if you will excuse me, I will go and dress.”

Emma bowed, and Guido left the room, *looking* as though he had nothing in the world to trouble him. In reality, he felt by no means as calm as he appeared.

At the ball he was most absent-minded, and the Baroness Stefania did not know what to make of him. After two or three dances, he managed, during a quadrille, to slip away unobserved, and on returning home he found that a complete transformation scene had taken place. The large drawing-room, which had not been used for some time, was open, and candles were lighted everywhere. The wardrobes and cupboards, too, were all open, and there was a strong scent of violets. A copy of one of the newest songs was on the piano; the furniture had been moved about to give a less stiff appearance; flowers were in all the vases, and Emma herself in a pretty tea-gown was just standing on tip-toe to put a small statue upon a bracket.

Was it all a dream? Emma there! And these two long years of separation, had he forgotten them—and their terrible quarrel?

“Good-night,” said Guido, as he passed through the room.

“Good-night,” she replied, without turning round.

## II.

AND yet before their marriage they had been so foolishly in love with each other. Guido had followed Emma from Florence to Naples, and had passed whole nights under her window. Emma had written letters of eight pages to him every day, and had stayed out on her balcony till quite late in the evenings. The young couple had been blissfully happy and devotedly in love with each other for three years. They had had their little differences, for Emma had been greatly indulged by her father, and she was quick-tempered and very jealous. Guido, like all well-balanced temperaments, was very calm always, and his cool manner and ironical or contemptuous smile when she was fuming had frequently had the effect of fuel added to a fire. Sometimes they had offended each other seriously, but the making-up the quarrel

afterwards had always been all the more tender. One day, however, it happened that Guido happened to meet a girl whom he had formerly very much admired, and with whom he had in the old days fancied himself deeply in love. Somehow or other, Emma had got wind of this, and reproached him with never having told her. Guido, angry at being dictated to, and also at his wife's want of confidence, put on a careless, indifferent manner.

All Emma's deep love for her husband seemed to change suddenly into cold contempt and scorn. She was very proud, and she had been deeply wounded at the thought of having a rival in her husband's affections, for with her quick imagination she had convinced herself that Guido still loved this other woman.

She sent for her husband, and very calmly, without her voice trembling in the least, she announced to him that she had decided it would be better for them to separate quietly, without any fuss or any scene.

Guido was stupefied; at first he protested, and then tried to take it all as a joke, and wanted to explain matters to her; but his wife answered so coldly and so proudly, that there was nothing left for him but to maintain a frigid silence. It seemed to him that it was beneath his dignity to plead his cause, and so he merely agreed to all her conditions and let her go, judging her to be both proud and heartless. Ever since then he had busied himself with politics, gone out a great deal into society, and putting on a careless, indifferent air, pretended to be sceptical, and quite happy in his second bachelorhood. When he was alone, however, and when he had the courage to face his own soul, he owned to himself that his whole life was ruined, and that he felt utterly desolate. He had happened to meet his wife since their separation several times. They had bowed to each other almost like strangers, and had passed on their respective ways.

Emma had withdrawn from society, so her husband was sure never to meet her at the balls and theatres, where he now spent the greater part of his spare time. They had, before separating, agreed on one point, and that was to continue writing to the old father as though nothing had happened.

Guido used to put in his letters: “Emma is well, but I suppose she has given you all the news about herself; she sends her love,” etc., and then Emma wrote in her letter: “Guido is very well, but very busy. He was not able to get off in order to stay with me at the sea.”



"EMMA WROTE, 'GUIDO IS VERY WELL.'"

And so M. Giorgianni's happiness had gone on hanging by this fragile silken thread. To meet and speak to each other then thus, for the first time after that supremely cruel day of their separation, had been no easy matter for either of them.

Emma had had to put aside her pride before she could thus bring herself to enter her husband's house, ask him this favour, and put on that hypocritical mask of indifference and of sarcasm. "It is for my father's sake!" she had kept repeating to herself in order to brace herself up to it.

Guido's cold politeness had given her strength. Their conversation had been, on the whole, courteous and satisfactory. There had been no allusion to past, present, or future, with the exception of just one or two stinging remarks; but there had been no scene, no reproaches. They had both behaved like wise, practical individuals. Yes, but what about the next day? The next day would probably be the same; a little courage, and very much hypocrisy, no blunders, and a whole series of white lies, as they brought the old man home from the station. Then afterwards, when it was all over, why, they would bow again most formally to each other, and would go on

their way as though nothing had happened. Of any attempt at a reconciliation there was not the least idea. Guido would never make the first advance, and Emma would never forgive. Such were the thoughts of both husband and wife, and then they each concluded with the idea that, after all, they were quite satisfied, and perfectly resigned to their present arrangement.

### III.

DINNER was just over, and Signor Giorgianni was smiling, for he felt so happy—he had had such a hearty reception, and everything seemed so very satisfactory.

The two actors managed to get up a smile also—but the fact was, all that had appeared so easy to them the night before had proved very difficult when it came to the point. For instance, when Emma's father had

arrived, he had put his arms round both of them as he kissed his daughter. Then they had been obliged to call each other by their old familiar pet names, and to show those little attentions to each other which come quite naturally to a husband and wife who adore each other, as they were supposed to; and all the time, a word or an intonation of the voice which recalled the past would make Guido turn pale with emotion and would bring the colour into Emma's cheeks, and make them both feel awkward for a moment. Prepared as they had been for the ordeal, and try as they did to forget themselves and their own personality, the reality would keep coming to their minds, and they could not stifle entirely the old interest in each other. Added to all this was the fear lest some careless, thoughtless remark might escape them, and thus cancel all the efforts they had made; and then more vague and undefined was an idea which was growing more and more persistent, that somehow, in some strange way, this comedy would lead to some unforeseen change, that from henceforth a new era would begin for them.

Whilst M. Giorgianni was going upstairs in front of them, Emma glanced despairingly at her husband, and he knew she was thinking,

"How shall we go on with this comedy until the end of the day?"

He replied by another glance which meant: "We must do our best, and have faith for the rest."

The worst was yet to come, for no sooner had M. Giorgianni taken an arm-chair comfortably in the drawing-room than he began asking all kinds of embarrassing questions, and making remarks which were not calculated to put the young husband and wife at their ease, considering the circumstances.

"Yes," he said, putting down his coffee-cup, "I am thoroughly enjoying this day with you, my children. You see, Emma, *mia*, letters are all very well in their way, but I prefer a visit, even though it be a short one. Do you know, my child, you look very well, and prettier than ever, I declare—isn't she, Guido?"

"Yes, that is what I am always telling her," replied the son-in-law, smiling.

"Yes; and what you tell me, too, in your letters. Yes, Emma, that is a fact: Guido writes of nothing else but his wife in his letters. It's my belief you have quite bewitched him. What a model husband!"

"Yes, indeed, he is," said Emma, quietly.

There was silence for a moment after this remark. Guido's head was bent, he appeared to be counting the flowers on the carpet.

"Your Aunt Elizabeth sends all kinds of messages to you both—and Rosalia, your cousin, too. Poor girl, she's had a lot of trouble."

"Why, she married her Piero!" exclaimed Emma, a shade of sarcasm in her tone.

"Yes, yes, she married him, and they were very fond of each other. But, I don't know, they did not hit it off very well; there were scenes and tears, and Rosalia went back home."

"Oh, well, she did quite right."

"Quite wrong, you mean. A wife ought never to leave her husband. Well, it's all right now, thanks to my eloquence. I persuaded her to forgive all she had against her husband."

"You, papa?"

"Yes, and I glory in my intervention. It was your mother's creed, my child; she was so merciful and so tolerant—ah! she was a good woman! She always used to say: 'Those who love the most pardon the most.'"

Everyone was silent again, and then M. Giorgianni suddenly said:—

"Come, my children, I want to go all through the house and see everything. There

seems to me to be plenty of silk and velvet everywhere, but I have only glanced round. I want to see everything now."

"Come along," said Guido; "we will begin with the large drawing-room."

"It's magnificent, this room," said M. Giorgianni, on entering. "Just the thing for a large reception. Do you have many parties?"

"Well, we used to give more than we do just now."

"Yes, yes, I understand; your business affairs and your political engagements must take up your time a great deal; but it's a lovely room. Ah! and this is the boudoir? Exquisite taste, to be sure. Did you choose the furniture, Emma?"

"No, it was Guido who chose it."

"Well, my compliments, then," said the father, turning to his son-in-law. "I suppose you are always to be found here, Emma? Are you not afraid of everyone coming to make love to her, Guido?"

"I! I know my wife too well for that!"

"And you, Emma, are you ever jealous?"

"I know my husband too well, papa!"

Both these answers had been given so spontaneously that M. Giorgianni was quite satisfied.

"This bedroom is lovely, the colours harmonize so well." He turned round and looked about as though he missed something.

"Emma!" he said.

"Yes, papa, what is it?"

"Where is your mother's portrait—I do not see it anywhere?"

She did not know what to reply, and her husband interposed.

"We have been away from home, and we have not all our luggage here yet."

"That portrait, though, should not have been left behind. It's all the same, though: Emma would never forget her mother. Ah! Guido, *mio*, you ought to have known her. When she was dying she made me promise that I would sacrifice everything for our child's happiness, so you see she helped you in your marriage. When Emma came and said to me, 'Papa, I shall never be happy if I do not marry Guido'—well, I thought of my poor dead wife, and that decided me. It was as though you were intended for each other, and you had been in love then for about a year. Emma was getting pale and wretched looking, and as for you, Guido, you were like a madman. Ah! young lovers! how foolish they are. Do you remember that ball at the English Consul's, Emma, where we went with Guido?"

"Yes, I remember," said Emma, mechanically.

"When everyone saw you that evening there was no need to tell the news, it was very evident that you were engaged, and everyone began congratulating me. Oh! but you know you were really too much in love."

"Yes, too much!" assented Guido.

"Oh! I mean it, though. Well, well, let us hope it will always continue, eh! Emma?"

"Yes, let us hope so."

"What's this room? Why, it's locked!"

It was the room Guido now used, and which Emma had not entered. They had not counted on the old man wanting to see every room.

Emma came to the rescue, for it was Guido's turn not to know what to answer.

"It is the spare room, papa."

"Ah! the one you would have put me in if I could have stayed? Yes, I must go to-night; it's a pity!"

"Yes, indeed it is," said Guido.

"Well, never mind, I'll look at my room by way of consoling myself——"

"But, papa——" began Emma.

"I understand. It is not in order; oh! That does not matter, child—not at all."

Guido turned the key, and opened the door, courageously, for he saw there was nothing else to be done.

"Ah! A very nice room, and quite in order, my child. Ah! and there's your portrait. I'm sure it was Guido who put that there for me. Thank you, my dear fellow; it was very thoughtful, but I really cannot stay this time, although I should like to very much."

They went back into the drawing-room and sat down. Both husband and wife were very absent-minded, and certainly if Signor Giorgianni had been endowed with much perspicacity, he would have discovered that something was wrong. Fortunately, the excellent old man was not good at guessing enigmas.

"What a pity for you to leave such a beautiful house!"

"Why, papa?"

"Well, if Guido should be elected member, why, you will have to live in Rome six months of the year, and I suppose he won't leave you alone in Milan,

You will have to have two houses—it will be a nuisance for you—but I shan't be sorry. If you come to Rome, I shall be able to see you at least once a month—from Naples to Rome, it is quite a short, easy journey; whilst from Naples to Milan—no, that is too far, too far! We shall be sure to see each other often then."

#### IV.

WHEN our two actors, after conducting Signor Giorgianni to the station, got into the carriage to drive home, they both involuntarily gave a sigh of relief.

The comedy was over, and they were going back again to their ordinary life. Emma looked out of the window at the rain, and Guido did not stir: they were strangers again to each other now. By accident Guido touched his wife's arm.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"Granted," she replied, carelessly.

Strangers, indeed! And yet they were now both of them going over in their mind the events of the day, and recalling to themselves the sensations they had felt.

"Would you prefer driving straight to your house?" asked Guido, just before they reached the place where their roads separated.



"AH! THERE'S YOUR PORTRAIT."

"No, I must go and help my maid to collect all the little things I put about in your rooms. I will go home as soon as we have finished."

"Very well."

When they arrived, Emma went straight upstairs and through the large drawing-room to her boudoir.

Guido threw himself on a divan in the drawing-room and pretended to be reading a newspaper. In reality, he was listening to her footsteps as she moved slowly about in the other room. He saw her pass the open door once or twice.

"Are you not tired?" he called out at last. "Can I help you?"

"No, thank you, I have almost finished."

Presently she came into the drawing-room and sat down, very wearily. The excitement of the day had completely exhausted her. She looked round the room as though she missed something.

"It's raining still, is it not?" she asked Guido, for he had put his paper down.

"Yes, it's still going on."

"The carriage is not there yet?"

"I really don't know, but I'll go and see."

"No, it does not matter; it was to be round in ten minutes now."

"Shall I see you home?"

"No, it isn't worth while, thank you."

Did these ten minutes appear to them like a century or like an instant? Perhaps in a way

like both. When the footman announced that the carriage was at the door, Emma rose deliberately, and, walking across to the large mirror, put on her hat. It took her some time to fasten it on with the pins, for her fingers were trembling slightly.

She then put her gloves on very slowly, and gave a few finishing touches to herself at the glass. When she was quite ready, she turned towards Guido to say good-bye.

He had risen from his seat and his face was deadly pale.

"Good-bye," said Emma.

Guido did not reply. She turned away and walked across the drawing-room proudly, without wavering an instant, her step firm, but she knew that her husband was following her.

When she reached the door she lifted her hand to raise the velvet curtain, but Guido was more prompt, and her hand touched his as he held the curtain down.

"You have forgotten to tell me that you have forgiven me, Emma!" he said, very quietly, in a voice in which grief and passion were each struggling for the mastery.

She turned towards him abruptly and hid her face on his shoulder, for the old love had sprung up again between them with a stronger force than ever.

"You will never go away any more, darling, never?"

"No, Guido, we will fetch my mother's picture back here."



"SHE HID HER FACE ON HIS SHOULDER."



## *A Singular Imposture.*

A NARRATIVE OF ACTUAL FACT.



It was somewhat late in the evening, on the 3rd of April, 1817, when the overseer of the poor of the parish of Almondsbury, Gloucestershire, called upon Samuel Worrall, a magistrate of the same county, to ask his advice with regard to a young woman, who, speaking a language which neither he nor any of the inhabitants could understand, had entered a cottage in the village, and had made signs that she desired to sleep under its roof. The worthy magistrate thereupon ordered that she should be brought up to Knole Mansion, where he resided, in the hope that either he or his servant, a Greek who spoke several languages, might be able to learn who she was and what she wanted. But upon the overseer attempting her removal, she showed signs of strong reluctance and apprehension, and it was only after much entreaty and gesticulation that she was prevailed upon to go to the magistrate's house. Here

she was received by Mr. Worrall, his wife and servant, all of whom, after much questioning, were unable to understand the language in which she addressed them. They intimated to her by signs that they wished to ascertain if she had any papers in her possession, upon which she took from her pocket a few halfpence and a bad sixpence, and implied by signs that she had nothing else.

Her dress consisted of a black stuff gown

with a muslin frill round the neck, a cotton shawl on her head, and another round her shoulders, both loosely and tastefully put on in the Oriental manner. She had black eyes and hair, dark complexion, very white teeth, and lips large and full. Her height was about 5ft. 2in., and she was apparently about twenty-six years of age. The general impression from her person and manners was attractive and prepossessing.

After a short consultation, Mr. and Mrs. Worrall deemed it advisable to send her for the night to a house in the village, and as Mrs. Worrall felt much interested by her

apparent distress, she ordered her own maid and footman to accompany her, it being now late, and to say that she herself would call the next morning. The young woman walked with difficulty, and appeared much fatigued. Upon being shown into the parlour of the house she was taken to, she seemed particularly pleased with a print on the wall, representing the banana, and made those present understand that it



MARY WILCOX—"CARABOO."  
*From an old Print.*

was a fruit of her own country. After partaking of some tea, she was shown into a sleeping apartment, but appeared reluctant to go to bed, and pointed to the floor; but upon the landlady's little girl getting into the bed, and making her understand the comfort of it, she consented to lie on it, after having first gone through certain forms of devotion.

At seven the next morning Mrs. Worrall

called, and found the stranger sitting by the fire, apparently very disconsolate, but she expressed much joy upon seeing her. Soon after this the clergyman of the parish, who had heard of the stranger's arrival, came in, bringing with him several books of travel, thinking it probable she might show some signs of recognition in looking through the plates they contained. This was attended with some success, for she gave the spectators to understand that she had some knowledge of those descriptive of China; but made signs that it was not a boat, but a ship that brought her to this country. Gaining very little information, Mrs. Worrall determined to take her back with her to Knole, and keep her there till something satisfactory transpired concerning her; but upon inviting the young woman by signs to follow her, she again appeared timid and apprehensive.

Upon their return to the Hall, Mrs. Worrall attempted to ascertain the stranger's name by writing her own upon paper and intimating that she should do the same; but this the young woman declined to do, shaking her head, and crying, "Caraboo, Caraboo," pointing to herself. Upon showing her some of the rooms at Knole, she appeared delighted with some pieces of furniture with Chinese figures upon them, and signified that they belonged to her country. At dinner she declined all animal food, and took nothing to drink but water, showing much disgust at meat, beer, cider, etc.

On the following day she was taken before the Mayor of Bristol, but with no better result, for still no discovery could be made of whence she came or whither she was going; she was therefore committed to an institution for the destitute, where she received the most humane treatment. Finding she rejected the usual food, eggs and other delicacies were provided for her. But she neither ate nor drank, nor slept on the beds of the institution during the short time she remained there.

Mrs. Worrall, still feeling a lively interest in the wanderer's fate, after two days, had her again removed to Knole, where daily efforts were made to discover her language and country, but without success. After some weeks, it chanced that a Portuguese, named Manuel Eynesso, from the Malay country, was introduced to her, and undertook to interpret her language, which he said was not a pure dialect, but a mixture of languages used on the coast of Sumatra and other islands in the East.

Her story he gave as follows: Her name was Caraboo, daughter of a person of rank, and of Chinese origin. Her mother, who was killed in a war between the Boogoos (*Cannibals*) and the Maudins (*Malays*), was a Malay woman. Whilst walking in her garden at Javasu, attended by three samens (*women*), she was seized by the people of a pirate prow, gagged, bound hand and foot, and then carried off. Her father swam after her, and, shooting an arrow, killed one of the women who were taken on board with her. Caraboo wounded two of the men with her crease when she was seized, one of whom died, but the other recovered.

After eleven days she was sold to the captain of a brig, whose name was Tappa Boo, and the brig sailing during the transaction, she was conveyed from one ship to the other in a boat. After four weeks the brig anchored at a port (Batavia?), remained there two days, and having taken on board four female passengers, sailed again, and in five weeks more anchored at another port (Cape of Good Hope?), where the four female passengers were landed. Here they stayed three days, and then sailed for Europe. Arrived there, and suffering much ill-usage, she resolved to jump overboard and swim ashore. This she accomplished successfully, and found herself on English soil.

The dress she had on at this time consisted of a gown worked with gold, and a shawl of the same description, which she afterwards exchanged with an English woman for a black stuff gown, a cotton shawl, and several other articles, in which dress, after wandering about for six weeks, she found her way to Almondsbury.

Her father's country she called Congee (*China*); her own island, from whence she was taken, she called Javasu, and that of her mother, the Maudins (*Malay*). She described her mother's teeth as being black, her face and arms painted, and said she wore a jewel at her nose with a gold chain from it to her right temple, which decoration her mother wished to have adopted for her, but her father would not consent.

Her father had three more wives, and was carried on the shoulders of Macratoos (*common men*) in a kind of sedan or palanquin, wore a gold button in his cap, three peacock's feathers on the right side of his head, and a gold twisted chain round his neck, to which was suspended a large, square ornament of amber-coloured stone, set in gold. She herself wore seven peacock's feathers on the left side of her head.

Upon some calico being given her, she made a dress in the style she had been accustomed to wear, which she implied by signs was very richly embroidered. She wore no stockings, but open sandals with wooden soles on her feet. She pronounced her father's name, *Jessu Mandu*, and her own, *Sissu Mandu*, which, she said, was afterwards changed to Caraboo, in consequence of her father having conquered his enemies.

Her father had command of soldiers, and when any people approached him, they made their

salaam on both knees, lifting the right hand to the right temple. They presented fruit on a dish balanced upon the points of their fingers, kneeling on both knees to her father, and on one to herself as princess.

She gave her father's age as forty-seven, which she explained by tying knots on a string, and described his complexion as light or white, while her mother's was yellow or brown.

When shown the drawing of an idol, she expressed the greatest abhorrence, and gave those present to understand that she worshipped Allah Tallah (*God*), as her mother did. She described the pirate prow as having only one mast and no guns; the commander as being copper-coloured and wearing a turban, short petticoat trousers, and a kind of scarf thrown over his shoulders; but that Tappa Boo's complexion was dark, and he had long black hair plaited down his back; that his brig had guns, and there were about forty men on board, among whom was a justee (*surgeon*). She was very ill after Tappa Boo bought her, which was caused by her great unhappiness and miserable situation.



CARABOO, IN THE DRESS MADE BY HERSELF.  
From an old Print.

Such was the story of the princess's life until her supposed arrival in England.

Upon being requested to point out from a number of flags the colours of the different ports at which she stopped, she placed her fingers on her closed eyes and shook her head, at the same time implying that she was kept below on the ship.

She expressed much pleasure at the sight of a Chinese chain purse which was shown her, and which she instantly recognised as belonging to her father's country;

also at a rose-coloured scarf, which she put on, first in Chinese and afterwards in Javasú fashion, in both instances veiling her face. She described the dead as not being buried in coffins in Javasú, but placed in the ground; and when made to understand that, if she were to die here, she would be buried flat in a box, she expressed much horror and disgust. She marked time by tying knots on a string in a peculiar manner, and by the same means pointed out the periods and distances of her voyage. A chart of the supposed places she stopped at, as drawn by herself, is here given, as are also the characters made use of by her to express words and numbers, and these resemble in some particulars the letters of the Arabic alphabet.

Many singular occurrences happened during her residence at Knode which tended to confirm the description she had given of herself, as well as of the manners and customs of the country from which she represented herself as coming.

The gibberish language in which she made herself understood was aided in a striking manner by gesture and animation of counte-

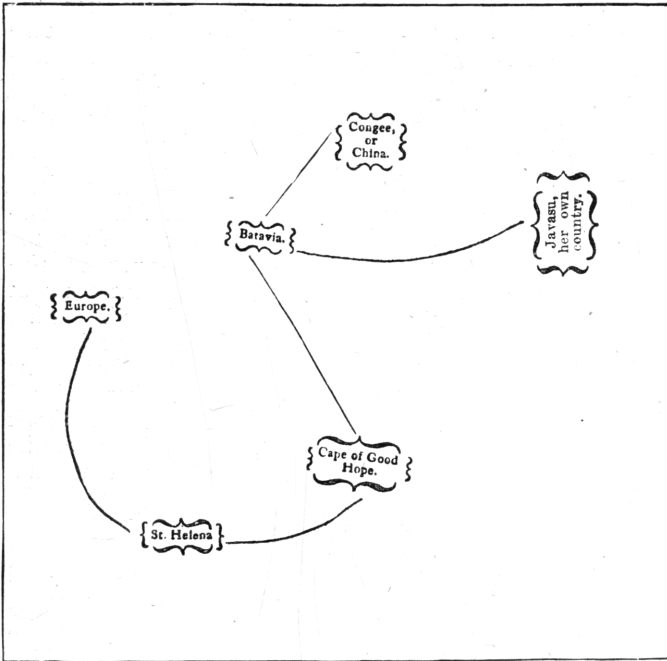


CHART OF CARABOO'S VOYAGE TO EUROPE, DRAWN BY HERSELF.

nance. In the choice of food she was very consistent and uniform, and affected much peculiarity and nicety. She dressed everything herself, preferred rice to bread, ate no meat, drank only water or tea, and was very fond of Indian curry, which she made very savoury.

During her stay she frequently exercised herself with bow and arrows, and made a stick answer for a sword on her right side, the bow and arrows being slung on her left shoulder. When dancing she would assume an infinite variety of graceful attitudes, bend her body in numberless shapes, occasionally dropping on one knee, and then, rising with uncommon agility, perform a species of waltz with most singular twists and contortions.

Her story naturally excited a good deal of attention, and many of the surrounding gentry and members of the fashionable world at Bath came to visit her, among whom was a Dr. Wilkinson, who, animated by a love for the marvellous, and with a desire to distinguish himself, determined to try his skill at discovering the character and nation of the unknown foreigner. And it was the publicity which the doctor gave to his visits, by detailing in the public prints a description of her person and manners, which eventually led to the detection of the imposture.

It was at the doctor's suggestion that more

effectual measures were taken for the relief of this *interesting creature*, and an appeal to the East India directors was determined upon, Dr. Wilkinson himself being dispatched on this charitable mission, to be followed soon after by Caraboo.

But one of the doctor's letters on the subject in a local paper happening to meet the eye of a Mrs. Neale, of Bristol, with whom Caraboo had lodged previous to her escapade, she recognised in her, with no little surprise and amusement, the character of her quondam lodger. Whereupon she called on a Mr. Mortimore, of the same city, and informed that gentleman of her suspicions, and produced such irrefragable proofs of her knowledge of Caraboo, that

he at once communicated the intelligence to Mrs. Worrall, who, though much surprised, was still unwilling to believe herself the victim of an imposture. Mrs. Worrall therefore determined to test the evidence for herself.

Accordingly, next morning, in company with Caraboo, she set out for Bristol under pretence of going to Mr. Bird's, to finish the sitting for Caraboo's portrait which that distinguished artist was painting, but instead, they alighted at Mr. Mortimore's, where Mrs. Worrall had previously arranged to meet Mrs. Neale.

The discovery was speedy and decisive; for after conversing with Mrs. Neale and her daughters for a short time, Mrs. Worrall went alone into a room with Caraboo, who was still in ignorance of the discovery, told her of the proofs she had obtained of her being an impostor, and begged her to confess the fact herself, in order that she might hear from her own lips the real truth of the matter. Caraboo, taken by surprise, made one last effort in her gibberish to interest Mrs. Worrall, but, finding she did not succeed, acknowledged the fraud, and begged that she would not cast her off or suffer her father to be sent for. This Mrs. Worrall promised to do upon condition that Caraboo would instantly give her a faithful detail of her former life, and disclose her real name and parentage.

To this Caraboo agreed, and stated that her real name was Mary Baker, *née* Wilcox; that she was born at Witheridge, in Devonshire, in 1795, and being of a wild disposition, received no education. At the age of sixteen a situation was procured for her, where she remained two years, after which she returned home. Her father and mother using her ill on account of her leaving her place, she left them and went to Exeter, where she knew no one.

Being unable to obtain employment, she wandered from there through different parts of the country till she reached Bristol, having nearly put an end to her life by hanging, on her way thither, but was prevented from doing so by the timely interference of a

caused a fictitious letter to be sent to her mistress, in which the writer (a friend of her mistress) was supposed to ask if the servant might attend her child's christening, which was to take place on the same day as the wedding. The fraud was successful, the necessary leave was granted, and the young impostor attended the wedding instead.

But upon being asked the child's name the following morning, and if the party was a large one, she appeared confused, which excited suspicion, and on her mistress making inquiries, she detected the whole procedure. In consequence of this she was discharged, and once more she resolved to return to Witheridge; but instead of going directly here, and

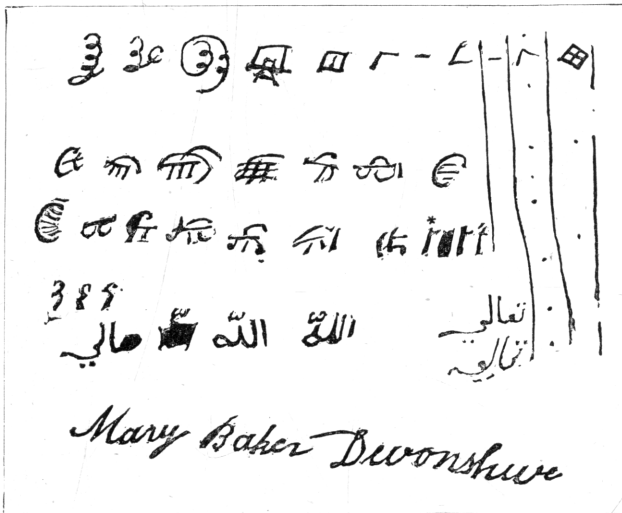
being afraid of walking over Hounslow Heath on account of robberies and murders then prevalent, she changed her own clothes for male attire, and, thus equipped, presented herself at a house to ask if there was a place vacant for a young man, in order to ascertain if her sex would be detected.

Apparently suspecting nothing, the inhabitants directed her to some friends, who were wanting a man, and here she was introduced into a parlour where there were three gentlemen and four ladies, who asked her a number of questions, and how it was she was so short a man. They said they liked her appearance, but considered her hardly suitable for their service.

Leaving them, she made her way as far as Salisbury Plain,

where she met two men on horseback, who asked her if she had any money. To this she replied in the negative, and added that she was about to ask them for some. Upon this they asked her—not suspecting her to be a woman—if she would enter their service. This she consented to do, but discovering the occupation of her new employers to be that of highwaymen, she availed herself of the first opportunity that offered to escape, and set out once more for Witheridge, where she arrived, in female attire, much to the surprise of her father and mother, who were under the impression that she was still in London.

Here she remained but a few weeks, for finding home-life somewhat monotonous after her recent experiences, she left again and returned once more to London, and took



CHARACTERS USED BY CARABOO.

\* Allah Tallah.

gentleman, who gave her five shillings and some very good advice.

From Bristol she proceeded on foot to London, but when within thirty miles of the town, she was overcome with fatigue and exhaustion, and sat down by the wayside, until a passing waggoner kindly offered her a seat in his vehicle, which she gladly accepted. Arrived at Hyde Park Corner, two women, fellow-passengers in the waggon, conveyed her to St. Giles's Hospital, where, she remained some time, suffering from brain fever. As soon as she was able to leave, a situation was procured for her, where she stayed three years, during which time she learned to read and write. It was here that she carried out her first act of duplicity.
















Having been invited to a wedding by a friend, and leave having been refused, she



another situation; but happening to be sent one day to the stationer's to get some books, she was accosted by a gentlemanly-looking man, who asked her a number of questions, and appeared much interested in her. This man, who was a foreigner and had travelled much, afterwards became her husband, and it was from him that she picked up the Eastern words and idioms which she used, as well as the knowledge of some Asiatic customs, which so effectually enabled her to carry out her imposture. Her husband deserted her after some time, and being without means of subsistence, she again returned to Witheridge.

This time she stayed only a week and three days, for, overhearing someone speak of America and its opportunities, she determined to try her fortune there. She accordingly set out for Bristol, but falling in with a party of gipsies, who invited her to join them, she consented, and stayed with them several days, learning their habits and customs. It was whilst with them that the idea of personating a foreigner first suggested itself.

Wearying of their company and mode of life, she set off once more for Bristol, where she made her way to the quay, and learning from the captain of a vessel lying there that his ship would sail for America in fifteen days, and that her passage would cost five pounds, a sum she did not possess, she determined to put into practice her idea, and under the garb of a foreigner, try to get the remainder of the money required. She therefore changed her bonnet for a small shawl, which she put on as a turban, and adapting the remainder of her dress as nearly as

1		Eze
2		Duce
3		Trua
4		Tan
5		Zennec
6		Sendee
7		Tam
8		Nunta
9		Berteen
10		Tashman
11		Limmenee
12		Judgbennee
13		Artiane
14		Ferney
15		Fissmen

NUMERICAL CHARACTERS USED BY CARABOO.

possible to the Oriental fashion, started on her quest. It was while thus employed that she made her appearance at Almondsbury, as before related.

After hearing her story, Mrs. Worrall set about testing its accuracy, and having obtained corroborative testimony of the principal occurrences of the last eight years of the life of her *protégée*, she agreed, with the full approbation and consent of the girl, to procure her a passage to America, to which country she was fully bent on proceeding.

Before the departure of Caraboo, the public curiosity to gain a sight of her was rather increased than diminished, and she was visited by persons of all descriptions—natives, foreigners, linguists, painters, physiognomists, and craniologists—all of whom were anxious to see and converse with this female Psalmanazar.

It need hardly be added that the story of the Portuguese, who happened to be almost as great a cheat as Caraboo, was entirely his own invention, got up as was afterwards discovered with an eye to his own interest.

That an illiterate girl, unaided by education, should have so conducted herself both in the language she made use of, and in her general demeanour, as to induce hundreds to believe that she was no less a person than an unfortunate, unprotected, and wandering princess from a distant Eastern island, cast upon the shores of Britain by cruel and relentless pirates—and on no one occasion should have been found to lose sight of the part she was acting, or once to betray herself, is an instance of consummate art and duplicity, exceeding any occurrence in the annals of modern imposture.

## Girls' Schools of To-day.

### II.—ST. LEONARDS AND GREAT HARROWDEN HALL.

By L. T. MEADE.



From a]

ST. LEONARDS SCHOOL—FROM THE EAST.

[Photograph.

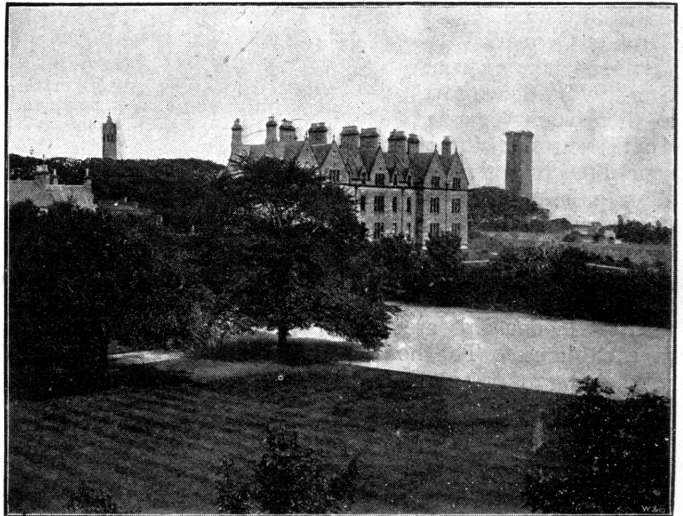
absolutely up to date — from the pleasant face of the head mistress to the keen expression in the bright eyes of the youngest pupil, all is vivacity, pleasure, and zest. The school is intended to provide girls with an education at moderate cost, which is as thorough as that given to boys at the great public schools. The number of girls is limited to two hundred. Speak-



FROM sunny Cheltenham to the keener air of St. Andrews is a considerable change, and there are also marked differences between the school of St. Leonards, at St. Andrews, and Cheltenham College. The former school was opened in 1877, under the management of a council. As at Cheltenham, there is the large principal building devoted to learning, and houses for resident pupils attached. The head mistress, Miss Dove, prides herself on being the first student to arrive at the famous Girton College. She speaks with a smile of the bricks and mortar, of the workmen lingering round, of the anxious greeting she received from Miss Davies, the mistress of the college, and, in short, of the general incompleteness. "Very different is the state of things at Girton now," she adds; "but I shall always feel proud of being the first student to enter that celebrated home of learning." Miss Dove began her life as a teacher at Cheltenham.

ing on this point, Miss Dove said: "I cannot do with more. I must be in touch, in absolute touch, with every girl in my school, and I feel that my limits are reached at two hundred. I wish to know everything about each girl who resides here—in short, I want to take the most motherly and complete supervision of each of these young lives."

These two hundred girls are divided into fifteen forms. The average number of pupils in each division does not exceed ten.



From a]

BISHOP'S HALL—ST. LEONARDS.

[Photograph.

In taking me round from form to form, Miss Dove explained very fully her reasons for keeping the divisions so small. She believed that a great number in a form was the primary cause of the failure which occasionally follows high-school education. It is impossible for one teacher to develop all the powers of thirty girls—the backward ones must go to the wall, the clever ones be unduly stimulated. At St. Leonards the fifth form is, for instance, divided into as many as five divisions. In one division—for advanced German—I saw only three girls. But these girls were equal in point of mental attainment, and were all in the best possible position to profit by the instruction afforded them. Miss Dove is able to declare that she has never sent a neglected girl from her school. Each girl, be she blessed with intelligence or the reverse, is educated to the utmost of her abilities. The head mistress does not approve of the system of cramming, and will not allow any girl to work at Latin and German together. She likes every girl to take up Latin, which she considers the basis of a sound education. Latin and French are, therefore, taught in all the lower forms, and in the more advanced either Greek or German.

"Don't take up your Greek," Miss Dove says to her young pupils, "until you can throw your French behind you." She will not allow girls to work both at German and Greek, and evidently prefers Greek from an educational point of view to German.

There are seven houses for the reception of resident students, and not more than twenty-one girls are ordinarily received in each house. The houses are provided with every comfort, and the life is made as home-like as possible. Each girl has her own cubicle, which is curtained off to resemble a complete little bedroom. The elder girls have each a writing table with a bookshelf for their special use in the schoolroom. The food is of the best. No work is done before

breakfast or after 8.30 p.m. The fees at St. Andrews are not high; for girls under fifteen years, seven guineas a term; for girls over that age, nine guineas. The fees for house girls under thirteen years of age are twenty-two guineas a term; over thirteen, twenty-five. No girls are admitted over seventeen years of age. The school course consists of Scripture, arithmetic, literature, history, Latin or German, French, mathematics, science, harmony, gymnastics, and part singing. Extra fees are charged for music, drawing, and dancing.

Miss Dove has strong opinions on the subject of an all-round education, and seeks from the very first to develop both the body and mind of each girl. She has an immense belief in open-air exercise, and one of the specialities of the school is its extensive and splendid playground. This consists of about sixteen acres, and comprises cricket field, golf course, lawn and gravel tennis courts, fives court, etc.

It was delightful to see the girls at their play. The beautiful Canadian game of lacrosse was exercising all their faculties on the afternoon when I had the pleasure of seeing them. The girls are allowed to play in their gymnasium dress, which gives full scope to every limb and allows each muscle to be fully developed. Miss Dove believes so fully in physical education, that one of her invariable rules is to have each girl weighed on her return to school at the beginning of a fresh term. If, for any reason, she is discovered to be below the average weight which she ought to be for her age and size, she is instantly "turned out to grass," and not allowed to study much. The judicious use of the gymnasium, and endless out-door games, are, in the head mistress's opinion, the education which she requires for the time being.

There was a keen east wind blowing on the day when I visited the school, but the



MISS DOVE, PRINCIPAL OF ST. LEONARDS.  
From a Photo. by T. Rodger, St. Andrews.



From a]

THE LACROSSE TEAM—ST. LEONARDS.

[Photograph.

glowing faces of the happy girls as they vigorously pursued their out-door games showed that they were proof against the inclemencies of the weather. Miss Dove most emphatically declares that she has never had a case of mental breakdown in the school. It would be difficult to find anywhere a set of healthier or more robust-looking girls, and the fact that the attention paid to their physical development is not injurious to their intellectual progress is proved by the success gained by the pupils of St. Leonards in the published lists of the Oxford and Cambridge Higher Certificates. Miss Dove feels that she cannot enough emphasize the fact that the result of attention to the harmonious development of the physical, together with the intellectual, powers is distinctly advantageous to the intellectual.

The girls at St. Leonards all wear cloaks when out of doors. These are made of dark blue serge, and are lined with the colour of their house of residence. The girls who live in Miss Dove's house have Oxford and Cambridge blue linings to their cloaks and blue bobs on their Tam o' Shanter caps. In the house of another mistress I noticed that the colour was yellow.

Wherever possible, the mistresses of the school are selected from old pupils; this

same arrangement holds good at Cheltenham. The wisdom and justice of the choice is obvious, the head mistress or principal having already inculcated her own ideas and mode of education in the mind of the teacher.

As at Cheltenham, all that can possibly be done to educate the eye and develop a love for the best and most beautiful in art is to be seen in the school and houses. I shall never forget the photographs in Miss Dove's lovely house. She seemed to me to have a complete set of photographs from almost every gallery in Europe—these, in suitable frames, nearly cover the walls of hall, staircase, and reception-rooms. In the girls' dormitories there are also beautiful old prints and lovely photographs. These are presented by the mistresses, as the reward of perfect neatness and regularity as regards time. In Miss Sandys' house, who is an old teacher from Cheltenham, the æsthetic arrangements are charming and perfect enough to gratify the tastes of Morris and Burne Jones. In this house each bedroom had its particular colour, which extends to curtains, wall-paper, counterpanes, etc., one room being of the palest shade of primrose, another pink, another blue, another green.

The girls are given a great deal of liberty. Some parents may object to the amount of

freedom which they enjoy, but Miss Dove firmly believes in the wisdom of this mode of treatment.

"I trust them fully," she said. "I have never had my trust abused." This grand principle underlies all her success and gives a breezy, healthy tone to the place. The school, in short, is worthy of the historical old town where it is placed, and no happier lot could befall any girl than to become a resident there.

"I know," she says, "several cases in which the life of a girl has been made miserable, and the good, honest work she might have done has been spoiled, in her vain attempt to gratify the ambition of home friends in this manner."

Miss Beale and Miss Dove quite agree on the point that no girl ought to be allowed to enter for any public examination until she is over sixteen years of age. For younger girls



From a]

THE HOCKEY TEAM—ST. LEONARDS.

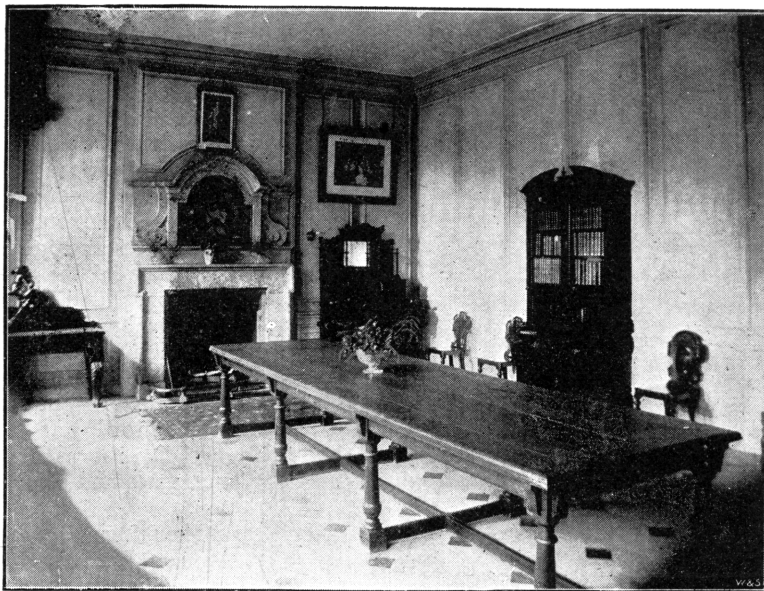
[Photograph.

I had a long and interesting conversation with Miss Dove, who gave me her views on education in the main, and spoke of the best way in which it could be accomplished. She believes in school-life for girls, and thinks that the opportunity it affords for cultivating a public spirit and for co-operating with other girls is of immense benefit. It is, in her opinion, the lack of such opportunities that makes women's lives often so small and petty. One of the co-operative duties which school enjoins is that of regular attendance. No girl should ever be allowed to absent herself from school save for illness. The reason for this is that every other girl in her form suffers from her absence. Miss Dove does not believe in a girl struggling to beat all the rest in her form. Prizes and certificates, and even University honours, may be secured at too heavy a cost.

the worry and excitement at a time when they are growing rapidly is most injurious. Speaking of the high schools, Miss Dove says that the reason they are not invariably a success is a very simple one. The fees are too low. In consequence, the staff of teachers is not sufficient and the classes are much too large. Thus, those girls who are not brilliant must go to the wall. The remedy she considers quite simple. The fees should be raised to allow a sufficient number of teachers to be secured for the work, and those children who cannot afford the larger fees should go to the Higher Grade Board Schools. In several places such schools already exist, and many more will be started to meet the need.

This opinion with regard to the high schools is doubtless shared by many head mistresses, and was corroborated by one of





From a

CHARLES I.'S HALL—GREAT HARROWDEN HALL.

[Photograph.

the 17th century. The date, 1687, is to be seen on the fireplace in the entrance-hall. The shields on the iron gates and on the massive stone piers in the gardens mark the occupancy of the families who, in succession, owned the hall. It is also believed that a meeting of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators was held in the house.

Over the quaint old fireplace in the beautiful drawing-room is a picture by Sir Peter Lely,

the cleverest heads of departments at Cheltenham with whom I discussed the subject.

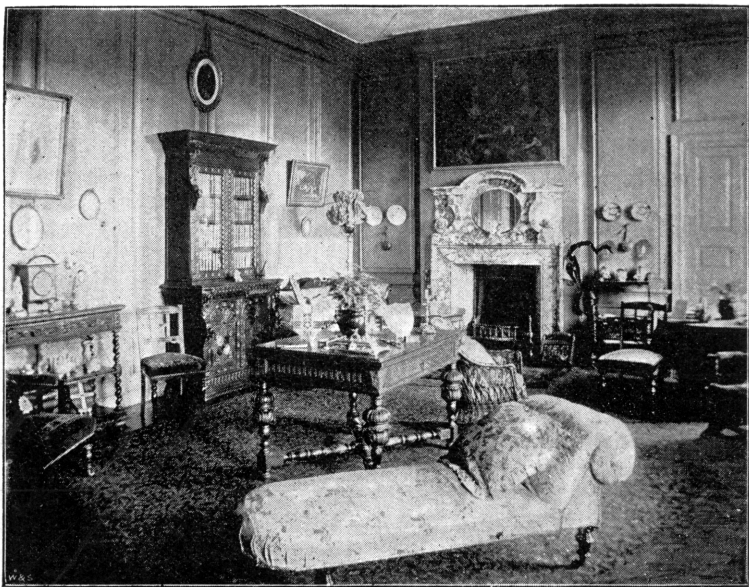
I am anxious now to say a few words about a totally different order of school.

Great Harrowden Hall, near Wellingborough, resembles, to a certain extent, the old-fashioned boarding-school. Only, however, to a certain extent—evils of the old system have given place to all that is best and widest in modern education, but the number of girls in the school is sufficiently small to make it as much a home as a school.

It would be difficult to find a more beautiful house of residence than the old historical hall of Harrowden. In the entrance-hall Charles I. is said to have held a Council; he is also believed to have played bowls on the green in front of the manor. The history of Harrowden is mixed up with that of the country. The present hall was probably built in the 16th and restored in

which hides the entrance to a secret chamber. The oak staircase which leads to the upper part of the house is one of the handsomest I have ever seen, and the old tapestry which covers the walls adds to the unique effect.

How such a manor became the property of a school it is impossible for me to say, but a brighter and more distinguished home it would be difficult to find. "*Noblesse oblige*" ought to be the motto of each girl



From a

DRAWING-ROOM, WITH PICTURE, BY SIR PETER LE LY, CONCEALING SECRET CHAMBER—GREAT HARROWDEN HALL.

[Photograph.

who comes within these walls. I thought so as I looked around me, and some words which Miss Bartlett, the principal, said to me, made me inclined to think that the spirit which animated the girls was worthy of their place of residence.

"Mother," said one girl, speaking of her school, "we have to keep straight at Harrowden, for Miss Bartlett trusts us."

The house is surrounded by twenty acres, all beautifully laid out in gardens and recreation grounds. In addition to this there are sixty acres set aside for golf and riding. The girls lead a most healthy life, working, as seems to be the universal rule now in the best schools, only in the mornings, and devoting the afternoon and evening to games and preparation.

The grounds round Harrowden make an ideal play-ground. Here healthy exercise, in the shape of such games as cricket, hockey, tennis, is pursued with vigour.

I was present at the gymnasium, and never



PRINCIPAL OF GREAT HARROWDEN HALL.  
From a Photo. by Fradelle & Young.

saw better and more thorough teaching. It seemed to me that each of those girls' muscles was vigorously exercised. I attended lectures afterwards, in several of the class-rooms, and can testify to the excellence of the instruction. All the ordinary branches of education are thoroughly attended to at Harrowden; but if the school has a speciality, it is for music, art, and elocution.

The principal, Miss Agnes Bartlett, studied music at the Royal Conservatorium at Dresden, and is a pupil of Liszt, to whom she is indebted for the wonderful perfection of her playing. The musical

spirit of the principal is felt all through the school, and in pianoforte playing, violin playing, and also in singing, the performances of the elder pupils are considerably above the average.

Elocution, which is made a speciality, is taught in the most delightful manner by the well-known elocutionist, Miss Florence



From a

ORCHESTRAL PRACTICE—GREAT HARROWDEN HALL.

[Photograph.

Bourne, L.L.A. In addition to an excellent staff of resident teachers, the best professors come from London, to instruct in the different branches of education. Drawing and painting are taught by a Fellow of Herkomer's School. An experienced riding-master teaches all those girls who care to learn to ride, and special horses are kept for their benefit. The whole life is full of interest and healthy stimulus. Above and over all, the home element preponderates. The girls and their teachers are all in absolute touch. The smiling glances which pass between their beloved principal and themselves are sufficient evidence of the warm place she holds in their hearts. She is the kind of woman who seems to take not only children but all creatures under her wing. The cats and dogs, the horses, even the canaries in the canary-house, receive a large share of her affectionate attention. There is a quiet look of power about her face, and her energy never disturbs her calm.

The terms, considering the advantages of the situation and the thoroughness of the education given, are for the general course of instruction particularly reasonable. Pupils under fifteen years of age are received for

twenty-five guineas a term ; over that age for thirty guineas.

Pupils may be prepared here for the entrance and scholarship examinations for the women's colleges, also for the examinations of the Royal College and Academy of Music.

In concluding this brief account of three distinguished schools, I should like to say a few words with regard to the objects effected by education so thorough and so stimulating. When all is said and done, we, as practical people, are obliged to think of the future. How will girls so educated conduct themselves in the battle of life? How, and in what honourable manner, can they earn their bread?

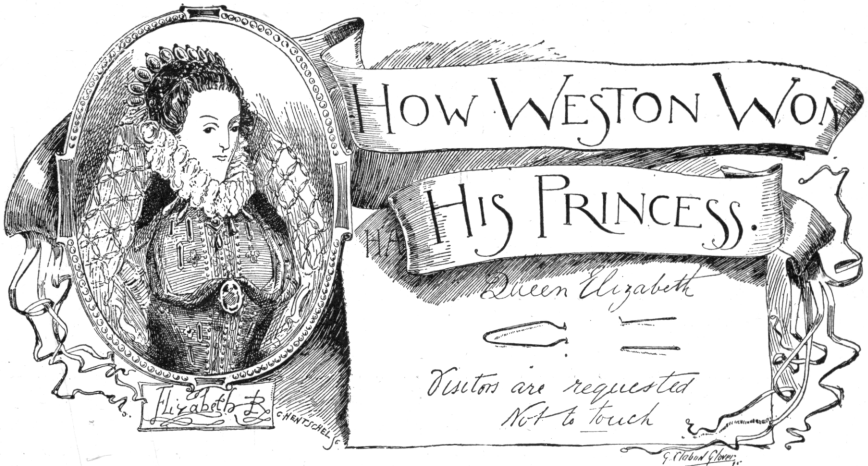
When speaking to Miss Beale on this point, she assured me that no girl who had gone through the full curriculum of education at Cheltenham had any cause to fear. Twenty-three are now head mistresses of important schools. All over the world Cheltenham girls have obtained excellent posts as mistresses and teachers. In medicine, in art, and literature, they have also distinguished themselves. The same may be said of the girls at St. Andrews, and such girls, so trained, must surely be the New Women for whom we long.



From a]

THE CRICKET TEAM—GREAT HARROWDEN HALL.

[Photograph.



BY A. HUTCHISON STIRLING.

**I**T all began with a practical joke. Weston was the Good Boy of our set, and consequently the victim of all our sallies of wit. In appearance, he was tall, handsome, and manly-looking; in character, he was simple as a babe, innocent of even a suspicion of humour, and possessed of just as much brains as were required for slaving all day over a desk in a bank, and toiling all night copying lawyers' papers. He was the eldest son of his mother; and she was a widow. So he could not afford himself even an occasional frolic such as the rest of us indulged in. His one hobby was Volunteering; and this it was which led to the events I am going to relate.

He was wearing his Volunteer uniform that day; for his corps was to drill in the park adjoining the famous historical palace of Sacredcross; and we—a party of five lads of us—had come to look on. As we had some little time to wait before the hour appointed for the drill, we strolled into the palace, which happened to be open to visitors; and here the first scene in the little comedy was enacted. Harkness, our practical joker in chief, had dropped behind the rest of us for a while; and when he rejoined us, he was wearing a supernaturally innocent expression of countenance, and holding in his hand a slip of paper, into which there was stuck a common hair-pin.

"Isn't this an awful fraud?" he said, as he held out the slip to Weston.

Weston took it from him and gravely examined it. "'Hair-pin belonging to Queen Elizabeth,'" he read,

slowly. "'Visitors are requested not to touch.' I say"—anxiously—"hadn't you better put it back where it was?"

"Not I," replied Harkness, stifling a yawn.

"But—but you may get into trouble! Don't you see, it says, 'Visitors are requested not to touch'?"

"Well, *you* can put the old swindle back if you like—I'll tell you where it was."

The Good Boy, always anxious to avoid the risk of a scrape, listened attentively to the directions given him, and then, with scrupulous exactness, replaced the slip in its supposed former position, while the rest of



"WESTON TOOK IT FROM HIM AND GRAVELY EXAMINED IT."



us watched him some yards off, shaken by internal laughter.

After that, we hung about for a while in the neighbourhood of the hair-pin, and watched the new-comers. The first person to discover it was an old man, and, judging from his hollow chest, his stooping shoulders, his shabby coat, and his slow, meditative shuffle, evidently a scholar. At first, his dull, sleepy eye wandered listlessly over the slip; then suddenly it was arrested; a look of dawning life, like a gleam of sunshine forcing its way through a grey sky, awoke within its hollow depths. He took down the slip from the grating on which Weston had stuck it, and examined it carefully, turning it over and over in his hand. Then he put it back in its place; and now there was triumph in his look. He fumbled in his pockets for something; but his hands trembled, so that he could not find what he wanted. Was it age or emotion that caused them to tremble? I thought it was emotion; and for the first time my heart reproached me for what we had done. At last the old man found what he wanted. It was a note-book and pencil. With shaking fingers he opened the book and began to write. His lips moved as he wrote, and I heard him speaking softly to himself; but I only caught the words, "A



"A COMPLETE CORROBORATION."

complete corroboration!" spoken in tones tremulous with pride and eagerness.

Then I felt so sorry for him, that I had almost made up my mind to tell him the

Vol. ix —60.

truth, when the next visitor appeared, and the old man reluctantly moved on. This time the visitor was a young lady attired in a Rob-Roy tartan dress, with a gossamer veil thrown back over her hat, an opera-glass swung across her shoulders by a strap, and a guide-book in her hand. Of course, she was an American tourist. We learned afterwards that she was Miss Penelope M. Hopgood, only child and heiress of Josiah P. Hopgood, the Chicago Pork Prince.

Her quick eye caught sight of the white slip at once. She gazed at it curiously, and then turned up her guide-book, but evidently found nothing about it there. Then she took it down, as the old man had done, and turned it over and over in her hand. Next she took the hair-pin out of the slip of paper, pulled out another from the coils of her hair, and anxiously examined the two side by side.

After a moment's examination, she threw a cautious, searching glance round the room—I did not mention that the hair-pin was in a small room known as Queen Elizabeth's dressing-room, outside the open door of which we had stationed ourselves—once more carefully compared the two hair-pins in her hand; again glanced round the room, and then in a few rapid movements placed one of the pins in her hair, stuck the other



"SHE PLACED ONE OF THE PINS IN HER HAIR."

in the slip of paper, which she restored to its former position, and hastily left the room. But I had noticed that her hand trembled, her cheek flushed, and her eye glanced about with a nervous, apprehensive look, so I concluded that her Yankee love of antiques had been too much for her honesty, and that it was not *her own hair-pin* that she had replaced in the glossy coils of her hair. The opportunity was irresistible.

"Weston!" I exclaimed, in hasty, excited tones, "you had better go after her at once and stop her, or there will be no end of a row! Don't you see, she has gone off to inform the authorities, and she's got the



*corpus delicti* with her. Why, of course, it was all a joke of Harkness's—a baby might have known that!—the thing no more belonged to Queen Elizabeth than to your grandmother; and if she informs, why, you'll have the deuce and all to pay, I can tell you!"

Poor Weston! His face had grown very white, and his lips trembled as he tried to ask, "But, what—what——?" I knew that a vision of the widowed mother and the half-dozen little brothers and sisters rose before his mental eye at the moment, and I was sorry for him—I really was—but how was a fellow to resist such a chance?

"Don't stand staring there, but be after her at once!" I said. "Why, man alive, don't you know they would bring it in *treason*? And then——"

But he was off before I could finish my sentence, striding along the polished floor with his long legs. We followed, eager to see the fun.

While we were talking, Miss Penelope M. Hopgood had made the most of her start; and when we emerged from the front entrance of the palace, we saw the slim little figure in tartan disappearing round a corner on the farther side of the quadrangular courtyard. Weston, who was some yards in front of us, had caught sight of her too, and gave chase in the direction in which she was apparently going. His long legs, quickened by fear, soon carried him out of our sight, and when we reached the corner, round which we had seen both fugitives turn, we could see no trace of either.

This is what, as we afterwards learned, had happened. Miss Penelope, whose conscience, since the little episode in Queen Elizabeth's dressing-room, had made a coward of her, as she hurried away from the palace, kept every now and then glancing backwards over her shoulder, thinking she heard hurried steps behind her. Just before she reached the corner near which we had seen her, she glanced back for the thousandth time; and her poor little heart fluttered, and her breath

came quick, as she caught sight of a man in uniform—*of course*, one of the warders of the palace—evidently pursuing her with rapid strides! But her quick Yankee wit did not desert her: instead of continuing in the direction in which she had been going, she doubled, turning down a narrow alley. Unfortunately for her, alarm had sharpened the usually somewhat blunt perceptions of Weston, and he was soon on her trail again. When the poor girl, glancing nervously over her shoulder, again caught sight of "that dreadful man in uniform," as she called him to herself, she felt it was all up with her—there could be no doubt he was after her! Her heart fluttered more wildly, and her breath came quicker; but she was "true grit," and she would not give in yet. She pressed her hand to her side, and hurried on, doubling, and turning, and winding in and out through cross lanes, and back slums, and side alleys until the poor girl's strength was well-nigh spent; her limbs were trembling under her, her breath came in gasps, her heart beat madly against her sides like that of the poor bird just caught in the mouth of her enemy the cat. But just when she was beginning to fear she must give in, and suffer

her pursuer to overtake her, she found that her devious wanderings had brought her to a little suburban station, at which a train was standing. The sight gave her hope and energy for one last effort: gathering herself together, she fled to the station, ran down the steps to the platform, and entered a first-class compartment of the train that was standing, without even inquiring its destination. Throwing herself down on the cushioned seat, she heaved a sigh of mingled exhaustion, content, and triumph, such as the hunted fox may be supposed to breathe when it has managed to throw the hounds off the scent, and has reached the shelter



"WESTON GAVE CHASE."

of its den in safety. The train, however, did not at once move off; there were some anxious seconds—years, they seemed to the poor girl—during which she kept tapping her little, daintily-booted foot impatiently on the floor, and wringing her tiny, well-gloved hands together.

At length it began to move, and with a sigh of utter contentment, Miss Penelope flung herself back on her seat and closed her weary eyes. Suddenly, there was a shout, a sound of angry voices and hurrying footsteps; the door of her compartment was flung open, and the man from whom she believed she had made her escape—"that dreadful man in uniform"—swung himself in, and sank, panting and gasping, on the nearest seat! At the same moment the door was

free-born daughter of the great American Republic, she resolved to try the effect of putting a bold face on the situation, now that she was driven into a corner.

"Sir," she said, speaking with all the dignity at her command, and in tones which, though slightly nasal, were not without some feminine charm—"sir, I don't know how it may be in England, but in *my* country no *gentleman* would think of forcing his way into a carriage 'for ladies only.'"

"And in *my* country," panted poor Weston, between his gasps for breath, eager to come to the point at once—"in *my* country, no lady—no *woman*—would think of bringing disgrace upon a fellow, and depriving a widowed mother and young orphans of their means of support for a mere joke."

Miss Hopgood's heart sank. So it was as bad as that, she thought; he would lose his place if the—if it (she could not bring herself even to *think* "the theft") were discovered! Clearly, there was no hope of getting round him; but she would not give in—she would make no confession.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, sharply. "I I—haven't done anything to be ashamed of." (It must be admitted that the lie cost her an effort; but if a lie *is* to be told, it is well that it should be told boldly.)

"Oh, I daresay it is only a joke to *you*!" ("A joke indeed!" thought poor Penelope.) "But it is no joke to me. If you persist, I shall get into no end of a scrape—I shall lose my place, and—Oh, you are a woman, and they say women are soft-hearted—surely you wouldn't like to

be the means of taking the bread and butter out of the mouths of a widow and six little orphans?"

Here a look on Penelope's face made Weston think he was producing an impression, and he resolved to deepen it.

"It's not much I can make," he went on, "but it's almost all they've got—mother could scarcely keep a roof over their heads without my salary, and she'd have to see all



"HE SANK GASPING ON THE NEAREST SEAT."

banged to violently from the outside, and some angry words were hurled in at the window by an irate guard. But the two people in the compartment—did I mention that Miss Penelope had been alone?—neither heeded nor heard; with white faces, starting eyes, and panting breath, they sat confronting each other as far apart as they could get. The lady, of course, was the first to recover herself. Reminding herself that she was a



would he take her?" was the next question. "I don't know," he replied, absently. And then suddenly it flashed into his mind that, if he had her safe in his mother's house, she could not inform against him; and then, when she came to herself, and saw the happy home that she had meant to ruin—the widowed mother, the orphan children—surely—*surely*, she would not have the heart. "No. 121, Prince of Wales's Gardens," he said aloud, in a tone of decision; and in a few minutes he found himself seated in a cab driving towards his mother's house, with the head of the still unconscious girl on his knee.

And now that she had ceased to be an object of dread to him, a revulsion of feeling took place within him. He was no less susceptible to female beauty than other young men of his age; and the fact that Penelope was pretty—pretty with the dainty, refined, delicate prettiness of the young American girl—suddenly became touchingly apparent to him. As he sat looking down on the pale, clear-cut cheek, the long, black eyelashes resting on it, the delicate, sensitive mouth, a host of feelings, such as he had never felt before, swept over him, making him oblivious of everything save the cause of them. Suddenly he saw a tremor pass over the unconscious form; then the closed eyelids quivered and opened with a start. As the lovely grey eyes wandered round the cab and rested on poor Weston's uniform, a look of terror—the mad terror of a hunted creature at bay—came into them.

"Where—where are you taking me?" cried the poor girl, starting up, frantic with fear. "I won't go, I tell you—I won't go! Oh, you *cruel*, cruel man!" (She had tried to fling herself against the door, but Weston had caught her, and held her tightly in his strong arms.) "What harm have I done you? Why—oh, *why* won't you let me go? If you take me to prison I shall die—I know I shall die! Oh, let me go—let me *go*!" And she struggled violently to free herself.

But the more she struggled the more firmly Weston held her, believing her to be in violent delirium. At length, utterly exhausted with her struggles, she sank back in a half-swoon; and in this state Weston carried her, when the cab stopped at No. 121, up the long stair to the top flat in which his mother lived.

We shall say nothing of the surprise of Mrs. Weston, and the explanations of her son, and of how the unconscious girl was

laid on a couch, and a doctor sent for. The doctor was somewhat puzzled with his patient. She had been severely shaken by her fall, of course; but what surprised him was that there did not appear to be sufficient physical disturbance to account for the persistent delirium. He feared there must have been a mental shock as well as the physical. No, it would not do to have her removed; she must be put to bed and kept very quiet for a few days. So Penelope was put to bed (Weston had to give up his room for her use, and to sleep on the sitting-room sofa), and her mother was sent for, and sat beside the bed, stroking her daughter's hand and shedding tears.

Poor Weston was utterly miserable: the thought that he was an object of terror and aversion to the girl who had so rapidly become a divinity to him lay upon his heart like a dark shadow. When he came home from his office in the evenings, he would slip about the house on tip-toes with the air of a culprit, his head drooping, and his looks dejected. As for Penelope, she kept declaring that she was "quite well—perfectly well," and that she "*would* go away—she *must* go away!" But the more she protested the more Mrs. Weston insisted on her lying still. It was no easy task to keep her in bed; and once when Mrs. Weston returned to the sick room after a short absence, she found her patient half-dressed, and had very hard work to get her to go back to bed again.

When I called to see Weston one evening shortly after the day in the palace, I found him sitting quite idle—a most unusual thing with him—sunk in a state of absolute depression, from which he only roused himself now and then sufficiently to scold his little brothers and sisters when they became too noisy in their games.

"Send the little beggars away," I said. "I have something to show you that will rouse you up a bit."

When we were alone, I drew out of my pocket a copy of the leading newspaper of the City, and proceeded to read a letter to the editor, which was headed: "State of British Manufactures in the 16th Century," and ran as follows:—

"Sir,—Those of your readers who took any interest in the recent controversy in your columns between Professor Newbroom and myself on the above subject, will be glad to learn that we have at hand the most incontestable evidence in support of the statement for which I contended—namely, that the manufactures of Great Britain, during the

reign of Elizabeth, were in some departments no less advanced than they are at present. If your readers will take the trouble to pay a visit to Queen Elizabeth's palace at Sacred-cross, they will find a witness in support of my position, whose veracity cannot be doubted, in the form of a hair-pin which belonged to Queen Elizabeth herself. So completely modern is the style and finish of this article, that I have no hesitation in saying that no jury of matrons could find any difference between it and the pins which at present support their tresses. It is strange that so important a witness should so long have been overlooked, but——"

"Why, I declare, Weston, you have not even smiled!" I here interrupted my reading to say. It was not very lively, reading a funny letter to a chap with a face as long and solemn as a gravestone.

"I don't see anything to smile at," he said, in a lugubrious tone. "I don't see the fun of your practical jokes at all. It's very hard on a chap being thought a sort of monster by the girl who—who——"

"In the name of wonder, *what* girl?"

"Why, Pen—I mean, Miss Hopgood, of course."

"And who in creation is Miss Hopgood?"

"Oh, I forgot you didn't know."

And then he told me the whole story. For the life of me I could not help again and again bursting into a fit of laughter. And the more I laughed, the more solemn grew his looks.

"I didn't think you would laugh at a chap when he was down in his luck," he said, reproachfully.

"Down in your luck!" I exclaimed. "I only wish I had your luck, that's all! Here you have a charming young heiress tied up by the leg in your house; and you're a bigger fool than I think you if, with your good looks and handsome figure, you don't have her madly in love with you in a week."

"But—but she hates me like poison! She thinks I want to put her in prison—I who would not hurt a hair of her head for—for——" Here he became incoherent.

"Oh, we'll soon put that all right," I said, cheerfully. "Don't you see, she did not know it was all a joke—she thought that was a *bonâ-fide* Elizabethan hair-pin—and she took it—stole it!—so, of course, her guilty conscience told her that you were the keeper of the place going to run her in."

"What a brute she must think me!"

"Yes, but we shall soon open her eyes. Fetch me pen, ink, and paper at once."

Then, with much internal pride and satisfaction, I rapidly dashed off a little note, which I flatter myself might have done justice to any hero of romance. It had no address and no signature, and ran as follows: "You have nothing to fear from me. I do indeed *know* all; but your *secret* is safe with me. Whatever the risk or danger to myself, I shall not allow a hair of your head to be injured."

I read it over proudly to Weston. He demurred at first; but finally consented to allow it to be given to the patient. The effect was almost miraculous: shortly after receipt of the note, the delirium ceased entirely; and when the doctor made his next visit, he found his patient so much better that he said, if the improvement continued, she might be removed the next day. This news, however, did not raise poor Weston's spirits as much as might have been expected. "But—but she's going away, and I shall never see her again," he said, in tones of the deepest despondency, when I met him next morning and congratulated him on the effect of the note.

"Never say die!" I exclaimed, encouragingly. "If there is a spark of gratitude in her, she won't go away without letting you know it."

And I proved to be right. Somehow (Weston, poor chap, thought it was by his manœuvring, but I think it is much more likely that Miss Penelope managed it) the two had an interview alone before the lady's departure. She was very warm in her thanks. She would never, *never* forget his kindness, she said; and if there were anything—anything at all—that she or her father could do——

But this was too much for poor, foolish, honest Weston.

"You have nothing to thank me for," he said. And then he must needs blurt out the whole story, instead of continuing to pose as her benefactor.

Miss Penelope listened to his blundering narrative, and as she listened, a sense of his good looks stole upon her; the whole character and past of the lad seemed to unfold themselves before her eyes—his life of self-denying toil, his faithfulness and loyalty, his simple honesty, his upright integrity. If there was perceptible any intellectual deficiency, she felt that that was a want she could easily supply herself. It would be too much to say that she fell in love with him there and then, but at any rate she was touched.



"I guess it's just about as well you told me the truth, young man," she said, when he ceased speaking, in a tone whose severity was more than half assumed. "But I'd like to know whether you have happened on the newspaper to-day?"

Weston had not read the newspaper, and he said so in a tone whose truthfulness there was no mistaking.

"It's just about as well for you that you haven't!" exclaimed the lady. "But I have, you see, and I reckon I'd have thought you a pretty kind of a skunk if you'd let me go off thinking you a hero, when you had only nearly killed me on the line, and driven me out of my senses, for a piece of fun!"

It did not occur to Weston to say that it was her own illegal action which had nearly had these disastrous consequences. He meekly took from her hand the portion of the day's newspaper which she had produced from her pocket, and glanced over it. His eye was attracted by a letter to the editor, written by the curator of the palace. It had been occasioned by the letter of Professor Oldcastle in the previous day's paper, and explained in a few sentences that the hair-pin, which had attracted the learned professor's attention, was not a genuine antique, but had only been employed in a practical joke by a party of ill-mannered sightseers. The writer went on to denounce the habit of practical joking, and wound up by stating that severe penalties awaited the perpetrators of this particular joke should they be discovered. Weston's face became whiter and whiter as he read, and the paper shook in his hand.

"But—but you won't inform?" he said, in a tone of breathless appeal.

"I guess it is my duty to," was the grave reply.

"But think of my mother—those children! I don't care for myself; but you surely couldn't—"

"I said it was my

duty," interrupted Penelope, drily, "but I guess I won't do it."

In a rapture of relief, gratitude, admiration, Weston threw himself on his knees and kissed the hem of the red tartan frock.

"And what's to be done with this—this evidence, I suppose you would call it?" asked Penelope, with a humorous smile, as she drew out from the rich coils of her hair the pin that had been the *fons et origo mali*. "Must I throw it away, or may I keep it in memory of—Queen Bess?"

Weston beamed.

"If I might have one of the others to keep," he ventured to suggest, insinuatingly, "in memory of—of—America!"

She laughed, not ill-pleased.

"I guess you'll have to wait a bit!" she said, and, somehow, Weston was not much discouraged.

The Hopgoods did not leave the City that day, nor for many days—nay, weeks—to come. When they did, Weston was the happiest man in the world: he had become engaged to his divinity, and the universe was paradise to him. Before this came to pass, Penelope had a little struggle with her parents, who had hoped to see her mated with a "lord" at least; but she was not an American girl and an only child for nothing; and her parents would have been less than human if they had not been moved by the

thrilling tale she told of how she had been saved from prison and from death; and how, had it not been for Weston, she would be languishing in some "dark, damp dungeon" of an English gaol, or scattered to the winds in fragments by the wheels of an English engine. They could not refuse the hand of their daughter to the man who had saved her honour, her reason, her life, so they reluctantly gave their consent to her marriage with the man of her choice.



"AND WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH THIS?"

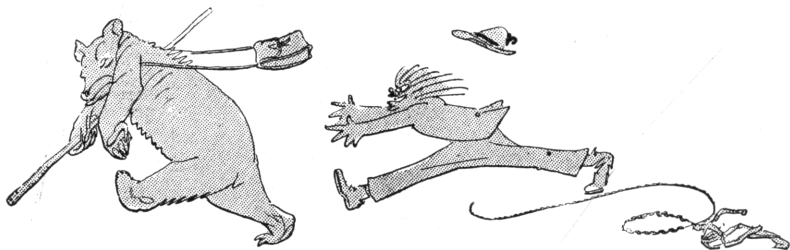
# Tables

Illustrated  
by  
J. A. Shepherd

THE DANCING BEAR.



1.—A BEAR WHO HAD BEEN TAMED AND TAUGHT TO DANCE—



2.—ESCAPED ONE DAY FROM HIS KEEPER—



3.—AND RETURNED TO HIS OLD ASSOCIATES.



4.—HE ENTERTAINED THEM WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS ADVENTURES—



5.—AND FINALLY DISPLAYED THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS WHICH HE HAD LEARN'T.



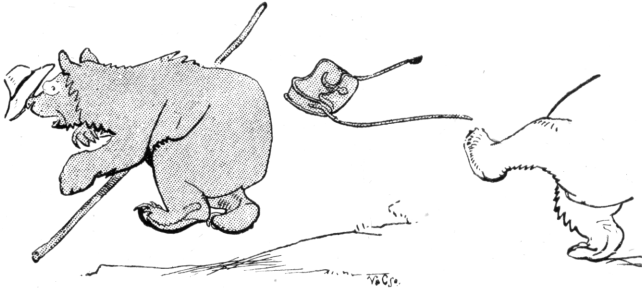
6.—THEY ALL THOUGHT THEY SHOULD LIKE TO IMITATE SO DELIGHTFUL A PERFORMANCE.



7.—BUT WHEN THEY ATTEMPTED TO DO SO THEY MADE A MOST LUDICROUS EXHIBITION OF THEMSELVES.



8.—AND WHEN THE BEAR PROCEEDED TO GIVE THEM A FRESH DISPLAY OF HIS TALENT, THEY BEGAN TO GROW ENVIOUS—



9.—AND ENDED BY KICKING HIM OUT.



10.—AFTER WHICH THEY RETURNED TO THEIR SLUMBERS—



11.—LEAVING THE OUTCAST TO REFLECT UPON THE MORAL, "BRAGGING DOES NOT PAY.





A SLAVONIC  
STORY FOR  
CHILDREN.

FROM THE  
FRENCH OF  
XAVIER MARMIER.



CERTAIN poor widow had twin-daughters, who in appearance resembled one another so closely that no one could distinguish between them. But although alike in face and figure, in character they differed widely. The one, whose name was Dobrounka, was intelligent and industrious, gentle and good; the other, named Zloboda, was, on the contrary, idle, vain, untruthful, and altogether wicked. The latter, nevertheless, was the favourite of her mother, who sought to gratify her every whim.

The widow's hut stood in the middle of a forest. Seldom did anyone pass this spot, so far removed from the town. To the town, however, the widow took her beloved Zloboda, and placed her in an excellent situation.

Dobrounka remained at home. Her days were full of work. She rose early, fed the goat, prepared the morning meal, tidied the room, then sat down to her spinning-wheel, at which she worked for the rest of the day. Her mother carried the fine thread which she

spun to sell in the town, and would frequently buy with the proceeds a present for Zloboda. Poor Dobrounka received nothing. In spite of this injustice, the girl loved her mother, and never complained.

One day, when she was alone in the hut, seated before her wheel, and, according to her custom, singing while she worked, she heard the approaching tramp of a horse.

Going to the window, she beheld, mounted upon a spirited steed, a young man attired in a cloak of fur, and wearing upon his head a velvet hat ornamented with white feathers.

"What a noble-looking gentleman!" thought Dobrounka. "Why! he has dismounted! He is coming here! I will go and see what he wants."

But the stranger had already opened the door, for at that time bolts and bars did not exist, and theft was unknown.

"Accept my salutations!" said the young man. "I am very thirsty. Can you give me a glass of water?"

"Certainly, sir! In one moment," replied Dobrounka. "Pray be seated."

She took a pitcher, ran to the spring, and returned, saying, as she handed the water to her guest: "I am sorry that I have nothing better to offer you."

"Thank you!" cried the gentleman, "I desire nothing better than this."

After drinking, he gave back the glass to Dobrounka, and, unperceived by her, contrived to slip a purse filled with gold pieces beneath the pillow of the bed.

"What delicious water!" he said. "Will you permit me to visit you again to-morrow?"

"Willingly," answered Dobrounka, "if you care to do so."

He shook hands with her, remounted his horse, and rode away.

The girl went back to her wheel. But her head was full of the handsome cavalier, and several times in her abstraction she broke her thread.

In the evening, her mother returned from the town. She was loud in her praises of Zloboda, who, said she, grew more beautiful every day. She inquired whether Dobrounka had seen anyone, as she understood that there had been a grand hunt in the forest.

"I have seen," replied Dobrounka, "a fine gentleman in a fur cloak and plumed hat; he, no doubt, was one of the hunting-party. He asked me very politely for a drink of water, and after he had drunk it he rode away."

She omitted to say that he had pressed her hand in his, and that he was coming again the next day.

A few moments later, in preparing her bed, she dislodged the purse left by the visitor. It fell to the ground.

"What is that?" called out the old woman, sharply. "Who gave you this?"

"No one. Maybe it was hidden there by the gentleman I told you of. How generous of him!"

The widow, who opened the purse, now exclaimed, in a transport of joy:—

"Gold! gold! The gift of a wealthy nobleman, who, seeing our poverty, wished to aid us. Heaven bless him!"

She gathered up the glittering coins, which she had poured out upon the table, and replaced them in the purse, which she then put carefully away in a trunk.

That night Dobrounka had a strange dream. She thought that she was in a magnificent castle, seated at a splendid table, with a marriage-crown upon her head. Yet at the same time she was pursued by a horrible monster, which dug its claws into her heart.

In the morning she rose, haunted still by

her dream, and dressed herself with more than usual care. Her gown, of some blue stuff, was simple, but perfectly neat. She wore in her hair the rose-coloured ribbons which she reserved for festivals, and tied a silk apron around her waist. Thus attired, she made a charming picture.

Towards midday, the horseman made his appearance. Having greeted Dobrounka, he sat down.

"Have you slept well?" asked he.

"Yes, except for a dream that troubles me still."

"Tell it me."

Dobrounka told her dream.

"With the omission of the frightful beast which tormented you so cruelly, this dream might easily become a reality. Will you marry me?"

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the blushing Dobrounka; "a poor girl like me! You cannot mean it!"

"I am speaking quite seriously. I came here to-day on purpose to make this proposal."

As he spoke, he held out his hand, in which the young girl, with modest hesitation, laid her own.

At this moment the old woman entered the hut. The young man greeted her courteously, explained his wishes, and asked her blessing.

"I have inherited," he said, "a fairly large fortune, and have a house of my own in which you could live with us. Please give me your daughter!"

The widow gave her consent.

"Now," said the lover, turning towards Dobrounka, "work away industriously, and as soon as you have got your wedding-dress ready, I will come and fetch you."

With these words he embraced her, and left the hut.

After this, the widow treated Dobrounka with greater consideration. But she still cared much more for the wicked Zloboda, for whom she bought no end of finery with the money left by Dobrounka's wealthy suitor. This, however, did not trouble Dobrounka in the least; all her energies were concentrated upon her work, which she naturally wished to finish in the shortest possible time.

On the very day that she finished it, her *fiancé* appeared.

"Is all ready?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Then you can come with me at once?"

"Why so soon?"

"It must be so. To-morrow I have to join the army, and I should like to marry before I go, and to install you in my house, in order that I may have the exquisite happiness of finding you there upon my return. Let us go and tell your mother."

It was with secret chagrin that the widow heard of the impatient young man's determination, for she had a different plan in her mind. But it was impossible openly to oppose the wishes of such a son-in-law as this.

"Make your mind easy about your daughter," he said; "and when you feel inclined to come and see her, inquire for her at the Prince's castle. Anyone will tell you where to find her."

So saying, he took the half-reluctant Dobrounka by the hand, set her upon his horse, and the two rode away.

In the Prince's castle there was a great stir of soldiers, and his servants were looking out for him. His appearance was the signal for joyous shouts of welcome.

"Long live our Prince!" they cried. "Long live our Princess!"

The cheers were redoubled when the Prince led his fair bride into the castle court. Dobrounka seemed stupefied.

"Are you the Prince, then?" she asked.

"I am. Are you sorry for that?"

"I care not of what rank you are. But why have you deceived me?"

"I did not deceive you. I told you that your dream might come true."

There was a grand wedding. The Prince presented his wife to his vassals, and on the following morning he bade her adieu, and started to join the Imperial army.

Dobrounka felt quite lost in this large and splendid mansion. She would have preferred to await her husband's return in her lonely forest-hut. In a short time, however, she overcame her shyness, and had soon won the heart of everyone in the palace.

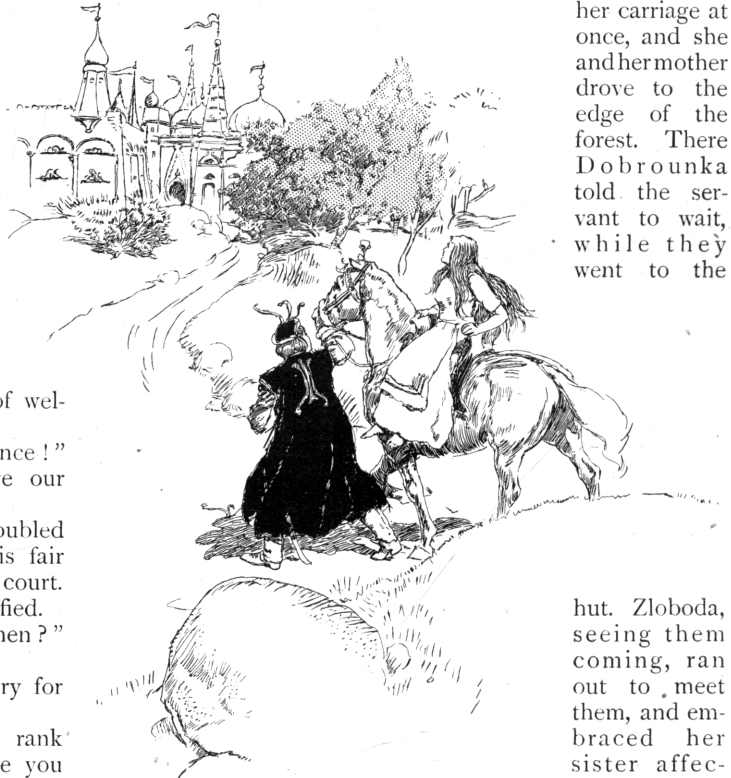
Several days after the Prince's departure,

Dobrounka sent for her mother, asking her to bring her wheel. She thought that her mother would rejoice over her brilliant match, but in this Dobrounka was mistaken. The widow loved only Zloboda, and was planning how she could transfer her sister's good fortune to her.

One day the old woman said to Dobrounka: "I know that your sister has behaved badly towards you. But she is penitent, so pardon her. Go to see her, and invite her to stay with you."

"Most willingly!" assented the unsuspecting Princess; "let us go and find her."

She ordered her carriage at once, and she and her mother drove to the edge of the forest. There Dobrounka told the servant to wait, while they went to the



"THE PRINCE'S CASTLE."

hut. Zloboda, seeing them coming, ran out to meet them, and embraced her sister affectionately. As soon, however,

as they came indoors, the two cruel women laid violent hands upon poor Dobrounka, and Zloboda thrust a dagger into her bosom. They proceeded next to pluck out her eyes and cut off her hands and feet. These they wrapped in a cloth, then dragged the mutilated body into the wood. Zloboda, having dressed herself in her sister's beautiful clothes, accompanied her mother to the castle, where everyone took her for Dobrounka, although marvelling at the apparent sudden change in her temper.

Strange to say, Dobrounka was not dead. Soon she recovered consciousness, and it seemed to her that a gentle hand poured a reviving cordial into her mouth. She recalled all that had passed, and groaned aloud as she thought of her barbarous mother and sister.

"Be calm," said then a compassionate voice. "Do not complain: all will yet end well."

"Alas!" was the reply, "what will become of me? I shall never see again the light of day, never again give my hand to my dear husband, never again be able to walk!"

He who had spoken was one of the old genii of the forest. Calling a child, he placed in his hands a golden spinning-wheel, and said to him:—

"Take this wheel to the Prince's castle. If anyone there should inquire the price of it, say that you will sell it for two eyes, and for nothing else."

The child went, as he had been told. Zloboda caught sight of him and his wheel as she and her mother were starting for a walk.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed the younger woman, "what a ravishing spinning-wheel! I have a good mind to buy it."

She approached the child, and inquired: "What would you take for that wheel?"

"Two eyes," was the reply.

"Two eyes? What a droll idea!"

"Such were the instructions of my father."

Zloboda looked long at the wheel, and the longer she looked the more charming she found it. She remembered that she had still in her possession the two eyes of her sister. She fetched them, and gave them to the child in exchange for the wheel.

The little child carried the eyes into the forest, and the good genius with delicate skill replaced them in Dobrounka's eye-sockets.

"Ah, joy!" cried she. "I behold again the sky, the trees, the green earth!"

Then her eyes rested upon the old genius. "It is you," said she, "to whom I owe this

happiness. Would that I could take your hand and carry it to my lips!"

"Be calm," returned the genius, "and wait."

On the following day, the child took to the castle a golden bobbin, for which he asked two feet.

Zloboda could not resist this new temptation, and gave him the two pretty little feet of her unhappy sister.

The genius fitted them upon Dobrounka's legs, and anointed them with a magic balm. But when, in her joyful excitement, she attempted to rise, her kind physician prevented her.

"No, no!" said he, "do not move yet. Wait until you are completely cured."

The next day, the faithful messenger returned to the castle with a golden distaff, the price of which was two hands.

"I positively *must* have this distaff!" said Zloboda, and so she parted with her sister's hands.



"WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE FOR THAT WHEEL?"

Dobrounka had now recovered all her faculties, and, thanks to the care of the powerful genius, was more beautiful than ever.

"Is there nothing that I can do to show my gratitude? Do tell me!" she said to him.

But he replied:—

"You owe me nothing; I merely did my

duty. Remain near this grotto until someone comes to you. Wait patiently yet a little longer; I will look after your interests."

With these words he disappeared. Dobrounka, full of joy, ran around the grotto. She embraced the trees, she culled the flowers, she turned many a wistful glance in the direction of her palace-home. But she did not dare to disobey her old friend by returning thither.

Meanwhile, joyful tidings had reached the castle. The Prince was coming back, and his arrival was eagerly looked for by his servants, who had had a hard time of it with Zloboda. When he made his appearance, Zloboda rushed into his arms, and he, believing her to be his dear wife, embraced her fondly.

"How have you been employing yourself in my absence?" inquired the Prince. "With your spinning-wheel, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Zloboda, "with a superb golden wheel which I have bought."

"Show it me. Let me once again have the pleasure of watching your deft fingers."

Zloboda sat down to the wheel, but as soon as she put it in motion, a strange sound came from it—the voice of an invisible being, pronouncing these words:—

"Trust her not, my lord, for she is false and cruel. She

is not your true wife; this woman has murdered *her*!"

Zloboda stopped as if thunderstruck. The Prince, after vainly looking about for the speaker, ordered her to resume her occupation.

As the wheel revolved, the mysterious voice was heard again:—

"My lord, trust her not, for she is cruel and false. She has slain her sister and dragged her into the forest."

When Zloboda heard this, she jumped up and tried to fly. The Prince forced her to re-seat herself at the wheel.

This time the wheel said:—

"Mount your good steed, my lord, hasten to the forest, and seek the grotto. There you will find your wife, who is waiting and longing for you."

In an instant the Prince had precipitated himself into the court-yard, thrown himself into the saddle, and was off at the top of his speed.

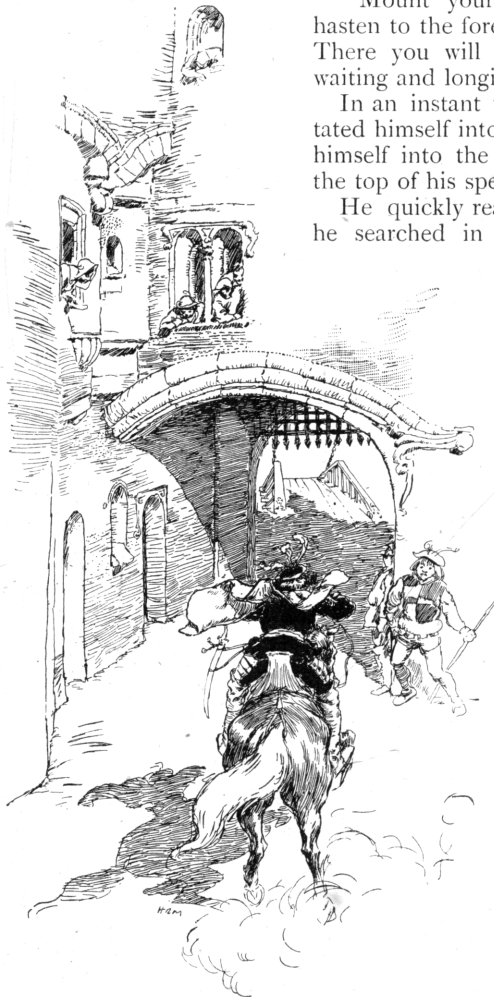
He quickly reached the forest, where he searched in all directions for the

grotto. Suddenly he saw a white hind, which fled before him. Following the animal, he came to a rock in which was a crevice, and in this crevice he found his beloved Dobrounka.

Throwing himself into her outstretched arms, he asked her pardon for having mistaken her wicked sister for herself for one single moment.

They returned together to the castle. Zloboda and her mother were punished according to their deserts.

Dobrounka was a blessing to all around her, and lived most happily with her noble husband.



"THE PRINCE WAS OFF AT THE TOP OF HIS SPEED."